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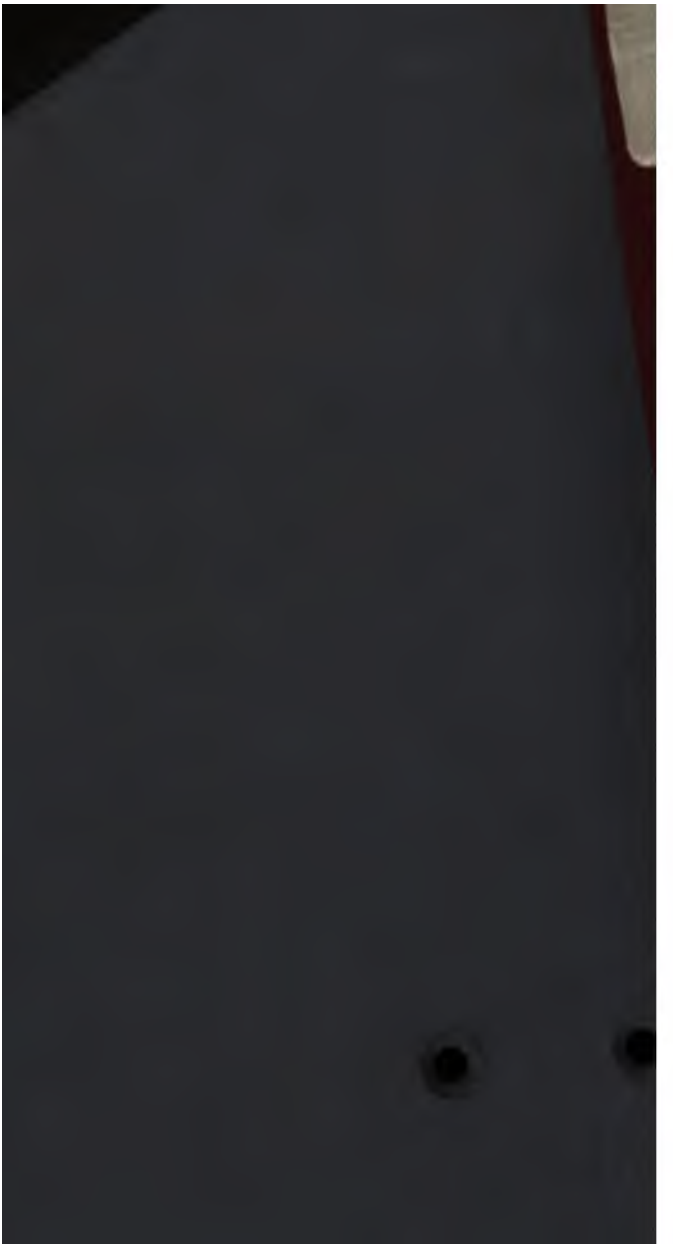

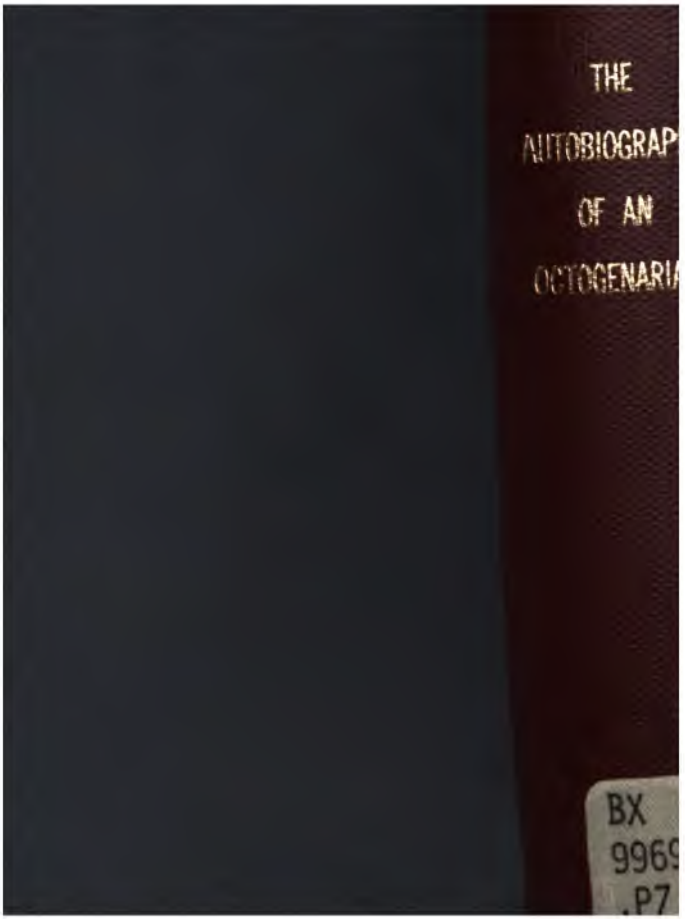
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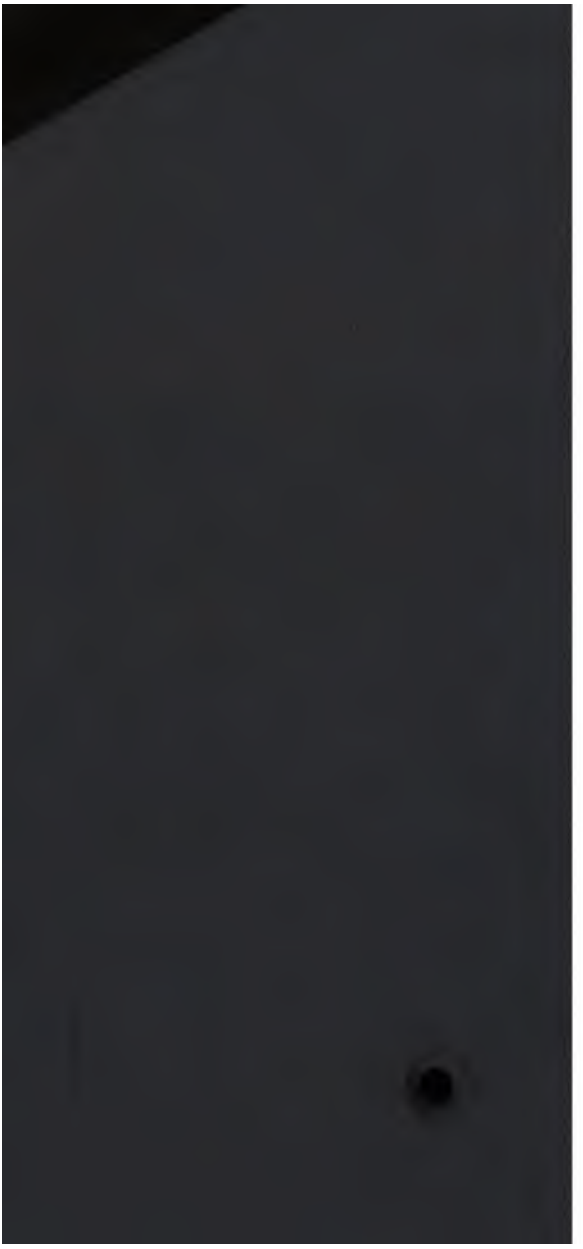

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"The days of the years of my pilgrimage"
are four score and three years.

Respectfully Yrs

D. N. Prime

Rowley, Sept. 10th, 1873.

THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF AN

OCTOGENARIAN,

CONTAINING THE

GENEALOGY OF HIS ANCESTORS,

SKETCHES OF THEIR HISTORY,

AND OF

Various Events that have occurred during his protracted life; his Theological Views, &c., &c.

By D. N. PRIME.

"For what is our life? It is even as a vapor which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."—JAMES.

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PREFACE.

For a man in the "common walks of life," with nothing very remarkable to relate, to become his own biographer and publish to the world a history of his experiences, will probably be thought by many an exhibition of vanity and egotism. I do not wonder at this. I freely confess that such has been my own feelings while writing these pages. When I commenced I had no real expectation that my scribblings would ever be published to the world. My object was simply to employ some of my leisure hours in calling back to mind some of the almost forgotten scenes of by-gone days for my own amusement and edification, thinking that I might perhaps leave something in manuscript that might be interesting to my children and friends. But as I proceeded and reflected upon the subject, and my manuscript increased in dimensions, I came to the conclusion that in no other way could my wishes be so well effected as to employ that wonderful agent, *the press*. What I wished to say to a *few* of my friends, might be interesting to many. The genealogy of our ancestors, I think, will interest a large circle of the descendants and connections of the different families from which we have descended. I regret that it could not have been more extensive and complete, especially that of the Primes. About all that I could learn respecting them was

from the records of the town. They were remarkably short-lived, and had all passed away before I was old enough to obtain any information from them. Of the Nelsons I was more successful. The children of my great grandfather, Solomon Nelson, most of them, lived to a good old age, and I was intimately acquainted with several of them in the early part of my life, and with their descendants for several generations since. Respecting the Spoffords I found abundant material in Dr. Spofford's "Genealogy of the Spofford family."

My historical sketches, I think, may have a local interest with many readers in my own and some of the neighboring towns, particularly Ipswich and Georgetown, in which most of my days of childhood and youth were spent. These, together with the remarks and reflections, will, I venture to hope, be somewhat acceptable and interesting to all. They certainly have been to me. My endeavors to resuscitate and bring back to my memory those "scenes of my youth," have been "mournfully pleasant." But the pleasure has far exceeded the pain. for I would not forget them for all the gold in California. But there is one great subject which I have dwelt upon with deep interest, with which some of my readers, I fear, may not be so well pleased. It has been my fortune, or misfortune, to differ in opinion with many of my best friends upon the great question: "What is to be our immortal destiny?" It has been a source of sorrow and regret to me thus to differ from them, and nothing but the fullest conviction that they were mistaken would have induced me to do it. It has also, I doubt not, been the cause of much solicitude, sorrow and regret to some of them. But I have reason to think that their anxiety about me sensibly abates. There seems to be a change in their feelings, and in the public mind, upon this great subject. There is an intellectual struggle going on throughout christendom. As

Professor Stuart said: "It agitates their breasts as storms do the mighty deep." The Christian world is in a transition state—panting and struggling for something better than old Calvinism. Something different *they will* have! Either the Bible and the Christian religion must be so explained as to be consistent with reason and the innate convictions of the mind—which will surely be the case when they are rightly understood, —or they will be *totally* rejected.

The minds of very many are fast tending towards infidelity, and nothing but a more consistent system of faith can arrest its progress. Some of the leading spirits of the partialist clergy seem to be aware of this and are altering their style of preaching, keeping those *dreadful doctrines* in the background, but still clinging to their old creeds. This cannot long satisfy their *thinking* hearers. They must come boldly up to the work: if they believe these doctrines true, preach them in *all their terrors;* if not, reject them, as many have already done. Their preaching must be more in accordance with that of the Angel to the Shepherds: "*Glad tidings of great joy to all people.*" To those who are acquainted with me I need not say that these have long been my sentiments. And I freely confess that my feelings upon this subject have been intense, and at times I may have been too much excited. But in looking back from my present standpoint, which I feel to be just on the verge of the immortal state, although I can see much in my past life that causes sorrow and regret, yet I cannot in the least wonder at my feelings respecting the doctrine of *Eternal Torment!* or regret that I have spent so much of my life in endeavoring to controvert it, for I never regarded it with greater abhorrence, or felt more desirous to convince the world that it was all a huge mistake, than at the present moment. These, kind reader, are some of the reasons that have prompted me to publish this little

volume, and I venture to hope that it will be received in the same spirit of candor and friendship in which it was written; and if any of you cannot agree with me *now* upon this great subject, do not hasten to condemn me, but *hesitate, study, and reflect; hope for better things* and wait for further light. You may yet have the happiness to believe, with St. Paul, that "God has purposed in Himself, eventually, to gather together in *one* all things in Christ;" but if you do not in this life, I trust the time will come when we shall all meet in that "better country" where all these doubts and anxieties, these hopes and fears, shall give place to a *glorious certainty* that "God is love," that "He is *good to all*, and that His tender mercies are over *all* His works." This, and nothing short of this, can satisfy that "*earnest expectation of the creature*," and all those ardent yearnings and longings for something better than earth can afford, which God has placed in every human breast. When "the creature, ("every human creature," "*all mankind!*") shall be delivered from this bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God." This, respected friends, I venture to hope and believe is the wish and prayer of you all, and it certainly is that of your friend and humble servant,

DANIEL N. PRIME.

Rowley, June, 1873.

ERRATA.

Page 12, 9th line, for 1749 read 1649.
Page 29, 1st line, for 1798 read 1793.
Page 93, 2d line, for maintain read sustain.
Page 201, for 102 read 201.
Page 207, 18th line, omit the word "to."
Page 207, 19th line, add the word "to" at the beginning.
Page 216, 14th line, for your read you.
Page 252, 8th line, fer physical read spiritual.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

SETTLEMENT OF THE TOWN OF ROWLEY.—GENEALOGY OF MY ANCESTORS, WITH HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THEM AND THEIR CONNECTIONS, &C.

The town of Rowley was settled in 1639, by the Reverend Ezekiel Rogers and about sixty families, to whom, according to the records of the town, house lots were laid out. The name of Prime does not appear among them; but in a very few years after, sixteen other families were added, and among them was Mark Prime, to whom was "laid out a house lot of one and a half acres adjoining the southerly side of William Acy's lot, east end on the street." This was undoubtedly the place opposite Mr. Daniel J. Hale's house, and now owned and occupied by Mr. Thomas P. Hale. The house now standing there was built in 1753 by Joshua Prime, great grandson of the first Mark, and father of

Nathaniel Prime, who was for many years at the head of the celebrated firm of Prime, Ward & King, of New York, whose descendants I expect are still living there.

The other branch of the family, from which the writer descended, are :—

1. Mark. Born in England, as we suppose, and died in Rowley, 1683.
2. Samuel. Born in Rowley in 1749, and died in Rowley 1684.
3. Mark, " " 1680, " " 1712.
4. Thomas. " " 1710, " " 1757.
5. Thomas. " " 1748, (my father) " 1793.

All these, I believe, lived and died in Rowley, and now rest quietly in yonder beautiful graveyard, and their names are all engraved on a marble monument erected by the writer in 1864, surrounded by their contemporaries who owned and occupied this pleasant village, walked these streets, cultivated these fields, worshipped the same Almighty Father, and acted their parts in the great drama of life and made their exit before us. We of the present generation are rapidly marching on to the same consecrated ground, the writer in the front rank. My name is engraven on the monument, and a space left to insert the date of my death. I have had no personal knowledge of any of these ancestors; they had all passed away before I entered the world, except my father, and he died before I was three years old, and I have no distinct recollections of him. It was somewhat remarkable that

not one of them, except the first Mark, lived to be fifty years old.

Although I cannot remember my father, I have reason to believe, from the information received from my mother and the neighbors and friends who remained during the early part of my life, that he was a respectable and worthy citizen, highly esteemed by the community of which he was a member. It has ever been a source of sorrow and grief to me that I was deprived of a father at so early an age. I do not even know, except by hearsay and the necessity of the case, that I ever had a father. Oh! how I needed his affection, counsel and advice in my childhood and youth! How ardently I have, all along through life, *longed to see him!* and so I do still. Will this longing ever be gratified? Shall I yet see him? Certainly, not in this life! *That cannot be!* But I venture to hope that I shall meet him and all my earthly friends in that better country where parting scenes will be forever unknown. I consider the love and affection of a kind and good father one of the greatest of earthly blessings. It seems to me a lively emblem of the love of our heavenly Father to his own offspring—the whole of our race. All my hopes of a blessed immortality are founded on a firm belief of the "Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." I utterly repudiate and heartily abominate the dreadful idea that God is at enmity with our race, and is ready to

banish us from his presence and consign us to a place of unending torments, unless something is done to appease his wrath! Such are not my ideas of a kind father. Such a doctrine is to me dreadful beyond conception! And I fully believe it is entirely a mistake. I consider it the legitimate effect of a wrong education and mistaken views of the character and designs of our Father in heaven, who of His own free will, without our volition, gave us our existence, "*Who knoweth our frame*, and remembers that we are but dust."

My grandfather, Thomas Prime, married Abigail Boardman, of Ipswich. They had two children:—

1. Thomas (my father) born Jan. 11, 1748.
2. Abigail, born Nov. 16, 1752.

Abigail married Nathan Lambert, of Rowley. They lived in the house now standing next to Smith's hotel, and occupied by one of their grandchildren. Some of my earliest and pleasantest recollections are visiting my "aunt Lambert." She was a kind and affectionate relative and friend. They had one son, John Lambert, our only cousin on the Prime side. Aunt Lambert died Jan. 4, 1814, aged 62 years. Uncle Lambert died July 18, 1831, aged 80 years. Cousin John Lambert was a worthy and respectable man. I remember him with affection and respect. He married Sarah Bradstreet, of Rowley. They had two sons—John and George Nathan; and five daughters—Abi-

gail, Maria, Harriet, Emily and Hannah. He died June 21, 1827, aged 49 years. She died March 18, 1865, aged 83 years.

My Mother was a descendant of Thomas Nelson, who came from Rowley in England, with his two sons, Philip and Thomas, in company with Rev. Ezekiel Rogers. They were one of the sixty families that came with him and settled this beautiful spot in 1639.

The direct lineage of the family from that time is—

1. Thomas, born in England, time of birth and death unknown.
2. Thomas, " " died in Rowley 1712.
3. Francis, " Rowley 1675, no record of his death.
4. Solomon, " " 1703, died in Rowley 1781.
5. David, " " 1725, " " 1807.

Solomon, my great grandfather, married Mary Chaplin, March 15th, 1775. She was the daughter of Jeremiah Chaplin, one of the first settlers of the West Parish, now Georgetown.

The following is a record of their family:—

1.	David,	born 1725,	died	1807,	aged	82	years.
2.	Jeremiah,	" 1727,	"	1734,	"	7	"
3.	Jane,	" 1732,	"	1806,	"	74	"
4.	Mary,	" 1734,	"	1804,	"	70	"
5.	Amos,	" 1736,	"	1806,	"	70	"
6.	Asa,	" 1739,	"	1815,	"	76	"
7.	Solomon,	" 1742,	"	1821,	"	78	"
8.	Lucy,	" 1745,	"	1837,	"	92	"
9.	Huldah,	" 1747,	"	1848,	"	100	" 6 months.
10.	Mercy,	" 1750,	"	1825,	"	75	"

The average age of all the family, except Jeremiah, who died in childhood, is 79 years and 9 months.

This was a very remarkable family, not only for longevity but in some other respects. Most of them lived till I was grown up, and I was intimately acquainted with several of them. David, the first-born, was my grandfather, of whom I shall speak more hereafter. Uncle Amos lived till I was 16 years old; he was a farmer, a smart, active man. Uncle Asa lived till I was 25 years old; he was a farmer, trader, &c; he was a superior, and to me a very interesting man; he took a deep interest in political affairs, was a true Jeffersonian democrat, sanguine and ardent in his opinions, a decided opposer of the Hartford Convention and Federal party, a firm supporter of the Federal government, preceding and during the war of 1812. He was a military man, and was Major in the cavalry, by which title he was usually called. He represented the town in the General Court in the years 1795, 1796, and 1797.

Uncle Solomon, too, I remember with much interest; he lived till I was 21 years old. He was a bright, capable, active-minded man. He was an original thinker, and although he was a firm believer in the Bible and the Christian religion, he was no bigot, but kind and charitable to those who did not think as he did. In politics he was a democrat of the old school. I remember once hearing him when speaking about Jefferson, who was one of his favorite statesmen, but was called by his political opponents, a Deist, make a remark like this—"A Deist! A Deist! Why they ought to be

the best men in the world. They depend on their own good works! We Christians trust in the merits of Christ, but they have no such refuge. They have nothing but their own works to depend on. Surely they ought to be the best men in the world." I can almost see his intelligent and animated eye when speaking thus, although about sixty years have passed away since I stood in the old tan-yard and listened to his words of wisdom—as they then appeared to me. *And so they do still.* I have no doubt but there are many of our best and most capable and *honest* men, who have doubts about the inspiration of the Scriptures, who are far safer and more worthy of confidence and trust than many pharisaical professors, although I respect true religion and its professors when they give good evidence by their lives that they are sincere. But the mere profession without a corresponding life is of but little weight to me. "An honest man"—professor or non-professor—believer or unbeliever or any particular creed, is to all intents, "the noblest work of God."

And now what shall I say about Aunt Huldah, the centenarian. If her brothers were remarkable, she was truly wonderful. Surely the world produces few such women. She was noble in stature, with a strong and vigorous mind seldom excelled by the sturdier sex. She was a member of the Orthodox church and, I doubt not, a true Christian. She, too, was a politician, al-

ways interested in the affairs of the country and the world. A careful reader of the newspapers of that time, and knew far better than many of her cotemporaries of either sex, what was taking place in the world. She was a republican—a friend of Washington, Jefferson and Madison. If all our females at the present time were as well versed in public affairs as she was, they might with more propriety claim the right of suffrage. But it would still be of doubtful utility, in my opinion, though I am very willing they should try it, if they wish so to do. When more than fifty years old, Aunt Huldah was married to Elder Samuel Harriman of Rowley, by Doctor Lowell, December 3d, 1801. They lived together a few years, until his death. She then returned to her old home, where she and her sister Mercy, who was never married, lived together during their natural lives. Aunt Huldah was a widow forty-three years. I visited her occasionally all that time. She was always, when in health, cheerful, friendly and intelligent. I saw her once after she was *a century old!* Her mind was still quite active and vigorous. But, as was said of Methuselah, and will soon be said of each of us,—*she died*—March 5th, 1848, aged 100 years and 6 months.

I well remember attending the funeral of Elder Harriman, in the old Baptist Church. Rev. Hezekiah Smith, of Haverhill, preached a funeral sermon from

the text, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." The choir sung an anthem to which these words were set. Forty-three years afterwards I attended the funeral of his widow, in the Orthodox church. Mr. Braman spoke from the same text, and the choir sung the same anthem. While these exercises were going on, the whole of the proceedings at the Elder's funeral—which had long been out of my mind, and as it were forgotten—came vividly to my remembrance.

My grandfather, David Nelson, was married to Rachel Spofford, daughter of Deacon Abner Spofford, of Rowley, April 1, 1755. Deacon Abner was the great-grandson of John Spofford, one of the first settlers of Rowley, who came with Mr. Rogers from Rowley in England. Doctor Jeremiah Spofford, of Groveland, has recently published a "Genealogy of the Spofford family," which he traces back more than eight hundred years. This is a very interesting book to the numerous members of that family.

The following is a record of the family of my grandparents:—

1. Mary, born January 28th, 1757. (My mother.)
2. Rachel, born January 1, 1759.
3. David, " April 22, 1761.
4. Sally, no record.
5. Phebe, "
6. Jacob, born July 7th, 1773.

They settled in early life in "Clay lane," (so called) in the house recently owned and occupied by Mark Foss, now deceased. Many happy days of my infancy and youth were spent at "Grandfather Nelson's." Oh! what a charm there was to that name at that time. They were literally "tillers of the soil," and "eat their bread by the sweat of their brows." Here they spent their long, industrious and frugal lives. They were both members of the church in Byfield. Respected by their contemporaries, and beloved by their relatives and intimate friends, they died at a good old age, at peace with the world, and with a good hope of a blessed immortality. They now quietly rest in the ancient grave-yard back of the Congregational church in Byfield, where they together worshipped the God of their fathers most of their lives. No monument was erected to their memory until 1855, when their youngest son, Jacob Nelson, erected a marble slab, with the following inscription, which was, by his request, prepared by the writer of these pages :—

DAVID NELSON,
DIED SEPTEMBER 8, 1807, AGED 82 YEARS.
HIS WIFE,
RACHEL SPOFFORD NELSON,
DIED NOVEMBER 9TH, 1813, AGED 78 YEARS.

They lived the life and died the death of Christians.

Long has the mortal slept beneath the sod,
And the immortal gone to dwell with God.
This humble stone—although so long neglected,
In memory of their worth is now erected,
By their only surviving child, JACOB NELSON,
of Winthrop, Me., May 5th, 1855.

Uncle David Nelson was married to Eunice Searles, of Rowley, November 8th, 1785.

They had three sons—Daniel, Isaac and Asa; and two daughters—Abigail and Mary. Daniel and Mary "still live."

He died December 19th, 1847, aged 87 years.
She died May 7th, 1849, aged 84 years.

Uncle Jacob Nelson married Catharine Ward, September 12th, 1805. They moved to Winthrop, Me., and remained there during life. They had three children, viz: Charles, Catharine Ward, and Caroline Spofford. His wife died in Winthrop in 1811, aged 28 years.

Uncle married a second wife, Mary Foster of Winthrop. They had four children, viz: William H., Mary A., Sarah E., and Martha J.

He died in Farmington, Me., September 16th, 1857, aged 84 years.

She died in Farmington, Me., in 1856, aged 76 years.

A family record of the descendants of Thomas Nelson and Joan his wife, who came with Mr. Rogers, from Rowley, in England, from which some of the above facts were taken, has recently been published by one of the descendants. This is an interesting and valuable work to the numerous members of that family.

CHAPTER II.

MARRIAGE OF MY PARENTS.—RECORD OF THEIR CHILDREN.—SHORT HISTORY OF THEIR LIVES, AND OF ALL THEIR DEATHS, EXCEPT THE WRITER, WITH REFLECTIONS AND POEM.

My Parent's Marriage. Extract from the records of the Town of Rowley. "Thomas Prime, of Rowley, and Mary Nelson, of Byfield, Rowley, were married together January 1, 1778."

The following is a record of their family.

1. Mary, born July 20th, 1780.
2. Thomas, born November 1st, 1782.
3. John, born February 8th, 1785.
4. David Nelson, born July 8th, 1787.
5. Daniel Noyes, born September 10th, 1790.
6. Nathaniel, born September 10th, 1792.

My sister Mary married George H. Smith, of Rowley, February 10th, 1803. They moved to Salem in early life and spent their days there. He was carpenter and lumber merchant. They had two sons—George Prime and Henry Blatchford; and five daughters, viz :

Caroline, Susan, Mary, Emiline, and Elizabeth. My sister died April 1826, aged 46 years. Mr. Smith married a second wife, Mrs. Harriet C. Eldredge, of Boston, with whom he lived happily about forty years. He died June 6th, 1866, aged 88 years. His widow is still living at the age of 84 years.

My brother Thomas married Hannah Stevens, of Andover. They also lived in Salem. He was a carpenter and kept a grocery store for many years, in Northfield, where his son James now keeps. They had three sons—Thomas, James Monroe, and Moses Stevens; and two daughters—Susan Bragg and Hannah Stevens. He died June 26, 1848, aged 65 years. She died August 24, 1824, aged 44 years.

My brother John emigrated to the West in early life and there married Rebecca Hutto. They had six sons —George Smith, Daniel Noyes, Nathaniel N., William Huttoo, John Thomas, and Mark; three daughters— Maria Angeline, Mary Andeline and Margaret Adeline. Most of them are married I believe and are fulfilling the injunction of God to Adam—"Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it." May it be truly said of them and their posterity to the latest generation, as it was of our first parents at that time "And God blessed them." My brother died in Nevada, Iowa, March 11th, 1869, aged 84 years.

My brother David Nelson married Sally Boyd, of Salem, where he too went in his youth, and spent his life there. They had eight sons—David Nelson, George Washington, John Boyd, Joshua Spaulding, Samuel Loring, Ebenezer Bradford, William Bradford and Benjamin Franklin; one daughter—Sarah Boyd. He died in Salem, July 23, 1854, aged 66 years. She died in Salem, May 15, 1864, aged 70 years.

Brother Nathanel went West with his brother John when quite young. He married Mary Stone. They had one daughter, Mary. He died in Sigourney, Iowa, May 8th, 1867. His wife and daughter are still living.

On the marble slab that stands at the head of our parents' grave is the following inscription:—

Sacred to the memory of
THOMAS PRIME,
who died May 8th, 1793, aged 45 years:
also his wife
MARY NELSON,
who died November 14th, 1815, aged 58 years.

Parents dear, we hope to meet you
"Freed from sin" in realms above,
And with fond affection greet you,
Midst the scenes of joy and love.

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

Thus it will be seen that my parents and all their family, except myself, have acted their parts in the tragedy of life—passed over the river. I am left *alone!* I too *must soon follow.* "There is no discharge in that war." Each must meet the grim messenger alone. But I will not complain or repine. My life has been extended far beyond my expectation. Beyond "the bounds of threescore and ten." Even to more than fourscore years. And "I still live," and enjoy pretty good health, for which I surely ought to feel thankful. Why it is so I cannot tell. All my ancestors on the Prime side, of which I have any knowledge, have died young; but the Nelsons have generally lived to a good old age. My earnest prayer now is that I may wait patiently my alloted time, and be in constant preparation to pass to that immortal shore, beyond the river of death, there to meet all those departed friends, of whom I am writing, in a world of unalloyed happiness and joy, *never more to part.*

CONVERSE WITH THE DEAD.

Spirits of departed kindred
Who on earth we loved so well,
Are you all in bliss united?
Do you still in friendship dwell?

Tell me—when I cross the river
On whose brink I trembling stand,
Shall I meet you all in union?
Shall I take you by the hand?

Learned Priests and Doctors tell me,
That "on that immortal shore,"
Dearest ties are rent asunder,
Friends must part to meet no more.

Wives from husbands must be severed,
Children from their parents torn,
Brothers dear and sisters lovely
Must to different climes be borne.

"Some will go to realms of glory,
In immortal bliss to dwell,
Some—I shudder at the story—
Will be banished down to hell!"

Cruel doctrine! full of horror!
Dreadful prospects! dark and drear!
But they tell me—*still more awful!*
"It will then *all right* appear!"

"If I chance to go to heaven,
With the righteous there to dwell,
I shall look with satisfaction
On my dearest friends in hell!

Every sympathetic feeling,
Will be driven from my breast,
And their shrieks and lamentations,
Will but make me doubly blest."

Tell me, shades of friends departed,
Who have passed the valley through,

And have reached the shore immortal,
Is this dreadful doctrine true?

* * * * * * *

See! the misty veil is rising;
Hark! a voice from yonder shore,
"Mortal cease your vain repining,
Gloomy doubts indulge no more;

What those Priests and doctors tell you,
Doth their mental darkness prove;
They distrust our Heavenly Father,
And forget that 'God is Love.'"

They forget that the "creation,
Which now travaileth in pain,"
Is at length to be delivered
From corruption, sin and shame.

They forget that "when this mortal
Puts on immortality,"
Sin and sorrow will have ended,
"Death be lost in victory."

"You are now in doubt and darkness,"
And the "earthly image" bear,
But a brighter world awaits you,
Where the "heavenly" you will wear.

"When you cross the stream of Jordan,
We will meet you at the shore,
Friend to friend again united,
We shall meet to part no more."

CHAPTER III.

My residence in Ipswich from 1798 to 1801, with historical sketches of old Ipswich then, and of various events during that time.

When I was about two years and eight months old, my father was taken violently sick with a fever, and died May 8th, 1793. My younger brother, Nathaniel, was then about eight months old. My aunt Noyes, who was sister to my grandmother Prime, and wife of Daniel Noyes, esq., of Ipswich, from motives of friendship and benevolence, took me home to Ipswich with her. I have no recollection of my father's death, or of going to Ipswich at that time. The first that I do remember of my own identity is living there with my uncle and aunt Noyes. He was then Register of Probate for the County of Essex which office he held about forty years, until his death. He was a very capable, industrious and worthy man, and his wife was a worthy woman and a true friend to me. Had she

lived I might have staid there longer and perhaps received more of his property for he left no children; as it was he gave me in his will two hundred dollars. He gave the most of his property to his own nephew, Daniel Noyes, son of Lemuel Noyes, who lived near Dummer Academy, Byfield. Daniel was a very worthy man, and deacon of the Byfield church many years. He held many important and responsible offices in his native town, and represented it in the General Court several years. He died April 8th, 1868, aged 75 years.

Uncle and aunt Noyes were extremely unfortunate in their children. They had buried two—one son, Daniel, for whom I was named—and one daughter, Sally, before I went there to live. I well remember hearing my aunt mourn for them—especially their only daughter Sally. They had two sons, John and Joseph, living at that time, both young men of good talents, but they buried them, or rather they did far worse than that, they employed them for evil. Instead of being a comfort and honor to their parents, as they might have been, they were living torments; they were both very intemperate, and were literally a curse rather than a blessing to their father and mother I can vividly remember scenes of riot and dissipation, which were at the time shocking to my youthful mind, the thought of which almost makes me shudder after a period of

more than seventy years. But they, too, both died young, victims of that hideous monster—*intemperance,* and uncle was left, widowed, childless and alone. But he was a remarkably firm man, and bore it all with wonderful patience and fortitude. He lived several years after the death of all his family, and retained his office and performed its duties to the last. He died March, 1815, aged 77 years. His remains were deposited in his own tomb, where I suppose all his family had been placed before him in the old burial ground on the hill, in full view from the street. I have often visited it when passing by. In August, 1858, as I was coming through Ipswich,

> "I took a tour among the tombs,
> To see whereto all glory comes."

What a vast concourse lie sleeping there! I took a peep into the tomb of uncle Noyes—the plank at the entrance having crumbled away so as to admit the light of the sun. *What an awful sight?* There lie in promiscuous confusion the decayed coffins, leaving visible the crumbling remains of those who were once active in life, some of whom were near and dear to me in my childhood and youth. Well may we ask, "What is our life," when viewed from such a stand point as this? The only inscription on the tomb was—

THIS TOMB BUILT
June, 1802.
The Property of
Daniel Noyes, Esq.

What sad reflections such a spectacle is calculated to produce. What a striking illustration of the vanity of all earthly things! "Esquire Noyes," by which familiar title he was known through the County, especially to all who had business at the Probate office,—was one of the most respectable and influential citizens of old Ipswich, which was then relatively a far more important place than now. None stood higher or was more respected than he. He held a responsible and lucrative office most of his life. He was wealthy for those times, and possessed what was then considered a large real estate, which he probably designed should be kept in the name and perpetuate it through coming ages. This might have been a reason why he gave most of it to his nephew, Daniel Noyes. But alas! how vain and delusive are all such calculations! In a few years after his death it was sold to strangers, and passed out of the name—probably forever! And now his name is hardly known in Ipswich. There are a few of the oldest citizens that remember him; but a large portion of the present population hardly know there ever was such a man. He has left no descendants, and there are none that seem to care enough about him to do for him what the Scribes and Pharisees did for their predecessors the Prophets, "garnish his sephulchre."

One of the earliest events that my memory can call

up is falling off the counter in uncle's store and striking my head against the edge of an iron pot and cutting a frightful gash in my forehead, close to my left temple, and the blood streaming out like cider from a tap, as they carried me out of the store. A little variation in the spot might have proved fatal. It was seemingly a narrow escape. That *stream of blood* I shall never forget while memory lasts. The mark then made on my cranium is still visible, and I shall undoubtedly carry it to the grave, although it is now nearly eighty years since the event took place. One other little event of a very early date still lingers in my memory. One Sabbath day my aunt had gone to meeting and I was left at home. I started just as I was, that is to say, without my Sunday clothes on. I marched up the hill, entered the church, and was proceeding towards the pew, when my aunt discovered me in my uncouth attire; she jumped from her seat and met me in the aisle, seized me by the arm and led me home, giving me a pretty good shaking. But she did not hurt me. There was no danger of that. The danger was all the other way. She was, perhaps, too indulgent. She was very kind and attentive to me, and often brought me over to Rowley to see my mother. I recollect her pointing out to me the spot where the negro Pomp was hung a short time before, about which I shall have more to say.

I remember, when very young, going to a private school kept by Marm Holland, just over the stone bridge. She had a long cane pole, with which she could reach about all over the school room, and give us a poke on the head when naughty. This was my first school. When old enough to go to the town school I went to the school-house on the hill, jnst back of the church, in the same place, though not the same building, where the school is now kept. The school was kept most of the time by Master Ephraim Kendall. He was a pretty good teacher, but somewhat passionate, and sometimes rather severe—often mirthful and ticklish. I generally kept on good terms with him. I recollect once he called me up to him, apparently full of wrath, and cried out with his stentorian voice, "Hold up your hand,"—at the same time raising his heavy oak ferule, made for the purpose, shaped like a pudding-stick,—in a threatening attitude. I held out my paw, without flinching a bit, and pleasantly looked him right in the face. He immediately lowered his cudgel, and with a suppressed smile vociferated, "*Go along to your seat.*" His passion collapsed. It was all over. That was characteristic of the man. But the remembrance of him is pleasant after all.

I recollect the word Buonaparte was given out to spell, and Master Kendall made some remarks about it. That was near the commencement of the career of

Napoleon the first, who has since made such a mighty stir in the world. Alas! how vain is all human greatness and power! His history is a striking illustration of the vanity of all earthly things. Look at his country now (1871). Poor, wretched, miserable, starving France. A few months ago great among the nations —now brought down to the lowest depths of sorrow and degradation! Who does not pity her? When will the blessed day arrive when wars shall cease from the earth, and all disputes between nations be settled by arbitration? One day when I was absent from school—as I was told—Master Kendall sung out, "Where's that noise?" One of the scholars mistaking noise for Noyes, which was the name I went by in Ipswich, replied, "He's gone over to Rowley." That, I presume, brought down the whole school, not excepting Master Kendall.

It was while I lived in Ipswich that the negro Pomp was hung on Pingree's Plain, about midway between Rowley and Ipswich. A large portion of the people in the vicinity, old and young, male and female, went, to see the dreadful sight. I wanted to go very much but my good aunt would not permit it. She was right in so doing. What a depraved and barbarous propensity it is to run after and take pleasure in beholding such an awful spectacle. Rev. Mr. Bradford of Rowley was with him at the time as his spiritual advisor.

He made a prayer and an address. He was so engaged and spoke so loud that he was heard in Rowley a distance of two miles. It was thought by many that Pomp ought not to have been hung. He was a weak minded negro, and his master—who was his victim—used to tell him that if he would work well he should have his mistress when he was dead, and poor Pompey was impatient and unwilling to wait any longer. This I have recently been told by Mr. Joseph Smith of Ipswich, now over ninety years old, who saw the execution, and, Zaccheus like, "did climb a tree, the sight to see," and remembers distinctly about it.

General Washington's death occurred while I was in Ipswich. Rev. Mr. Frisbee delivered an eulogy on the event, and his church on the hill was dressed in mourning for the occasion. The small pox broke out near uncle's house, which was the same now occupied by Mrs. Hammett, at the foot of the big hill. Charles Treadwell. son of Jacob Treadwell who kept tavern on the top of the hill, was the victim. He was carried down to Manning's farm, and a number of youth were vaccinated with kine pock, then comparatively a new thing—and went to the same place to test its virtue. It proved a success. They all returned safe and sound. Treadwell was very sick, but recovered, his face terribly pitted. I well remember his looks when he returned. Charles Treadwell and his brother Leverett

were my school-mates. Leverett was nearest my age and we were very intimate. I recollect he had five fingers on each hand.

Judicial Proceedings at that time.

The Court-house which has recently been sold by the county, and the courts entirely discontinued in Ipswich, then stood near where the Methodist Church now stands, and much of the judicial business of the county was done in it. The old county jail stood back of the church on the spot where the late Rev. Mr. Kimball's house now stands, the interior of which was a most dismal looking place. The whipping post stood on the common between the church and the jail. Some of the young folks may not know what the whipping post was. I will try to tell them. It was a round post perhaps 7 or 8 feet high, with an arrangement to confine the hands and feet of the prisoners, peaked at the top and painted. There it stood, all weathers, a "terror," perhaps, "to evil doers," but no "praise to them that did well." I think it was a disgrace to civilized society. I have seen the poor wretches brought from the prison, stripped to their naked backs and made fast to the post. And then, oh! horrible, old Sheriff Dodge with his cat-o'nine-tail would

put on the thirty-nine or less lashes, according to the sentence of the Court. And they were, apparently, without mercy. The poor helpless victims would wring and twist, beg and scream,—but all in vain! The old fellow would let them have it, until their backs were literally drenched in blood. I have seen a temporary gallows erected back of the church, perhaps fifteen feet high. and prisoners sitting on it with ropes around their necks several hours.

There was then, as now, a ledge of rocks in front of the church, on which there were some curious figures or indentations,—among them the print of a human foot very perfect. And there was a tradition among the school boys, that at some past time the devil, to show his activity, hopped over the weather vane and came down with such force as to sink his foot into the solid rock and leave its print as it then appeared. A short distance from this was another somewhat irregular print, which was said to be the cloven foot. I have looked for there prints recently, but cannot find them. Time, or some other pickaxe, has obliterated them.

Narrow Escape from Drowning.

But the most interesting event, to me, that occurred

while I was in Ipswich, and which came very near cutting short my career and abruptly ending my history, I will now attempt to relate. At the dam across the river where the cotton factory now stands, there was then a grist mill on one side of the river and saw mill on the other. There was a sluice-way through the dam near the grist mill for the fish to pass through. I was down upon the rocks watching the alewives as they glided along. I thoughtlessly took off my hat and put it down into the stream to catch them. The force of the current drew me into the water and carried me down to where it was deep. Meanwhile Mr. Nathaniel Rust, who with his two brothers were fishing in a boat drawn close up to the dam by a rope, saw me in my perilous situation, sprang out of the boat and ran and swam after me and caught me—as I was told—for I was senseless at the time—as I was sinking in deep water for the third time. His brother then came along in the boat and took me in, and thus saved me from a watery grave. A few moments more would have been too late. I should have been past recovery, and the world would have had to pass along without me, these last seventy-five years! And what if it had been so? Has my life during this period been of any advantage to the world or myself? A reply to this question, like almost everything else, depends on circumstances. What it

has been to the world others may answer; but for myself, I must say, if this life is all,—if these transient, evanescent, earthly scenes, were the whole object of my existence,—if all these desires and aspirations,—these hopes and anticipations,—these ardent longings for something more solid and satisfactory than earth ever has or can afford,—are to be forever stifled and put out,—if in a few days or years I must pass away into dark, dismal, eternal non-existence!—I could not call it a blessing. I could see neither wisdom, goodness or benevolence in the author of *such an existence.* But if the popular doctrine is true, that there is to be a future immortal state where all who die in infancy or before the age of accountability are sure of endless and perfect bliss, while a large portion of those who live beyond that period will be driven away into eternal *darkness, torture* and *despair,*—and I should be one of that number—which I suppose many of my orthodox friends think will be the case unless I believe as they do—and *I never shall*—it would have been far better for me to have sunk in Ipswich river and never again seen the light of the sun. And the man who saved me, and to whom I have ever felt under the greatest obligations, certainly did me the greatest possible injury when he virtually snatched me from the portals of eternal bliss, and placed me again on the slippery path that may

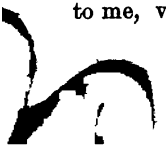
lead to *endless woe.* But if it is true—as I believe—and as the Bible clearly teaches, that "The creature itself!" the whole creation which was "*made subject to vanity,*" or liable to sin—"*not willingly,*" are eventually "to be delivered from this bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God," then, indeed, is our existence a blessing! Then these seventy-five years which he virtually added to my life may be of infinite value, enabling me to become a connecting link between the past and future generations, and of adding to the number of those who will eventually dwell in that holy, happy place. Then "These light afflictions may work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. This is a result worth living for, and it is too, richly worth dying for; and nothing short of this can fully satisfy the aspirations of the sympathetic and benevolent mind, or exhibit to the intelligent universe the wisdom and goodness of our Almighty Creator and Loving Father.

CHAPTER IV.

RESIDENCE IN NEW ROWLEY (NOW GEORGETOWN) FROM 1801 TO 1804, WITH THE REV. SHUABEL LOVELL, BAPTIST CLERGYMAN.—DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACE AT THAT TIME, &C.

When about eleven years old I left Ipswich and went to live with Rev. Shubael Lovell, pastor of the Baptist church, in New Rowley, now Georgetown. I lived with him about three years. While there I became a strong Baptist, as might be expected—the young mind is easily bent. I could not, however, endorse all their views. The doctrine of election and reprobation, which were prominent points in their creed, were stumbling blocks to me. But their mode of baptism appeared to me the most scriptural, and *it does still.* But I do not now think it very important. Certainly not enough to prevent them from communing together.

The first night, when going to bed, the Doctor said to me, very pleasantly, "Daniel, if you get up first in



the morning, you can go to the barn and feed the creatures." This I took for a command, and I was so fearful that I should not wake in season that I had a very restless night. It was bright moonlight and I started about midnight and went down stairs. The Doctor heard me and sent me back to bed. I was up again at the first dawn of day and went to the barn. The next night when about to retire, the Doctor told me not to be so anxious about getting up. If I did not wake, no matter, he would call me. And I believe I slept the better for it.

> A gentle word, so sweet, so kind,
> Will heal the sorrows of the mind.

I was rather young and small of my age to work for my living, but that was what I had to do from 11 to 14 years of age. I had to work some at farming, cut wood at the door, take care of the horse, cow, and cosset sheep, and do the chores generally, the Doctor assisting me when necessary. He and Mrs. Lovell were very kind to me. The meeting-house where he preached was an old rickety thing, moved from Bradford sometime before. It stood a short distance from the parsonage, near Wood's corner and the Mills. Mr. Samuel Plummer was the chorister; he was somewhat advanced in life and sung in old style, but he was quite spirited and acted his part well for those times. I can almost hear the old man's rather coarse

voice as he led them on. I recollect his coming to Mr. Lovell one day and asking him to read a particular hymn for he wanted to sing "Triumph." The Doctor smiled and asked him if he felt triumphant. The hymn was read and the tune sung the next Sabbath, and it went well. I should like to hear the same tune and the same voices now, but that *cannot be;* the tune may be found but the voices *cannot.* They are all silent in death—all passed "over the river," and I venture to hope are now singing a nobler song in that world of joy above.

Description of the Place at that time.

They held conference meetings, Sunday evenings, at Elder Chaplin's, the father of the Rev. Jeremiah Chaplin, D. D., who was a minister in Danvers for several years, when a young man, then president of Waterville College, in Maine, and during the latter part of his life preached in Rowley a number of years. In going to those conference meetings, we went by the Corners and the Centre school house, then up a court to the Brocklebank house, which is still standing, and called the same. The road then went no further. We then crossed the pasture, through the woods, coming out near Capt. Eliphalet Chaplin's, then

a short distance further to the Elder's house. This house is still standing, about the same as then, but the surroundings, oh! how changed! There was then no railroad there; no gigantic iron horse with its ponderous trains, *ringing*, *screeching* and *thundering* by several times a day. Such things were not thought of at that time, nor for many years afterwards. Had one of those trains come suddenly along then, we should have thought "That awful day had surely come."

There were then none of those splendid mansions—none of those lofty and spacious stores and manufactories that now greet the sight. There was at that time no house between the parsonage and the corners, and but one house on each of the four corners, viz:—the widow Pillsbury's tavern stood where the Pemberton House now stands; the widow Clark's, mother of Dr. Perley Clark, who has recently deceased at the age of eighty-seven years, stood where Mr. Elliot's house now stands; the widow Burbank's house stood where Mr. Samuel Little's shoe manufactory now stands; a short distance from the other corner was the house of Cornett David Tenney. And there was no dwelling house between the corners and Capt. Eliphalet Chaplin's, except the Brocklebank house. Such was the situation of this locality at the commencement of the present century. Those who are acquainted with the place now, will see

what wonderful improvements have been made since. Few places in the county excel it. This corner, notwithstanding the sparseness of the population, was a somewhat celebrated place at that time. It was known as "New Rowley Corner," and the widow Pillsbury's tavern was somewhat noted, and quite a rendezvous for travellers. It used to be hinted that there was sometimes *innocent* games there, and that the good landlady would open the door suddenly upon the sinners, and cry out at the top of her voice—"No gambling in my house to-night"; and then with a whisper she would add, "play as much as you are a mind to."

I recollect Mr. Benjamin Plummer—brother of the chorister—who was no singer but quite an exhorter in their Conference meeting. One evening at Elder Chaplin's—in one of his exhortations—saying, "It is surprising to see how much more engaged the men of the world are in their affairs than Christians are in the cause of religion", the Doctor touched him gently on the shoulder and said, "Are you not surprised brother Plummer to see how engaged in the affairs of the world you are yourself?" That was a word in season; for although brother Plummer was a very good man, he loved the world quite as well as his neighbors. He was however a good friend to the Doctor and was often there to assist him. He sometimes ground my axe for

me—not a political axe—and would occasionally bear on pretty hard,and would say half in fun and half in earnest, "Turn away, it is good enough for you; you had no business to dull it." He was a bachelor then, but has since been married and had a family of children.

Visit to Salem.

The Doctor's health was poor most of the time while I was with him, and he used to ride round considerable. He would sometimes take me with him for company and to wait upon him. I once went to Salem with him. He went amongst his Baptist friends, and left me with the team at my brother Smith's in Northfield. Mr. Smith was a master carpenter, and my two brothers, Thomas and David, lived with him; Thomas was a journeyman, and David an apprentice. They lived in a house belonging to Capt, Deland, a short distance from the Northbridge; the house is still standing and is called the "Deland house." David went with me to put up the horse and he drove up on to the Salem Turnpike which was then just opened for travel, to show me, "how beautiful and smooth it was."

We stayed in Salem several days; the Doctor with his friends and I with mine. That was an interesting

visit to me. There was my only sister the oldest of the family, and two older brothers all young, bright and active, deeply and zealously engaged in the affairs of life. Oh! how bright the world then appeared! Those happy hours—as they then seemed, and they were comparitively—made a deep impression on my youthful mind which is not wholly eradicated now. They still remain prominent in my recollection, while all of these relatives and friends have one after another passed "over the river" and their mortal remains, once so interesting, so lovely and loving to me, now are mouldering back to dust. What solemn! What unutterable feelings press upon the mind in view of these scenes.

But it may be said, "These things are nothing more than what are taking place in the world all the time; why speak of them?" This may all be true. But it is time and change that gives them prominence. When you come to look back seventy years and see the mighty changes that have taken place since these happy, youthful days, and realize that about all those early friends have passed away, you will perhaps know my feelings better than you now can, and have an answer to your question.

On our return from Salem we had the company of another clergyman and his wife, who were some kind of missionaries, and were travelling horseback, which was far more common then than now. Dr. Lovell

very kindly took the lady into the chaise with him, and put me on to her pony, and I had to stride a side-saddle. That was rather galling both to body and mind,—but I willingly submitted to it, to accommodate the good lady. The reverend gentleman and myself trotted along side by side in pleasant conversation, mostly, I think, upon religious subjects. I recollect that he remarked that such was the object of his mission, and he wished to improve every opportunity. But I cannot remember much about it. It did not make so much impression on my mind as the side-saddle did upon my body. The Doctor, I doubt not, enjoyed the company of the lady better than that of the boy,—and it was no doubt a relief to the lady. All these considerations amply compensated for the inconvenience of the side-saddle.

Visit to Newburyport.

I recollect also of going to Newburyport with the Doctor. We took dinner at Capt. O'Brien's, in one of those splendid residences on High street,—far more splendid then, comparatively, than now. They were Baptists, and one of the daughters was the wife of President Chaplin, of Waterville College, above spoken of. I happen to remember that we had veal soup

for dinner, and the Doctor helped me to some and said, "This is better than we get at home." There were two boys in the family about my age. After dinner they took me out the back door; we went a short distance across the field to near the place where the Oakhill Cemetery now is, where a gang of workmen were just breaking ground for the Newburyport Turnpike. That was the commencement of that stupendous piece of folly. On our return home we stopped over night with a good brother and sister at Deacon Goodrich's. They were somewhat aged people,—very friendly, warm-hearted Baptists; and we had a very pleasant time.

At another time previous to this, I recollect going to Newburyport with a Mr. Searles. He went to market with produce,—I think with an ox team. We had a *very long* passage. I then went to see my brother Thomas, who was an apprentice to Mr. Andros Palmer. I found him on the steeple of the Pleasant street Church, which was then in process of erection. Mr. Palmer was the contractor and builder. After this Mr. Palmer built the Eastern Branch Bridge in the city of Washington. Thomas went with him, and was there when he became free. We received several letters from him while he was there. He was pleased with the opportunity of seeing the capital of the nation, and told us about the city as it then was. I re-

lect that he wrote that it looked more like a place ere a city was to be built than like a real city, at t time. I then thought how I should like to go re and see the capitol. I will surely visit it some- ıe. And I have thought so all along through life, ; that "sometime" has never come,—and probably *ıer will.* "Procrastination is the thief of time."

Mr, Lovell used to purchase a portion of his family ›plies at Moses Parker's store in Bradford, now ›veland. He usually did the shopping himself, but sometimes sent me. I remember once going horse- ›k—Concord wagons and buggies were then un- ›wn. I stowed a variety of articles into the "saddle- gs," among which was a bottle of gin. By some in- ›licable accident the bottle got smashed and the ıtents distributed among the other goods! The ctor was very much grieved, especially for the loss the gin. But he bore it with Christian fortitude. didn't scold half so hard as some would have done. ›oo, was very sorry, for he sometimes would give me *ery little.*

My partiality for the Baptists which originated ile I was with Dr. Lowell has continued in some de- ›e through life. Though as I grew older and having braced what I believe to be a far better faith than her the orthodox or Baptist creed, my ardor in that ection has very much abated.

CHAPTER V.

Residence in Salem with Mr. Nathaniel Lang.

Soon after leaving Dr. Lowell's I went to live with Mr. Nathaniel Lang, in Salem—Northfield, near the North Bridge, to learn the "chaise-body and carriage makers'" trade. Jewett Bishop, another Rowley boy, some older than myself, was there before me, for the same purpose. Mr. Lang was also a farmer, and cut considerable English hay, and we both had to work some at farming. He sold his hay that year for $27.00 per ton,—a very good price for those times. While I was there I recollect being up to my brother Smith's one evening. He had built a new house about a quarter of a mile from the Deland house, where he lived when I was there with Dr. Lowell. I had been pluming up in Danvers that day, and was very tired and laid down on the bed and went to sleep. The next day while at work in the shop, I happened to think about where I spent the previous evening. I could recollect distinctly being up to my sister's and laying

down on the bed; and that was the last I could remember until I awoke in the morning at home. I mentioned this to the workmen in the shop, and Daniel Lang, son of old Master Lang, who I suppose had been out courting, said that when he came home he found me sitting in the kitchen, and spoke to me, and I started and went to bed. I then supposed and still believe that I walked a quarter of a mile or more in the streets in Salem, fast asleep. Mr. Lang was a rather passionate old man and my stay with him was short, less than a year, and ended rather abruptly, and my bed-fellow Bishop soon followed.

Jewett Bishop was a native of Rowley, The Grandson of Mr. Paul Jewett of Rowley. His Mother was Sister of Doctor Joshua Jewett, of whom I shall have considerable to say.

And he was the Father of Charles Jewett Bishop a Wealthy and very respectable Merchant now in Boston.

CHAPTER VI.

RESIDENCE IN NEW ROWLEY (NOW GEORGETOWN) WITH MR. HENRY HILLIARD—WITH MR. SOLOMON NELSON AND MAJOR PAUL NELSON.

Soon after leaving Salem I went to live with Mr. Henry Hilliard in New Rowley, now Georgetown, to learn the Tanners and Curriers trade. I staid with him about three years. While there his dwelling house was burnt in the night time, and we all came very near being burnt up, I was sleeping in a bedroom in the northeast corner of the house. I awoke in the night and the currier's shop which joined that corner was all in a blaze, and shining brilliantly into the window a few feet from my head. I immediately rallied Mr. Hilliard and his wife, who with their little son Henry and myself composed their whole family. They told me to run for help; there was no neighbor within a quarter of a mile; I ran with all my might to the nearest neighbor, Mr. Jos. Poor's and rallied them, and then about

as much further to Mr. More's and called them, then a short distance to Mr. Daniel Poor's, then across a swamp to Mr Jeremiah Poor's. The occupants of these four houses,—perhaps twelve or fifteen persons, male and female, I think were all that arrived, until the house was burnt to the ground, except Mr. Oliver Tenney, who lived in Byfield, about a mile off, who happened to see the fire, and took his horse and rode up. Mr. Joseph Poor was the first that got there. The east end of the house was then all in flames. He went round to the west end to the window and called Mr. Hilliard, who asked him to come in and help him find his pocket book. He came towards the window, and Mr. Poor caught hold of him and pulled him out by main force; and the fire very soon followed him out of the window. But the pocket book with its contents was left behind,—and the whole house was soon wrapt in raging, roaring flames! A few moments more and Mr. Hilliard would have been a victim to the devouring element! Oh, what a sublime but awful sight it was to me. It made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. I can almost see the red flames and hear the roaring of the relentless tyrant, even now through the vista of almost seventy years. Mr. Hilliard had been a very industrious and quite prosperous man;—wide awake and deeply immersed in the affairs of the world. And he felt the loss se-

verely. He seemed to feel as though *all was gone!* I remember a remark he made when looking at the ruins: "Yesterday I was worth twenty-five hundred dollars, but to-day I am not worth a cent." That remark I think was literally true. Subscription papers were immediately started, and the whole community appeared to be deeply interested for him. I think he obtained about fifteen hundred dollars. He immediately built a new house and went on with his business, but I do not think he ever recovered his former earnestness and activity in the affairs of life. The house which he then built is now owned and occupied by his son Henry, who was the babe at that time, and who said when looking at the flames, "*The fire burns pretty well.*" Once after this I was probably instrumental in saving Henry's life. He fell into the water pit, and I happening to be near pulled him out and thereby saved him from drowning.

The great solar total eclipse occurred about that time. I was at work in the tanyard, and gazed with admiration and wonder at the sublime spectacle. I shall not attempt to describe it. That has been done thousands of times far better than I could do it.

During this time Mr. Hilliard had a lawsuit with a young man by the name of Stevens. I think Mr. Hilliard sued him for a debt, and Stevens brought in an account to balance it, which he disputed. Of course

a lawsuit, and the case was tried in Salem. I happening to know something about it went down as a witness. Mr. Hilliard, Mr. Oliver Tenney and myself went down together in a chaise. This I think was the first time I was ever called upon to testify in Court. Joseph Storey, Esq., then a young lawyer, and since a judge for many years, now deceased, was Stevens' attorney. He was pretty close with me when on the stand, and in his plea quite severe. When he came to speak of my testimony he looked at me with a piercing eye and said: "That boy so earnest to have his master get the case!" So much I recollect distinctly. That made an impression on my memory not easily rubbed out. I do not remember much more that he said, but I well recollect my feelings at the time. I think I looked daggers at him, and would have given him a good shaking if I could have got hold of him, and had it in my power to do it. Mr. Hilliard got the case, as he probably ought to. On our return home, as our chaise was rather crowded with three, Mr. Hilliard started me off on foot. I came as far as Danvers corner, which was then, as now, a famous place for stores, perhaps more so then than now, comparatively. On my way back, Stevens and Perley Clark, then a young man, but since the celebrated Dr. Clark, came along in a chaise, and as they passed, Stevens said to me rather sarcastically, "Well, Daniel, Mr.

Hilliard has got the case." I assented. "Won't you ask him if he has got his money?" That thing, I believe, he never did. I arrived at the corner some time before they came along. I might have come on further, but something seemed to impel me to stop. "I need not to the knowing tell" what that something was. I waited till they arrived. Mr. Hilliard did not seem to be pleased to find me there. He thought I might have gone further. *I thought so too.* He had his reasons and I had mine. *But we were all there together.* What then? Why, they *must have* something to drink! For they both loved it; and *so did I!* For all, both old and young, used then to drink. So *we all had some.* Had I have walked on further I should have missed my portion. *That's what was the matter!*

I will relate one more little event that occurred while I was at Mr. Hilliard's, not very important, perhaps, except as a reminiscence of olden times. I was at work in the currier's shop near the house, and Mrs. Hilliard came to the door and sung out, "Daniel, Daniel, come in to dinner." A strange voice near by responded, "Coming, coming directly." I went in, and when we were all seated at the table, in came Mr. *Daniel* Foster, who happened to be watering his horse in the brook near the shop, and heard the call "Daniel," accepted it, and replied as above stated. He ad-

dressed Mrs. Hilliard and said, "I hardly expected you to call me to dinner, but I am very glad to accept the invitation," and without ceremony took his seat at the table. Mr. Foster was an old Rowley man, with whom we were all acquainted, very social and interesting, and nothing could have pleased us more than this rather romantic visit. He built the house now owned and occupied by Mr. John P. Dole, in Old Rowley, and sold it to Mr. Moses Dole, father to John, many years ago, and removed to Newburyport, where he spent the remainder of his life. He was father of Messrs. N. and T. Foster, jewellers, now in business in Newburyport.

I stayed with Mr. Hilliard until I got the first rudiments of the trade. I then worked with Major Paul Nelson and Mr.—afterwards Deacon—Solomon Nelson, several years. They were both of them cousins to my mother. Major Paul was the son of Uncle Solomon Nelson, and Solomon was the son of Uncle Asa Nelson, of whom I have already spoken. My brother John lived with Uncle Asa in his childhood and youth, and when old enough he was an apprentice to Solomon, and worked for him several years. That was a very interesting place to me in the early part of my life. I can well remember the first time I went there, when very young, with brother David. We started from grandfather Nelson's, in Byfield, on foot. When we

got to the foot of the hill near the place, David t
me that when we got to the top we should see the ho
where John lived, and when we actually saw the ho
it afforded a thrill of joy seldom exceeded in after li
and when we arrived and was welcomed by our brot
and the whole circle of friends our cup of joy was f
Could our lives be made up of such scenes—the pr
ent so satisfactory, the future so bright and promisi
—we might be willing to live always here below.

CHAPTER VII.

MY SCHOOL BOY DAYS.—THE CENTRE SCHOOL HOUSE IN NEW ROWLEY, MY ONLY ALMA MATER.—OBITUARY NOTICE OF DR. JEWETT.—REFLECTIONS IN A GRAVEYARD.

Perhaps there is no part of my life that I can look back upon with more pleasant reflections than my school boy days. True, I can see much that was not exactly what it should have been, still I cannot but think it was, on the whole, as good as could reasonably be expected from an inexperienced and *"totally depraved" being,* as we are all *said to be* "by nature." I was always fond of going to school. I had rather be a learner than a teacher. I regret exceedingly my opportunities for enjoying that great privilege in my youthful days were so extremely limited; but I feel thankful for what I did have. Although I do not claim to have been one of the best scholars, it is a satisfaction to think, as I *certainly do,* that I was not among the worst.

I have already spoken of my school days in Ipswich with Marm Holland and Master Kendall. About all my school education after leaving Ipswich was obtained at the centre school house in New Rowley—now Georgetown—near where the Georgetown Town Hall now stands; and many a Bunker Hill battle did we have on that elevated spot—with snowballs.

I attended school there in the winter while living with Dr. Lovell and Mr. Hilliard—about seven years. We had different teachers during that time. Prominent in my mind is Master Greenleaf Dole, father of Moses Dole, who died in Rowley about twenty years ago, and of Francis Dole, who also died in Rowley the second day of January last, at the advanced age of ninety-three years. Master Dole was a well educated man, and pretty good teacher; but he was a rough old fellow, and used to knock us about rather severely He used to sit in a round back chair, by the side of a big table, some four or five feet square, which stood in the north corner by the side of the chimney and fireplace. There was a narrow passage back of the table where he sometimes sent delinquent scholars. He would call up a small boy for some misdemeanor, and tell him in his rough style, to "*Get behind the table,*" and as the guilty urchin squeezed back of his chair he would give him a back-handed *lick* and send him headlong to the floor.

But our good Doctor—*alias* Deacon Jewett—who has recently passed "over the river," was our teacher most of the time, and I seem to remember most about his administration. He was a good teacher, and a feeling and kind hearted man. He did not love to use the ferule, fist or club; but he sometimes resorted to other and somewhat curious expedients to make us obey. He would sometimes make the delinquent sit on a sharp rock in the middle of the floor, or hold out at arm's length a heavy pair of tongs before the school. Once I recollect he had a number of boys, one after another, out on the floor, with the tongs extended to their utmost capacity. He would tell them all very kindly that when they would promise to do better they might go to their seats. They would usually hold on as long as they could stand it, but all had to succumb at last. At length it came my turn to take the floor and raise the tongs. The good doctor made me the same kind offer. "When you think you can go to your seat and behave well you may do it." "I think I can now, sir," was my prompt reply, and *down went the tongs*, and I took my seat. This unexpected close of the drama produced a suppressed giggle, in which, I think, the doctor freely participated.

We had a practice of choosing sides and putting out words of our own selection, each side to the other. at the close of the school Saturday noons. After the class

had read the two uppermost in the class would choose. The one at the head had the first choice, and the one next to him the second, and so on. Jesse Adams, son of Capt. Benjamin Adams, a few years older than myself, was a great speller, undoubtedly the best in the school, and I was pretty good at it. *Spelling was my hobby.* We put our heads together, and contrived to be always on one side. One of us would be at the head and the other somewhere below the second. When Jesse was at the head he would choose me, and *vice versa.* We had a manuscript in which we collected all the hardest words and names that could be found. And they seldom put out a word that we were not prepared to spell, and we were pretty sure to beat. We had practiced in this way some time, when one Saturday noon, the doctor, no doubt suspecting our plan, told the two *lowest* in the class to choose. That was a poser. I *could not brook it.* That separated friend Jessie and myself at once. I was so stubborn and foolish that I did not spell at all; but Jesse, much wiser, as I now see, took his place in the class and performed his part like a good boy.

Jesse Adams died young! he has long since "passed that bourne from whence no traveller returns." I remember him with the greatest respect and affection, although he was a warm and zealous Federalist, and I quite as warm and unflinching a Democrat; but it did

not in the least lessen our friendship for each other.

I remember, too, with the deepest interest, Paul Spofford, son of Joseph Spofford, who then lived on "Spofford's hill." He was near my age, and we were very intimate. He went to New York in his youth, and became a very successful and wealthy merchant, and spent his life there, and died October 28th, 1869, aged 77 years, leaving an estate of several millions of dollars. His sister Susan, too, was a scholar there at that time. She was a bright, intelligent and beautiful girl. They were both good scholars, and took a leading and active part in our exhibitions and other exercises of the schools. Susan was married to Mr. A. M. Hatch. They, too, went to New York, and he was a partner with her brother Paul. She has long since been numbered with the dead. This is true of nearly all of those early associates. There is, however, at least one exception, for which I am truly thankful. I refer to Doctor Jeremiah Spofford, of Groveland, who "still lives," and is a few years older than myself. He was my fellow-scholar, and for a short time my teacher in the "Centre school-house," in those by-gone days of which I am writing. I have recently had a very interesting correspondence with him. His feelings seem to be in full sympathy with mine respecting those "scenes of our youth." He says, "They grow in interest the longer I live." He

refreshes my memory respecting some of those scenes, of which I have but a dim recollection. In 1808 that school was kept by Nathaniel Merrill, a native of that village. At that time we had an exhibition in which we both took conspicuous parts, of which he still retains a programme. Our names appear nine times each, in the different parts. He also gives a list of all the actors upon that occasion. Nearly all of them, except the Doctor and myself, have passed on to the spirit land. I think that Merrill's term was the last of my attendance at the day school. But I kept up my connection with the school, went to evening schools, and belonged to a class of the older scholars, who met occasionally for speaking, writing compositions, &c., during the time I worked with Mr. Solomon and Major Paul Nelson, which was three or four years. Doctor Spofford says in a letter now before me, "I know that you took a prominent part in my exhibition, as I have you down for half a dozen different parts. You went to Boston and bought four copies of "Addison's Cato," of which I now have a copy," &c. *That was so.* I well remember buying those books; and I remember, too, the part I took. It was that of Portius, one of the sons of Cato. And my brother Nathaniel took that of Marcus, the other son of Cato. I commenced the tragedy with a soliloquy, as follows: "The dawn is overcast, the morning

lowers, and heavily in clouds brings on the day—the great, the important day," &c., and I think I have repeated that passage a hundred times since on cloudy mornings.

IMPROMPTU REFLECTIONS.

Days of my childhood and youth, ye are gone,
Those fugitive moments will never return,
But memory pierces the vista of time,
And backward I look to the days of my *prime*,
To the time when the world first oped to my view,
And all its surroundings were pleasing and new;
When friends and relations around me did stand,
To guard and protect me on every hand;
And all was before me—so shining and fair,
And castles were building to float in the air.
'Twas thus that I started life's journey to tread,
Bright hopes for the future afloat in my head.

* * * * * * *

But that journey of life is now nearly through,
What was prophecy then is history now.
Those friends of my childhood and youth, as we trust,
Have gone to the realms of the pure and the just.
My parents, my sister, my brothers have gone,
And I—of our family—am left—all alone!
And while most of those fancied castles of air,
Like bubbles have burst—still I will not despair.

The friends of my *age*—my *children and theirs*
Will not fail to sustain me and lighten my cares.
Their kindness in sickness I lately have seen—
And while life continues on them I shall lean;
But not on frail mortals alone would I trust,
For children and friends are but worms of the dust,
But on God, my Creator, my Father and Friend,
And Christ, my Redeemer, I can safely depend,
And to them I commit my spirit—*my all*,
And patiently wait till my Father shall call.

OBITUARY.

The following is an obituary notice of the death of my cotemporary, teacher and life-long friend, of whom have already spoken, which I wrote soon after his death. It was published in the "Trumpet and Universalist Magazine," printed in Boston by Rev. Thomas Whittemore, who has since that time been called to pass "over the river:"

DEATH OF DEA. JEWETT.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged above the common walks of life,
Just on the verge of heaven."

DIED, In Rowley, Mass., Jan. 3, Dea. JOSHUA JEWETT, aged 93 years and 4 months.

That Dea. Jewett was a "good man," and has in all probability exchanged this world of sin and sorrow for a brighter and happier world above, all who believe the Christian religion and have had the privilege of an acquaintance with him will cheerfully aver. In his early life he was educated as a physician, but for some reason he continued in practice but a short time. It has been said that he was too tender-hearted to follow that profession. It was more congenial with his humane feelings "to teach the young idea how to shoot," than to stand over the couches of sickness, anguish and death! For many years he was a teacher of the public schools in this town, and he has probably outlived most of his scholars. Few men have so richly deserved, and so freely received the confidence, respect and love of their fellow-citizens as he. A large portion of his active life was spent in the service of his native town, in the various offices of its gift, all of which he filled with honor, and performed their duties in a faithful and satisfactory manner. He was Town Clerk for twenty-two years; viz.: from 1800 to 1821 inclusive. He represented the town in General Court four years, viz.: 1811, '12, '14, '20. He was a member of the Convention to revise the State Constitution in 1820, and was deacon of the Orthodox church fifty-four years. The writer of this article had the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with him from his earliest recollection,

and was one of his pupils nearly seventy years ago. I have ever esteemed him as a true and sincere friend.

In the early part of my life our religious sentiments were essentially alike. And since I have embraced what appears to me a far better faith, his friendship has not in the least abated. I have seldom had an interview with him since that he did not in some way refer to my belief, not in a corrosive or acrimonious spirit, as is too often the case, but in a friendly, affectionate and sympathizing manner; clearly evincing to my mind that the dreadful doctrine of endless woe for any of our race, although he believed it must be true, was extremely painful to his benevolent heart, and that the glorious doctrine of Universal Salvation, could he have believed it, would have been a source of "joy unspeakable." But having been born, nurtured and educated in the Calvinistic faith, and surrounded by its influence through life,—and who can estimate the power of these associations?—he could not disengage himself from its cruel grasp.

I have often said that Dea. Jewett was a Universalist in everything except his creed. He seemed to love the doctrine, and long for a realization of its truth. He evidently felt, as many have said, that "*It was too good to be true.*" I well recollect being present with him at a social gathering in Rowley about five years ago, when he said to me in substance as follows:—

"When I see such multitudes collected together, there is one thought that presses upon my mind and fills me with sorrow. My doctrine leads me to believe that it will be but a very short time before a large portion of them will be in that world of misery!" At another time, we were together in the graveyard, where many of his dearest friends, as well as my own, were sleeping around us. With eyes suffused with tears, and heart overflowing with the best feeling of humanity, he said to me: "What a happy thing it would be if your doctrine should prove true; if we could be sure of meeting all our friends in heaven!" This was a holy aspiration of a truly benevolent heart, and must be the spontaneous desire of every good man. And can it never be realized? Oh, no! if that cruel doctrine is true it cannot! for

> "Parents and children then must part,
> Must part to meet no more."

Suppose for a moment that it is true. Suppose the "good Deacon" to arrive at "that holy, happy place," and to miss one of his dear children.—for they had all preceded him to the spirit land,—suppose it to be a beloved son, who, though amiable and lovely in life, had never made a profession of religion, or given any sure evidence of that "change of heart," without which, according to the creed, he must be forever lost! Suppose the father to look across that "great gulf," and

see the son in that "lake of fire!" Could he be reconciled? Could he be happy? But I forbear! The supposition is too horrible to contemplate. I believe the doctrine is false, as are the mistaken views of the heathen nations, with whom the cruel dogma of eternal torments originated. I cling to a better faith. I trust the good Deacon is now in full realization of what he so ardently longed for while here on earth; and has "met all his dear friends, who have gone before him, in heaven." P.

Rowley, Jan. 13th, 1862.

REFLECTIONS IN A GRAVEYARD.

Calm be our thoughts! We are on sacred ground;
These slabs and monuments that stand around
Are the memorials of the slumbering dead.
Here sleep our fathers in their dusty bed—
Their race is run; they all have passed that bourne
From whence no traveller did e'er return.
They had their entrance on this mortal stage,
Acted their parts in childhood, youth and age,
And made their exit. All are equal here,
The statesman and the clown alike appear,
The wealthy and the poor, the high, the low,

The virtuous and the vile, together go
Down to the grave. The wicked and the just
In ruin lie, all mouldering back to dust.
And is this all? Is this the wondrous plan
Of the Creator for his creature—man?
Was this the grand design of God above?
Does this display his wisdom, power and love?
"Yes, this is all," the atheist replies,
"Man closes his existence when he dies;
There is no radiant hope beyond the grave,
No hand to rescue, and no power to save.
There is no state of immortality,
There is no God to raise us to the sky.
All is but chance—we grow and multiply
Just like the beasts—and like the beasts we die."
So saith the infidel—all *dark as night*,
We pity him and fain would give him light.
We have a better faith. The Christian's hope
In life's dark hours is an unfailing prop.
It is a steadfast anchor to the soul,
When troubles rise and waves of sorrow roll.
'Tis tidings of great joy to all the earth,
(As sung by angels at the Saviour's birth.)
"The glorious gospel of the blessed God"
Dispels the clouds and spreads the light abroad.
Its heavenly radiance shining clear and bright,
Brings "life and immortality to light."
These mouldering bodies, to the earth consigned,
Are but the cast-off garments of the mind.
The soul released now has a wider range,
The earthly image to the heavenly changed.

"The mortal puts on immortality,
And death is swallowed up in victory."

"But," saith the partialist, "you are too fast,
These glorious things are only for the just,
The righteous, the elect, the purified,
The most of *these* were sinners when they died.
Their fate is fixed, their day of grace is o'er,
And God, their Maker, cares for them *no more.*
No power can help them; all their shrieks are vain,
They must lie down in everlasting pain,
In the dark regions of *eternal woe,*
Where all who die in sin *must surely go.*"
Oh! horrid thought! more dreadful, far, to me,
Than the dark gulf of infidelity.
Better to sleep and never wake again,
Than to awake to everlasting pain.
How can you, Christian brother, still believe
This horrid dogma? Do you not perceive
That 'tis a myth contrived in days of yore
By priests and rulers to sustain their power
Over the masses, and to hold and bind
In cruel manacles, the human mind?
Full long enough this frightful incubus
Has been to tender minds a blighting curse.
Oh! for some mighty power, some flood of light,
To drive this hideous spectre from your sight,
To make you feel and know that "God is love,"
That all in earth below and heaven above
Are subject to his purpose and control.
His love extends to every human soul;
His tender care is over all our race,

And will at last the universe embrace.
Then let us not be anxious or repine,
Or murmur when our dearest friends decline
And pass away; nor shudder when we must
Ourselves obey the call, but with full trust
And confidence in our Almighty Friend,
(Whose power and goodness brings us to our end)
Resign our bodies to their kindred dust,
Our spirits unto God, who gave them first.

CHAPTER VIII.

RESIDENCE IN OLD ROWLEY WITH MY MOTHER.—SOME ACCOUNT OF MY BUSINESS LIFE.—TANNING AND SHOE BUSINESS.—LOCOMOTION AND TRANSPORTATION.—GROCERY BUSINESS.—FARMING OPERATIONS.—FAILURE.—RETROSPECTIVE VIEW, &C.

My next remove was to old Rowley,—to the old homestead. The place of my birth. I then boarded with my good mother; *and she was a good mother.* Alas! how little we prize our blessings while they are with us. It is when they are gone and we feel their need that we fully realize their value. She was a faithful, kind and loving friend, willing to spend and be spent for the good of her children. She was—it has always appeared to me—superior to most of her sex for intelligence and reasoning powers. There was at that time a controversy—I might, perhaps, almost say a quarrel—going on between the Calvinists and Hopkinsians, or the adherents of President Edwards and

Dr. Hopkins. Both of them were strong partialists, but differed in some of the details. I do not remember the particular points, but I well remember that my mother was much interested in the subject. She said "they were both right. Hopkinsianism was but an addition to and improvement on Calvinism." She had a plan to harmonize them. I do not remember her process of reasoning, but it appeared to be satisfactory to her. She was equally friendly to both parties, and said they ought not to separate. I believe the Orthodox Congregationalists have settled down about upon her plan. Those points are not mooted at all now, although there may be as much difference of opinion now as then. They have wisely concluded to let them rest until further light shall reveal them more clearly. It would be well if they would do the same upon all minor points, if they would abolish all their narrow creeds build upon a broader platform, upon which all who accept the Bible as the Word of God and Christ as the Son of God and Saviour of the world, may stand together as brethren, children of the *same Father*, who created, governs and controls all events.

But that would include Universalists! And why should it not? There is no sect in Christendom more attached to the Bible than the Universalists! It is from the Bible they get their Universalism! But this was not my mother's plan, I admit. She was not

a Universalist. That doctrine was hardly heard of at that time, except as a hideous monster away in the distance, not for a moment to be thought of as a glorious reality. Such were about my feelings then. Although I unconsciously longed for it, my queries and the convictions of my mind all pointed to this glorious truth.

My mother was, undoubtedly, a sincere believer in the cruel doctrine of endless misery! She had been educated in its belief, and like numerous others, supposed it *must be true.* But it did not sit easy on her mind, as it seems to on many of its believers. This to me is good evidence that she was sincere. It was a source of grief to her benevolent mind. She trembled for herself. She was not a professor. Although her minister and all her Christian friends believed her to be an experimental Christian, and urged her to unite with the church. Yet she dare not do it. She was afraid she should partake unworthily and thereby "eat and drink damnation to her own soul." I remember hearing her talking to that effect and refer to that frightful passage. Frightful, indeed, if understood literally as in our translation, and explained by partialist divines. But when rightly understood is perfectly consistent with our belief, and affords no evidence of that frightful doctrine. She also trembled for her children, lest some of them should suffer *that awful doom!* And

well she might, for if that doctrine is true, she could not reasonably expect that all of us would be saved! Such, I should think, must be the feelings of all who really believe that doctrine. Indeed! I cannot conceive how any one can believe it and not be filled with horror and consternation!

My mother would frequently and earnestly talk to me upon this subject, and although I supposed *it must be true,* my feelings revolted against it. I used to raise objections and ask questions which she could not answer any better than our partialist divines now can. To deny the truth of that doctrine seemed to her denying the Bible. She once said to me, "Daniel, I hope you are not an infidel." I told her I was not. I did then and always have *clung to the Bible.* I consider it invaluable. If we give that up we are on an open sea, without chart or compass. It affords all the knowledge we have of an immortal state except what shines through the "dim light of nature," although for myself I think I should have strong hope of immortality even without the Bible. I should feel with heathen philosophers that "it *must be so,* else why this *pleasing hope,* this *fond desire,* this *longing* after immortality?"

I then commenced the tanning business on my own account. At first I occupied a small portion of the yard on "Cross pasture avenue," with my brother, John Prime, who commenced there a short time previ-

ous. This yard, as well as all the others that have existed in our village, of which there has been six, in which considerable business was done for those times, have all long since disappeared, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, left scarcely a wreck behind."

The tanning business is now done almost entirely by large establishments and corporations with large capitals and abundant machinery, of all imaginable kinds, and the old adage, "the big fish have eaten up the little ones," was never more appropriate than when applied to this business. In process of time I put down vats and built a mill to grind my bark by water on a small brook at the bottom of our homestead, the dam and some other marks of which are still visible. The mill worked pretty well for several years, but I had to pay considerable for damages by flowing the grounds above. Business was very dull, the outset was more than the income, and as must eventually be said of all earthly things, "it went to ruins." It was on the whole a very poor speculation. It *did not pay!*

It was the custom for tanners at that time to manufacture their leather into boots and shoes and negro brogans for the Southern market. I soon adopted that plan. It was the best way to dispose of our leather. I used to make principally upper leather and buy my sole leather, and finally I gave up the tanning business altogether, and bought all my leather, and continued

the manufacture of shoes, principally negro brogans. But the manner of doing business at that time when compared with the systematic proceedings now was careless and slovenly in the extreme. The leather was then given out to the shoemakers in strips or pairs, and sometimes in whole sides, with a rough estimate of its contents. It gave the workmen a good chance to "cabbage" if they were disposed. I do not know that any of my workmen improved it, neither do I know that they did not. The improvements that have been made in the manufacture of leather and boots and shoes by the introduction of machinery and various other ways is truly wonderful; scarcely less so than the invention of the locomotive and the magnetic telegraph, and second to but few of the numerous useful labor-saving contrivances of this truly inventive age.

Locomotion and Transportation.

The facilities for doing business and methods of locomotion and transportation at that time were far inferior to what they now are, although the "Eastern Stage Company" was probably as good as anything of the kind in the country or perhaps in the world. We had four or five stages pass by our door to and from Boston at regular hours every day except Sundays,

when only the mail stage went. The fare to Boston in the mail stage was $2.50, and in all others $2.00. There were also baggage wagons several times a week. But I usually kept one or two horses and went with my own team, which was rather fatiguing and sometimes very hard. I have been on the road between Rowley and Boston about all times of night and in all sorts of weather.

I recollect once going to Boston with a double sleigh, having with me Mr. George J. Hale, then a young man, who afterwards owned and occupied the house built by Joshua Prime on the "lot" laid out to Mark Prime, as above narrated. On our return we left Boston in the afternoon. It was extremely cold, the wind blew, and the snow flew tremendously. As we passed along the streets we were advised to go back and put up; but we did not heed it, but pressed on. When we got to Charlestown Bridge, our ears were both frozen. I happened to have some cotton cloth in the sleigh, and I tore off two squares and tied round our ears and we kept along. We got as far as Chelsea on the Salem turnpike. It then blew a gale, the snow flew, and the road was blocked up. The horses stuck in a drift and we could get no further. We worked as long as we could stand it, but all in vain! They could not proceed. I then sung out to George, "Strip the horses!" which was done as quick as possible, and everything

left as it was in the snow. Each of us mounted a horse and rode on about half a mile to the nearest house, nearly frozen and suffocated with the snow. I got a team to go back and haul up our sleigh, and there we staid, I think two nights, until the wind subsided, and the roads were opened, so that we could come on towards home. While we were struggling in the snow there was a man glided by in a single sleigh, without stopping to assist us. I think we hailed him, but he did not regard us at all! He probably thought it was enough for him to look out for number one! I afterwards heard that he reported us where he stopped, and thought that we must perish in the snow-drift, and I think it was a wonder that we did not.

I remember leaving Charlestown one evening with a load of hides. I had some trouble with my load and got along very slow. When I got to Hamilton my wagon upset, and spilt the hides into the street! There I was all alone after midnight, and there lay the hides all in a big heap! What could I do? Well, I rallied the nearest inhabitant and got him to assist me. I took a part of the hides on the wagon, and engaged him to take care of the remainder, and I arrived home I think after daylight Sunday morning. I reckon I did not go to meeting that day.

It was not customary to pack our shoes in cases then as we do now. We usually tied them up in bunches

six pairs in a bunch, regular sizes, and when we carried them to market packed them into the wagon in bulk. I recollect once having a large box made that just fitted the wagon body, perhaps three feet high, into which I packed about eight hundred pairs of shoes. We got it ready and filled Wednesday evening about midnight, and I started off without any sleep soon after twelve o'clock Thursday morning, en route for Boston. I staid in Boston until Saturday without making any sales, and I was, as I often had been before, and have been since,—*rather discouraged.* But Saturday afternoon a man happened into the yard, and saw my shoes, and said he would like to buy them, but he wanted more time to examine them. "Now," said he, "my name is Noah Smith. I live in South Reading. It is Saturday afternoon and you want to go home. If you will leave your shoes here I will send in a team Monday morning and bring them out to my place. You can come there on Tuesday next. If we can trade, well; if not, you can take them again." I at once gladly accepted the proposal, for I hardly knew what else to do. The first thing was to get the *big box* out of the wagon. I got help and we undertook to slip it out behind, in doing which the bottom came off and out came the shoes in a huge pile, as big as a small stack of hay. Oh, how they looked and how I felt! But *there they lay!* Fortunately—perhaps I ought

to say, providentially—just at that moment there came into the yard two young men from Rowley, my neighbors, who happened to be stopping in Boston. Oh, how glad I was to see them! They saw my trouble, and cheerfully assisted me. We in the first place repaired the box, and put it in a safe place. We then picked up the shoes and packed them nicely into the box. I then started for home. The next week I went on to South Reading, found Mr. Smith, and the shoes *all right.* I sold them to him, *big box and all!* and opened a trade with him which continued a series of years.

I will relate one more "trip to Boston," which, for its novelty, if nothing else, may he worthy of notice. Mr. Joseph Jewett, who "still lives," over ninety years old, and remembers all about this journey, my brother John Prime, cousin Asa Nelson, and myself, took a trip to Boston *on foot.* Mr. Jewett and brother John were in Old Rowley, and cousin Asa and myself in New Rowley, six miles apart, and nearly equi-distant from Boston. We agreed to start simultaneously on Tuesday morning and meet in Topsfield, but that morning was stormy and dull and we did not start, but it cleared off before noon and Jewett and my brother came up to New Rowley, and we all started from there and went directly to Topsfield and there took the Newburyport Turnpike and proceeded towards Boston. It

snowed again towards night and got to be very bad travelling. We got to Lynnfield Hotel in the evening, and put up for the night. We arrived in Charlestown the next day towards night, took supper at the hotel and engaged lodgings. Passed over the bridge to Boston in the evening, and went to the theatre and saw the then popular play of the "Forty Thieves," and came back to Charlestown to lodge. Our excursion was undertaken mostly for pleasure. We went on foot more for the fun of it than for any other reason,—and we devoted the week to its performance. Mr. Jewett and my brother got a chance to ride home: they took back the team in which our representatives, Thomas Gage, Esq., and Capt. Jonathan Lambert went to Boston to take their seats in the General Court. They came, I think, on Friday, and cousin Asa and myself staid until Saturday morning; we bought a small lot of hides in Charlestown, and started for home *on foot*. We came through Lynn, Danvers Wenham, and arrived at Hamilton in the evening, put up there, and came home early Sunday morning. It *was a hard jaunt*. But we had on the whole a good time, and all enjoyed it well. I can now look *away back* upon it with a good degree of pleasure and satisfaction, but *necessarily* mingled with gloom. I can only say with the poet—

"How mournfully pleasing the fond recollection," &c.

This, I believe, is the only time I ever went to Boston on foot. I occasionally enjoyed the luxury of going in the stage. That was far preferable to our loaded wagons, and in good weather and when not crowded, in some respects preferable to the cars. We could have a better view of the country as we passed along. But for expedition and economy, the railroad, the locomotive and the cars, are beyond question the best method of travel yet known. I also had some trade in Portsmouth, N. H. I usually went there, too, with my own team, but I occasionally went in the stage. I recollect once having a bag made of cotton cloth, into which I crowded about a hundred pairs of shoes, and put them behind the mail stage and jumped into the stage and went with them to Portsmouth. That was first rate, but rather expensive. In coming back the stage arrived at Newburyport late in the evening, and stopped over night. The first time I came at that hour, I staid there too. I had supper and lodging, and a glass of bitters in the morning. Think of that! *A glass of bitters in the morning!* But it was all right then. Nobody would complain of it, and but few that would not do it. It was all right, except, perhaps the bill. That was as follows: "Supper, 50 cts.: lodging, 38; bitters, 12; total $1.00—nearly double the usual charge at that time, for *stage passengers only.* The next time I came in that line I jumped

out of the stage, and without entering the house, tripped easily after so long a ride, home to Rowley, about seven miles, arriving about midnight, with the *dollar* safe in my pocket, and as I thought, easily earned.

Grocery Business.

I also kept a grocery store for many years. The most prominent article, and to many of my customers, the most important, was ardent spirits, especially New England rum, or "white face" as we used to call it, which we sold in immense quantities compared with other goods. We used to roll it in in hogsheads, which were emptied in a very short time. We frequently had to turn out in the night for people going in the marsh, and sometimes on Sundays. It was a *necessity*, and we could not deny it with impunity. Our day book at that time would now be a curiosity. It read somewhat in this style:—Rum, molasses, rum, sugar, gin, tea, brandy, rum, &c. Ardent spirits was the leading article, and apparently a large part of our business. I will here say that there has been a tavern or store kept and ardent spirits sold nearly all the time on this spot where I was born and have spent most of my life, from time immemorial, until the commencement of the Temperance Reform. Since that time it

has been totally discontinued, I hope never to be resumed.

This place, although it has been in the possession of our ancestors, the Primes, for several generations, is not the "lot" laid out to Mark Prime at the settlement of the town. I have no means of knowing when it came into their possession, but probably at a very early date. The venerable old house which stood until 1838 was probably one of the oldest in the village, when I, with almost sacrilegious hands, as it now seems, razed it to its foundation, and erected the present house on the same pleasant spot. We moved out a short distance in the spring into the house which has since been purchased by Mr. Frederic Todd. He immediately laid violent hands upon it and served it the same as I did mine, as above stated, and erected in its place the new and beautiful house now standing there. In about four months we took possession of the new house. I still cling to the old place. I regard it almost with reverence. No other spot seems to me like this. Here I was born and have spent most of my life, and here I shall probably remain till I am called to follow my ancestors and predecessors to the spot already prepared and waiting for me in yonder pleasant and venerable village of the dead.

Farming Operations.

Under the head of "business" perhaps I ought not wholly to omit my farming operations. Farming, after all, is the most important of all business, the foundation upon which all others stand. Without it no other could exist. "The king himself is served by the field," and all of every class and occupation are dependent on the farmer. During all these many years I have been to some extent a farmer, and I am sorry to say, but it is too true, *a poor one.* It was never my principal business, but a collateral or secondary affair. My operations were not uniform and steady, as a good farmer's ought to be, but fluctuating and fitful, and as a whole, I think not very profitable to myself, though it has been so mixed up with other affairs that I can hardly tell. But if the old maxim is true, that he who makes two spears of grass grow where there was but one before is a benefactor to his race, then I have done some good in the world, for I have done far more than that. I have caused many tons of sweet clover, Timothy and redtop to grow where naught but alders, brambles and thistles grew before, so that if it has been no profit to me it has been to the world. That is some consolation. One of the most prominent, and I believe, the most profitable items in my farming operations, was, for a few years, the milk business. While

I was freight agent on the Eastern Railroad, and passed over the road frequently, some of the employees wanted me to supply them with milk and send it on the morning passenger train. I commenced with a few cans, but it increased until I sent more than 40 gallons per day. I then kept about twenty cows. This continued several years, and might have continued much longer, but the managers of the road got sick of it, and I was notified that I could not send any longer on the passenger train, but might send it on the freight train. That would not answer at all, and I had to give it up. My milk went directly to the consumers without the aid of "middle men." This could not be done by the freight trains. Agriculture in New England must be modified, not given up. Raising of the cereals must be surrendered to the great West. They can be produced there and sent to market much cheaper than we can do it. But hay, vegetables, and fruit, and many other things may still be grown, and if properly managed, will afford a fair profit. The pastures and mowing lands, the orchards and gardens, the dairies and poultry yards, may still be improved and *enjoyed* by the yeomanry of New England, and if they cannot "heap up riches" quite so fast as some of the merchants, professional men or unscrupulous office holders, they can obtain a fair and honest competence, which with a clear conscience and contented mind, is far

preferable to great riches with the disquietude and anxiety that usually accompanies them.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

To act the part of an honest historian perhaps I ought to state that in the great revulsion in business that occurred about the year 1827 I was obliged, by force of circumstances beyond my control, such as actual losses by bad debts of comparatively large amounts, and great fall in the value of stock, to follow in the wake of numerous others and stop business. I in the first place got an extension for one year, and then by compromise with my creditors, to which they nearly all, after seeing a statement of my affairs, willingly and cheerfully agreed, I paid them fifty per cent. My credit was pretty good when I stopped. I might have kept along some time, and *possibly* done better, but more probably not so well. I have reason to believe that my creditors were as well satisfied *with me* as they would have been if I had been more fortunate and paid them the whole. One of my largest creditors, Robert Upton, Esq., of Salem, when I settled with him, expressed his entire satisfaction, and voluntarily said that "he did not consider me either legally or morally in debt to him." That was a great satisfaction to me at the time, and I shall *never* forget it while memory lasts. It was quite a relief to me to

know that most of my creditors were wealthy and abundantly able to maintain their loss. But my failure was comparatively a small affair, hardly worthy of the name. My whole liabilities were about $6000. Had I continued on, as some probably would have done, contracting new debts to pay the old ones, I might have made a much larger affair of it and placed myself much higher up in the list of bankrupts, paying, perhaps, ten or fifteen per cent. to my creditors, and pocketing a few thousand dollars myself, and been called a *smart fellow*, but I had no desires or aspirations in that direction. When I was satisfied that I was insolvent I *gave it up* made it known to my creditors, and settled with them as above stated; and I can now look back to that whole transaction with a good degree of composure and satisfaction, fully believing that I took the best course I could for my creditors and myself.

A retrospective view of my business life is not altogether satisfactory to me. I can now see some of my numerous mistakes. I was not naturally a mechanic as some seem to be. I was a poor manufacturer. I was not a close calculator or careful financier, so necessary in all kinds of business. I have sometimes thought I was not selfish enough for my own interest. I will not say, as I have heard that a clergyman in this vicinity told one of his poor parishioners, that "he was too *honest to get* a living in this selfish world."

That was not true of him or me. "Honesty is always the best policy," but we may be too careless and indifferent to our own interests. It is *as much* our duty to look out for ourselves as for others. There was where the parishioner failed, and where I think I have sometimes failed myself, especially in the early part of my life. I have sometimes thought that if a phrenologist had examined my cranium in my youth he might have started me in a different direction and I might have done better, but perhaps I might have done worse. But however "it *might have been*," it is all over now. My active life is past; it cannot be recalled or repeated. I lament its many errors and mistakes, but am thankful it is no worse, I should hardly expect to do better with the same limited knowledge and experience if permitted to try it again.

It has long been my opinion that ignorance is the principal cause of the failures, misfortunes and apparent wickedness of our race. Did we *know* what was right and for the best, I believe, as a rule, *we should do it.* Did we know and feel that *to do right* was always for our *own best* interests, that "wisdom's ways were *always* ways of pleasantness and all her paths peace," self love, if nothing else, would induce us to walk therein. I believe that what is called "*total depravity,*" or "*original sin,*" instead of deserving "the pains of hell forever," as the catechism has it, is mainly the effects of *ignorance,* and is apparently one of the

greatest misfortunes that ever befell our race, and were it not for the hope held up in the gospel that we are to be "delivered from this bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God," would be wholly inexplicable. But

"Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall flourish in immortal *prime*,
And bloom to fade no more."

The foregoing remarks in relation to my business have special reference to the early part of my life. In writing them I have hardly thought of the last twenty-five years. Indeed, that space of time seems comparatively a blank. The scenes through which I have passed do not appear so vivid, and I cannot remember them so well as those of earlier life. They have passed by and glided along with lightning speed, hardly giving me time to note them in my memory. In 1851, twenty-two years ago, I took my two oldest sons, Daniel Boardman and John Scott, in partnership with me. We have kept a grocery store and manufactured boots and shoes, principally for the New England trade, most of which have been sold in the neighboring cities and towns. Daniel B. has taken about the entire management of the shoe department. He is a better manufacturer than *his father was*, but he makes a very different article from what we did in olden times. Then we worked *poor stock*, made a cheap shoe, and

sold them at a corresponding low price, and the poor negro slave, for whom they were mostly designed, had to be the sufferer. Now we buy the best of stock, and put in the best of work, and aim to make a first rate article and sell them, as it were, to our neighbors, from whom, if they did not wear well, we should soon hear, and I have reason to believe that they usually give good satisfaction. John S. has the management of the store. In 1853 he was elected Town Clerk, and is still in office.

Since the above was written our copartnership has been dissolved by mutual consent. I am no longer a partner in the firm, but the business is still continued by my two sons, with the same title and address of D. N. Prime & Sons.

So one by one the scenes of life,
Its toils and pleasures, pass away,
Soon the last scene will end the strife,
And usher in a brighter day.

CHAPTER IX.

Historical Sketch of the Congregational and Baptist churches, and the Universalist society of old Rowley.

During the days of my childhood and youth there was but one religious church and society in Old Rowley. That was founded by Rev. Mr. Rogers and his associates in 1639. The first meeting-house was undoubtedly built at that time, on the Common, near where the Town House now stands. The second house was built in 1697. There were no pews in this house at first. A committee of seven was appointed to seat the people therein. The rule for seating was age, office, and amount paid towards building the house. In 1708, according to the records, "Leave was given to Samuel Prime, Mark Prime, Samuel Lancaster and Robert Greenough to build themselves a pew in the north corner of meeting-house in the gallery, and an other for their wives in the easterly corner in the gal-

lery." These were the first pews, except the minister's, that were built in that house. The third meeting-house was built on the same spot in 1749, and that date was printed in large figures in two places on the gallery, opposite the pulpit. This house was 60 feet in length and 42 feet wide, with a steeple and tall spire on the north end, and a porch on the south end. The interior was the common style of architecture at that time. The pulpit high up on the back side, with a heavy sounding-board over the speaker's head. The elders' pew and deacons' seat in front of the pulpit, directly opposite the "broad aisle" and front door, with galleries on the front side and both ends. The singers occupied the front gallery. Doctor Joshua Jewett, of whom I shall have considerable to say, was chorister for many years, and—as in all his various positions—he acted well his part. The pews were square, with high, straight partitions and a balustrade on top. The seats in the pews were hung with hinges, so as to be turned up in prayer-time, which sometimes was about half an hour,—the whole congregation standing up, and when it ended *down went the seats* with a tremendous clatter all over the house. Such was the situation of this venerable edifice at the close of the eighteenth and commencement of the nineteenth century. Here my good mother was a constant and devout worshipper at that time, and here, when I was at home, I went to meeting with her; and the whole appearance of the

house and the worshippers at that time is still somewhat prominent in my memory. Rev. Ebenzer Bradford was pastor at that time. He was the sixth minister of this church. I remember him well, although I was little over ten years old when he died, which was Jan. 3d, 1801. He was a talented, earnest preacher. The last sermon he preached, a few days before his death, was from this text: "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." It was called a powerful and solemn discourse, and to some it seemed to be a remarkable coincidence and premonition of his death. Mr. Bradford was a near neighbor to us. He lived in the old house now belonging to Mr. Calvin Titcomb, directly opposite to the new house in which Mr. Titcomb now resides. They had a family of children near the ages of our own family. One of the early events I can remember is, my sister Mary filling my pockets with coppers and sending me up to Mr. Bradford's to get him to marry me to his daughter Mary, who was about my age. The reverend gentleman was pleased with the proposal, and shook his heavy sides, well, but declined performing the ceremony. I probably had no certificate,—so we were not married. And Mary was left to a different fate.

In May, 1841, the Parish voted to build a new church in a new place, and the present house was erected. There was great opposition to the change of location, and many left the parish on that account;

but most of them purchased pews in the new house and continued to worship there. As soon as the new house was dedicated, the old one was of course, vacated. The question then arose, to whom does it belong? Some contended that it belonged to the pew-holders, many of whom did not belong to the parish. On the other hand the parish claimed it as their own. And for a time there was a prospect of litigation. And the old house was permitted to stand in its dilapidated and disgraceful state, until it become literally a nuisance, and was finally demolished and razed to the ground by the *boys and rowdies*, whose nocturnal attacks upon the sacred edifice were tolerated and winked at by the more thoughtful, thinking that perhaps that might be the best way to get rid of it, and thereby avoid all further trouble. While the old house was standing in that deserted and forlorn condition a delegation from the parish ventured to ascend to the belfry and lay violent hands on the innocent *old bell*, and take it from its place, where it had proudly hung and faithfully swung to the pull of the sexton for many years, and throw it unceremoniously to the ground. Shortly after this the following little elegy appeared in the Newburyport Herald:

TO THE OLD VILLAGE BELL.

AN ELEGY.

Long hast thou been suspended high,
Pendent betwixt the earth and sky;

Long has thy sweet melodious sound
Summoned the villagers around
To Zion's temple to repair
To pay their vows and homage there.
Oft have thy peals 'midst mirth and glee
Proclaimed the nation's jubilee.
When fires broke thou gav'st the alarm,
To save the neighborhood from harm ;
And oft thy sad and mournful toll
Has spoke the exit of a soul.
In former times, in days of yore,
Thy custom was to do still more.
Thy cheerful chiming in the morning
Gave to the people timely warning
To quit their downy beds of ease,
And take the healthful morning breeze,
And then again at height of day,
When Sol sent forth his central ray,
Thou summoned all, both saint and sinner,
To quit their toils and go to dinner.
At eventide thy music told,
To rich and poor, to young and old,
In accents sweet, what time 'twas best
To leave their cares and go to rest.
Thou good old friend, "the village bell,"
Each heart responds—we loved thee well,
But thou art done, thy days are past,
Of thy dingdongs we've heard the last ;
Thy sad and joyful chimes are o'er,
And we shall hear thy peals no more,
For ruthless hands have stopped thy sound,
And thrown thee headlong to the ground.

Rev. David Tullar was the successor of Mr. Bradford, and the seventh minister settled in this place. He was installed Dec. 1st, 1803; salary, $450.00. The society was not well united in him. He had many very warm friends, among whom was my mother. She was strongly attached to him, and took a deep interest in the events that were then taking place, and I, too, although quite young and not living in the place, was often at home and was deeply interested in his behalf. But there was a powerful opposition party, some of whom were men of wealth and influence, who were determined to get rid of him, and they took various ways to effect it, some of which exhibited a spirit of persecution certainly very disgraceful to the perpetrators. In imitation of the devil in the parable, they sowed tares or flaxseed in his garden, and threw a quadruped of the feline race into his well, which is what his Satanic Majesty was never accused of, to my knowledge. They called repeated parish meetings, for the purpose of getting a mutual council to hear their complaints against him, and if possible get him dismissed; but his friends would rally and secure a majority and defeat their plans. But after many trials they at length succeeded in getting a vote for a mutual council of neighboring clergymen with their delegates, who duly assembled, and after hearing their charges against him and the arguments and evidence on both sides, they fully acquitted him of anything criminal, and cheer-

fully recommended him to other churches. But on account of the divided situation of the parish they advised his dismission on the condition that his opposers should pay him the sum of $500. That was a bitter pill, and a large portion of them refused to pay their part, and a few of the leaders had to pay the whole. He was accordingly dismissed October 17, 1810, having been settled about seven years. This was the first dismissal of a minister in the parish from the commencement in 1639, a period of about 170 years. All his predecessors, viz: Rogers, Phillips, Shepard, Payson, Jewett and Bradford, having died while in office; and their bodies now quietly rest in our cemetery, and monuments are erected to their memory. Not so with his successors,—of whom there have been three before the present incumbent,—all of whom were dismissed by councils, I think at their own request. It was suspected at the time that politics had some influence in the result of the council that dismissed Mr. Tullar. He was an avowed democrat, which was somewhat rare for a clergyman at that time,—and the members of the council were nearly all federalists; that was true of most of the clergy of New England at that time. The celebrated Dr. Elijah Parish of Byfield was one of the council. He was, I trust, a good man and a very able and eloquent preacher, but a violent political partizan of the old federal party. How much this might have affected his judgment and influenced others, I cannot

say. But knowing what human nature is, it is possible that it might have had some weight; but it did not prevent them from recommending him to other churches. Several years after the dismissal of Mr. Tullar there was an anonymous piece of poetry circulated in our village, in reference to these troublesome times, a few stanzas of which still linger in my memory. To show the state of feeling at that time, I venture to give a sample of them to the reader:

* * * * * * *

The flax was in the garden sown
By hands all black with evil,
The cat into the well was thrown,
Which deed did shame the devil.
For then old split-foot hid his face,
And blushingly did say,
"Zounds, boys, you go almost too far,
You beat me clear away."

* * * * * * *

With a persistency and zeal
Worthy a better cause,
They meeting after meeting called,
Almost without a pause,—
Until at length they gained their point,
And got a council on
Mostly composed of gentlemen,
Who no doubt wished him gone.
And why? because that he with them
Don't happen to agree
In politics, for he's a Whig,
And they all Tories be.

Parish was there amongst the rest,
As busy as a bee;
"No democrat," he boldly says,
"A Christian true can be."
With all their truths and all their lies,
Their well-digested plan,
Not one thing could they bring to bear
Against that worthy man.
And yet this Council did advise
That he should have dismission,
And leave his friends with weeping eyes,
To mourn their sad condition.
But then to show his innocence,
And make his foemen smart,
Five hundred dollars they must pay
Before that he must start.
But *worst of all*—most of his foes
Refuse their share to pay,—
And those who did ther part before
Now turn their heads away.
They threw it all on three or four—
So Lucifer deceives—
And trampled under foot the rules
Of "honor among thieves."

ISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN OLD ROWLEY.

Soon after I came to Old Rowley to board with my)ther, I joined the Baptist Society, which was then

in its infancy. They held their meetings in a hall owned by Mr. Benjamin Todd, prominent member of the Baptist Society. This hall was built by Mr. John Richards for a dancing hall, and was used for that purpose sometime, and was afterwards sold to Mr. Todd and served for a place of worship until 1830, when the present Baptist meeting-house was built. I took a lively interest in its erection, and probably did as much, or more, towards it than any other person now living. Most of those who took an active part in that enterprise have passed "over the river." The society was then quite large and apparently flourishing. But there is reason to fear many of them were not influenced by pure love for the worship of God, or even partiality for the Baptists. There were other causes which served to augment our numbers. The disaffected members of our own and neighboring orthodox societies availed themselves of the opportunity to join with us and pay a small sum, and thereby avoid paying a much larger and involuntary tax at home.

While living with Dr. Lovell I recollect hearing an anecdote which will illustrate this point: "A somewhat wealthy farmer in a neighboring town, where the parish tax was more than he wanted to pay, joined the Baptist Society in New Rowley,—subscribing a much smaller sum than his tax would have been at home. This was probably his object,—at least his boys appear

to have thought so,—for one day when driving through a brook with an ox-team, he sitting on the neb and two or three of his boys in the body of the cart, he slyly pulled out the pin and tipped the boys into the brook. They jumped up, and shaking themselves cried out by way of retaliation, "*Well, father, we are all Baptists now—our taxes are all paid!*"

Historical Sketch of the Universalist Society in Old Rowley.

Having spoken of the Orthodox and Baptist Societies, I will now say a few words respecting another society still more recent, which once existed in our village, and for a while seemed to flourish, and gave hope of a longer life, but which, I am sorry to say, is now apparently almost extinct. I will here premise, that in reference to theology the village of Old Rowley has long been one of the dark spots in New England. Ever since the days of the venerable Rogers the dreadful dogma of eternal toments had been—from generation to generation—instilled into the minds of infancy and youth. It had "grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength"; and apparently reigned triumphant and undisturbed until about twenty years ago, when Rev. D. M. Reed, of Newburyport, preached in Town Hall the first Universalist sermon ever listened to in this village. About the same time

several Universalist families moved from Newburyport to Rowley. Through their influence mostly a Universalist Society was organized, and we had preaching about once a month for a series of years. A Sunday School was commenced, which numbered about forty children. They met regularly on Sunday mornings, whether they had preaching or not. Had monthly concerts which were well attended, and were generally admitted to be very interesting. They had repeated public exhibitions, which were highly applauded by crowded and delighted audiences, and in my opinion far exceeding anything of the kind ever before seen in Rowley. Mr. Albert Titcomb, one of those who came from Newburyport—but I am happy to say, not one of those who returned—took a deep interest in the Society and in the Sunday School, and was its superintendent during the whole of its existence. Such was the condition of the Universalist Society and its Sunday School when at its zenith. But alas! How has the gold become dim! From various causes, one of which was the return of several of those families to Newburyport, it has dwindled away until the number who attended the meetings was so small that we were ashamed to have strangers come and see our paucity of hearers; and there were so very few children attended the Sabbath School that the superintendent and teachers were discouraged, and in the summer of 1870 they *voted to adjourn* until the next spring, and it has never

been resumed. All that now remains of that Society and that School, once so promising, and in which a few of us took so deep an interest, is the Sewing Circle. *All honor to the ladies!* That "still lives," and I venture to hope that they will hold on, and not "give up the ship," but continue their monthly meeting, and remain a nucleus around which there will soon be gathered a more permanent Society, which shall embrace the whole of our population, with a new and spacious place of worship, where all may meet together in union, harmony and love, all believing and rejoicing in the glorious truth of the "Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," and the final overthrow of all evil and triumph of virtue, holiness and happiness throughout the boundless universe of God!

Why these Societies Fail.

Here I think the question may arise in some minds, if Universalism is true, and is so calculated to give happiness to its believers, why is it that so many of its societies in our small villages, after a few years of apparent prosperity, dwindle away and die out? This s a close question, I admit, but it can be met, not much to the credit of partialism either. In the first place, it is a fact that will hardly be disputed, that many of the worshippers in partialist churches are influenced by *fear rather* than love. Of this there is

ample evidence. I have been told by church members, and deacons even, that if they believed in Universalism, they would not go to meeting or pay their money for preaching. "Why," they exultingly ask, "*what good would it do?* If all are sure of salvation *anyhow*, what is the use of going to meeting or paying so much money for preaching?" Now in Universalist societies there is none of this element, *not a bit of it!* The true Universalist does not attend meeting or pay for preaching to do penance or to escape punishment, or *merely* because it is a duty, but he does it for the same reason that a hungry man eats his dinner, because *he loves to do it*, and esteems it an inestimable privilege. Again, many of the supporters and nominal worshippers in all the churches, are skeptical and indifferent upon the whole subject and attend meeting merely for pastime, if *they go at all.* They of course will go with the multitude to the splendid church with its cushioned pews, rather than with the few despised "Nazarenes" to the public hall, and sit on wooden seats, as is usually the case when an attempt is made to start a Universalist Society in a small village. But the most prominent cause of these failures, I think, is the great change in the style of preaching in the partialist pulpits. In many of them, these *dreadful doctrines* are kept in the background. The sermons are mostly practical and in perfect harmony with Universalism, and many Universalists who

love to go to meeting somewhere, will attend them and accept and enjoy all the good they can hear, and "cast the bad away," rather than suffer the unavoidable inconveniences and difficulties of a separate Universalist Society.

The two societies in our village are enough for our population. Two churches are sufficient to accommodate all who attend meetings, and two ministers are quite as many as we are able to pay. Could they coalesce—could they agree upon the "*water question*," which is all that separates them, there would be a better prospect for a Universalist Society. I have little doubt but that a majority of our population are unbelievers in endless misery! Could they form one society, and its believers another, the first, I believe, would be the largest. This I venture to hope will soon be the case, and that it will soon be succeeded by a brighter day—

When *all* will cheerfully unite
In union, harmony and love,
An emblem of and prelude to
The *universal* church above.

CHAPTER X.

My Military Life.

My history would be rather imperfect without a military department. A considerable part of my active life has been spent in that business, and it certainly ought to occupy a small space in its history. To me it was a pleasing and exciting, but toilsome and unsatisfying period. It began—of course at that important epoch so ardently longed for by all the boys at that time—when 18 years of age, when, "according to law," they must "shoulder arms" and do military duty, and begin to be men, for there was a period then between babies and men, but that space is now, to a great extent, gone by or left out.

Commenced in the Foot Company.

Of course I at first trained in the foot, but I soon *got sick* of that. Our trainings were usually scenes of

carousal and dissipation. I recollect one training day, after having been to the house of one of the officers drinking and carousing until pretty well filled with the ardent, said officer, who was a subaltern, having, as was his wont, taken a lion's share of the stimulants, on our way back to the Common, marched us all through the brook!

Joined the Troop.

This and some other things so disgusted me that I soon "joined the troop." That was a sort of asylum for the disaffected, very much like a dissenting society in an orthodox parish in olden times.

There was then in this vicinity a regiment of Cavalry commanded by Col. Jeremiah Colman of Newburyport. He was a good officer and a very worthy man. He was a splendid horseman and has had frequent opportunities to display his horsemanship since he left the military connection. He has frequently acted as Chief Marshal at Cattle Shows and other gatherings, all along through life, up to near its close, evidently with pleasure to himself and satisfaction to all beholders, but he will mount the noble steed no more.

"He sleeps his last sleep," he's had his last canter,
"No sound can awake him to glory again."

He died March 23d, 1867, aged 83 years.

The company in which I enlisted belonged to Rowley and Topsfield, and was then commanded by Capt. Jacob Batchelder of Topsfield. He, too, was a good officer—one of the best. We met for military duty alternately in Rowley and Topsfield. I was a member of that company from 1813 to 1830.

DETACHED AS A VIDETTE.

In 1814, during the war with England, I was detached as a vidette with four others, viz.: Nathaniel Bradstreet, John Perley, Peabody Spofford and John Hood, jr. Bradstreet and myself were stationed in Rowley.

There were no railroads or magnetic telegraph in those days. Such things were not dreamt of at that time. Lines of videttes were stationed in different directions to and from headquarters. Our business was to transmit intelligence from one station to another. Several were stationed in Newbury at General Stickney's and some in Wenham. That was the extent of our circuit. We had to be in full uniform, our horses all caparisoned and

"Like a brave knight,
All saddled, all bridled, all fit for a fight,"

ready to start at a moment's warning. We had occasionally to ride post-haste to the stations in Newbury or Wenham, with sealed letters from one officer

to another, of how much importance we of course knew nothing. The destiny of the nation might depend on their immediate delivery, or they might only be a friendly greeting of brother officers to give us an occasional ride; but it was all the same to us. We started off at full speed, almost upon the run, making the villagers stare and wonder what was coming, about the same as when John Gilpin took his famous ride from London to Ware, and back again. I can now almost hear my little pony's feet as he cantered over the eight arches of Oldtown bridge. I seldom, if ever, cross it since without thinking of that time. Once, while on this duty, we attended church in full military costume, with our side arms. We rode up back of the church, dismounted and secured our horses, entered the front door, and sat together in front of the pulpit. I had previously informed Mr. Holbrook, our minister at that time, of our intentions, and requested him to notice us in his prayer. Whether he forgot it, or had some other reason I do not know, *but he did not do it!* And we had to get along without it. How much the country suffered by the omission I cannot say, nor do I feel in the least responsible. I did my duty in the case.

Ascending the Military Ladder.

I entered *the company*, of course a private, and as-

cended the military ladder by regular steps. In 1819 I was chosen Sergeant; in 1821, Clerk; in 1823, Cornett; in 1824, Lieutenant, and in 1828, Captain. *That* was as high as I thought best to ascend. I was subsequently chosen Lieut.-Colonel, but declined the honor. That ended my military career. In looking back upon it, I cannot but regard with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain;—with some degree of satisfaction, but accompanied with sorrow and regret. We had, apparently, some happy hours! What we then called a *good time.* And it was in a qualified sense. But after all, I am compelled to say with Solomon in his old age, it was "all vanity and vexation of spirit." This was true in more senses than one. "Ardent spirits" was an evil which, perhaps, Solomon did not allude to then, although he knew that "Wine was a mocker and strong drink was raging,"—the truth of which was abundantly verified at that time.

Our trainings were to a great extent—as I can now see, nurseries of intemperance and dissipation! I have wondered that we did not all become drunkards! It was literally a noisy, giddy and dangerous whirlpool. I know not how many were carried down its vortex. One of our commanders, after the company was disbanded. in a fit of delirium tremens, threw himself into a well and thus ended his days. I feel thankful that I passed the fiery ordeal so little scathed. I *should not wish* to try it again; I should hardly ex-

pect to have succeeded any better,—perhaps not so well.

Before closing this department I will try to relate a few incidents which occurred at that time, which still remain in my memory.

Escort of President Monroe.

On the 19th of July, 1837, (of this I have a record) our regiment met at Smith's Hotel, in Rowley, and proceeded to Ipswich under command of Colonel Colman, and there met James Monroe, President of the United States, and escorted him to Newburyport. We paraded on the Common in Ipswich, back of the church on the hill, waiting the motion of his Excellency. He did not appear to care much about the escort, and came very near starting off without us, which it was thought he meant to do. But the officers got a hint of it, and requested him to wait till they could precede him, which was done in quick time, and we went Jehu-like to Newburyport. We expected to have gone farther, but he there gave us the slip and passed on without us. He was evidently more anxious to go ahead than to retain our company.

Escort of Gen. LaFayette.

A few years after this the officers and non-commissioned officers of the regiment were ordered out by Col. Moody Bridges, to perform the same duty for

Gen. LaFayette. We also met him in Ipswich. He did not arrive there till near night. He then went into the church, and was formally introduced to all who were present. We did not leave Ipswich until evening, when it rained tremendously. We passed through Rowley between 9 and 10 o'clock, the rain pouring down in torrents. The houses in the village—many of them—were illuminated, and the people were at the doors or in the street, cheering "our country's friend," and crying "Welcome LaFayette!" "Welcome LaFayette!" in which we all joined at the top of our voices. We arrived at Newburyport late in the evening, literally as "wet as drowned rats." The General took lodgings at the Merrimack House, and we had quarters assigned us at the Dexter House. But few of us were able to obtain beds. We had a roaring fire in an open fire-place, and spent most of the night drying our clothes, and preparing for the next day's duty. We expected to have gone farther still, but in this we were disappointed. The old veteran, in imitation of his illustrious predecessor, started off without us. That night we had a great time.

Some attempted to get a little sleep by lying down upon the floor, but it was a vain attempt with most of us. I fixed myself in the best location I could select, and for a short time remained undisturbed; but it was of short continuance. Some of the rowdies—and the room was full of them—got sight of me, and

probably envying my situation, caught me by the heels and dragged me out into the room, and, as it were, compelled me to join them in their nocturnal carousals. And "*I reckon I did.*"

Presentation of a Standard.

At a Company training at the hotel in Topsfield, on the Newburyport Turnpike, July 4th, 1826, a new and beautiful standard was presented to the Company by the ladies of Topsfield, on which was the following motto:—

"I wave in victory, or fall in death."

The lady who presented it made a very appropriate address. And Cornett Williams, of Rowley, who received it, replied in an equally suitable and patriotic style. I cannot recollect a word of either, except a few lines of poetry, which, at the request of Cornett Williams, I then added to his reply, which by thought and reflection I have been able to bring back to my mind, although they have scarcely been thought of for many years. What a wonderful faculty memory is:

"Should war again disturb our peaceful shore,
Grant us thy smiles ye fair,—we ask no more.
The "Washington Huzzars" will take the field;
By thee encouraged sure no heart can yield.
Should ruthless foes invade our happy land,
True to our country we will ever stand.
This sacred banner—while we draw a breath,
Shall "Wave in victory or fall in death." "

CHAPTER XI.

MY CIVIL LIFE.—POLITICAL AND MUNICIPAL EXPERIENCES.

I have also had something to do with municipal affairs. I am aware what I am about to say—and perhaps much I have already said—will be considered by some as egotism or self-adulation. Perhaps it is; if so, my age must be my apology. But if any one can write his own history without making frequent use of the pronoun I, let him do it. *I cannot.* And if stating things just as they are, is self-flattery, so be it. I know no other way,—so I shall proceed. I have been chosen somewhat frequently to various offices in the town. I have been on the board of Selectmen eight years, five of which I was chairman; and on the board of the Overseers of the Poor eleven years, four of which I was it its head. In the spring of 1845 I was not chosen on either board, probably for the reason that I was a member of the Legislature. But in Au-

gust of that year Deacon Nathaniel Mighill, who was Town Clerk and Chairman of the boards of Selectmen and Overseers of the Poor, was suddenly called away, as we confidently believe to a higher position in the immortal state. A meeting was called to fill the vacancies, and I was chosen to fill them all. At the annual Town Meeting in 1846, I publicly declined being a candidate for Town Clerk, for the reason, as I then stated to the town,—that I was not satisfied with my own chirography. I could not keep the records as nice as they ought to be. I was re-chosen to both the other places.

Representative to the General Court.

I also had the honor of being elected to represent the town in the General Court for the two years of 1845 and 1846. This I considered at the time—and do still—the highest honor and the best gift the town can bestow upon one of its citizens, and for which I feel grateful to my native town. It was an honor I hardly dared to expect or aspire to. It is a real privilege for an humble citizen in common life, to spend a few months in such an assembly. I enjoyed it, perhaps, as much as any scene in my life. But it was not, after all, perfect bliss. I felt the responsibility and wished to act well my part. But I hardly felt *competent for the* position. I was not a statesman or

public speaker. I could not speak like many of the members around me. But still I felt then, and I now believe, that I could hear and judge and *vote* upon the various subjects, perhaps, as correctly as those who were more gifted as speakers, and who made far more noise and commotion in the hall. To be sure it is necessary to have leaders and speakers in legislative assemblies. They could not move without them. But there seldom fails to be enough of them—oftentimes quite too many. So that the humble member who listens attentively, judges impartially, and casts his silent vote, is perhaps as useful and acts his part as well as the more prominent members. Those two years I look back upon with peculiar interest nd satisfaction, but not unmingled with sorrow. Between the two winters of 1845 and 1846 there was a dark and painful period. Death! that usually unwelcome visitor, was unusually frequent and severe. During that season my dearest earthly friend—of whom I shall speak more hereafter—was taken suddenly from me. Also her brother Mr. Samuel Scott, Deacon Nathaniel Mighill, our Town Clerk, of whom I have before spoken, Mr. Joseph Saunders and Mr. Thomas Howe,—all heads of families, in the midst of life, and some of our most valuable citizens. These events cast a deep gloom over our village, and greatly diminished my enjoyment in the State House the following winter. To *attempt to describe* my feelings when arriving home

attempt to describe my feelings when arriving home on Saturday and not meeting that dear one who used to welcome me home the winter previous, would be all in vain. None but those who have felt the same can know its poignancy.

I have been a member of the School Committee quite a number of years. Formerly it was the custom to have one or two clergymen on that committee. They were usually capable and willing to take the lead, and do about all the talking. Then I could get along tolerably well. My opinion then was, and still is, that this is one of the most important offices in the town, and ought to be filled by men of learning and ability. I freely confess that I was never fully satisfied with myself in that position. It has so happened that I have had to serve as juryman quite frequently during my life. I liked this position much better and felt more confidence in my ability to perform its duties than that of School Committee. The jury room is a school in which much of human nature may be learnt. It often exhibits great variety in the opinions and perceptive powers of different individuals. In a case of damages between the Eastern Railroad and a farmer in Ipswich, the jury, of which I was one, varied from $200 to $1500, in their estimates of damages. Some cases were extremely perplexing and hard to decide. At least they were so to me. I could not feel so easy and indifferent about the result as some appeared to

be. I felt a responsibility, and sometimes was so excited that I could scarcely rest or sleep while the case was pending. I recollect an insurance case that was tried in Ipswich. It had been tried, I believe, several times before, and the evidence was principally in paper documents, of which lawyer Mason, who was an attorney in the case, remarked in his peculiar style, "there is a *haalf bushel* of them!" There was so much of it that my mind was completely surfeited, and I hardly knew what was the truth, and I began to feel very anxious about it. But greatly to my relief—perhaps equal to that of Bunyan's Pilgrim when the burden rolled from his back—after we had spent most of a week pondering over it, the Court decided to take it from the jury as a whole, but they submitted several questions for them to answer yea or nay. The first and most important of which seemed so simple, clear and plain to me, that I ventured to say, when about to cast our votes, "We shall *certainly* all agree upon this." Judge then my surprise when I found ten out of twelve voted yea, and but one beside myself voted nay! But for all that I feel just as certain that the two were right and the ten wrong, as I do that two and two make four. But the most painful case that I can recollect, was in Salem many years ago. A poor wretch was arraigned for a crime—then, though not now, punishable with death. When the case was given to the jury the Court instructed us that, if we did

not find the prisoner guilty of the capital offence, we could, if we found it so, bring in a verdict of guilty of a minor offence. A portion, I think a majority of the jury were for convicting him of the capital, but others were not. I was decidedly of the opinion that he *was not guilty of that;* but of the minor offence we all agreed that he was guilty. And after a long discussion—in which some were very strenuous for his conviction of the higher crime—such was our verdict; and the prisoner was sentenced to the penetentiary for a long term of years.

My Last Term as Juryman.

But my days as a juryman, as well as of most of the duties and vicissitudes of life, have passed away—*never to return!* It is now about eighteen years since my age exempted me from serving as a juror. My name was left out of the box, and I never expected it would get in again. And I confess I felt sorrowful and gloomy at the thought—as I often have, as one thing after another *passes away never to return.* But it so happened, that by an accident, or providentially, my name got into the box again; and in less than forty-eight hours after I was notified to appear at Lawrence, where in due time I went, and had to stay during a term of six weeks. For the first time in my life I was chosen foreman. I was quite sick the latter part of the term, and had to surrender my office to

friend Major Samuel Perley of Boxford, who kindly assisted me when sick, and went to see the judge at his lodgings early one morning and got permission for me to come home, and he was appointed in my place. I returned, however, before the term closed, and at my request the Major retained his place, and I was a supernumerary the rest of the term,—which was quite a relief to me. I have thought a good deal of this event. It really seemed to be a special interposition of providence in my behalf—to give me more *long, arduous* and *tedious* term in the jury room, to satisfy, and as it were, satiate me with its duties and make me willing to submit to the necessary course of events, and *give it all up.* It certainly had that effect on me. It is pleasant to believe that it is really so. I love to cherish such thoughts. I love to feel that our "heavenly Father *careth for us*" under all circumstances. I can most heartily adopt the language of that sweet English poet, Cowper, when he says:—

> "Happy the man who sees a God employed
> In all the good and ill that checkers life!
> Resolving all events,—with their effects
> And manifold results,—into the will
> And arbitration wise—of the Supreme."

Division of the Town of Rowley.

In 1838 the town of Rowley was divided, and the western part, or New Rowley—as it had long been

called—was incorporated as a separate town by the name of Georgetown. This was done by mutual consent, for the more convenient transaction of their municipal affairs. There were some in both sections very much opposed to it, but a large majority were in its favor.

Centennial Celebration.

The town of Rowley, at their annual meeting, April 2d, 1839, voted to set apart some day during the present year for the purpose of celebrating the second centennial anniversary of the settlement of the town, and they appointed the following committee, viz:—Rev. Willard Holbrook, Joshua Jewett, Thomas Gage, Thos. Payson, Amos Saunders, Thomas Howe, Daniel N. Prime, Edward Smith, Richard Kimball, Benj. H. Smith, Oliver Blackinton, and Nathaniel Mighill. They were instructed to appoint the day and make the necessary arrangements for its celebration, and invite the inhabitants of Georgetown, Bradford and Boxford, who were originally a part of Rowley, to unite with us. Nine of that committee now rest in yonder graveyard—three only survive, viz; Benjamin H. Smith, Oliver Blackinton, and myself. How solemn the thought! Such is our destiny. There is no escape *We, too, soon must go. May we all be ready.*

The *committee* appointed the fifth of September for

the celebration, it being two hundred years from the passage of the order of the Great and General Court incorporating the town, which was in this truly laconic style;—"4th day of 7th month, Mr. Ezekiel Rogers' plantation shall be called Rowley." This was, no doubt, so called from Rowley, in England, from whence Mr. Rogers with about twenty other families of the first settlers came.

The day was celebrated in the following manner:—A procession was formed on the Common at 11 o'clock, A. M., under the escort of a volunteer company of young men of Rowley, commanded by Capt. Nathaniel Perley. Music by the Salem Brass Band. Conducted by Brigadier General Lowe, of Boxford, Chief Marshal of the day, and proceeded to the Orthodox church. The following were the exercises at the church:—

1. VOLUNTARY.

BY THE BAND.

2. ANTHEM.

"Praise the Lord."—COMER.

3. READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY REV. ISAAC BRAMAN.

(From a Bible printed in 1611.)

4. SINGING.

BY THE CHOIR.

A portion of the 107th Psalm as turned into metre *and set to a tune* in a singing book printed in 1604.—

To be read, line by line, as by Deacons in days of yore. The reading by Deacon JOSHUA JEWETT.

Give thanks unto the Lord our God,
for gracious is hee:
And that his mercie hath no ende,
all mortall men may see.

Such as the Lord redeemed hath,
vvith thanks should praise his name;
and shovv hovv they fro- foes vvere freed,
and hovv hè vvrought the same.

Hee gathered them foorth of the lands,
that lay so far about:
From East to VVest, fro- North to South,
His hands did find them out.

And by that way that vvas most right,
Hee led them like a guide:
That they might to a citie goe,
and there also abide.

That they may sovv their pleasant land,
and vineyards also plant;
To yeeld them fruit of such encrease,
as none may seem to vvant.

They multiply exceédingly,
the Lord doth bless them so;
VVho doth also their brute beasts make,
by numbers great to grow.

5. PRAYER.

BY REV. WILLARD HOLBROOK.

6. ORIGINAL ODE.

BY MR. DANIEL N. PRIME, OF ROWLEY.

Supreme eternal God,
Who sits enthroned above,

By whose almighty power,
The wheels of nature move;
Oh wilt Thou deign this day to hear,
Our grateful song and humble prayer.

When in the days of old,
The fathers of our race,
From persecution fled,
To seek a resting place;
Where they in peace might worship Thee,
From cruel priests and tyrants free.

Then thy protecting hand,
Did guide them safely o'er,
Whilst they the ocean crossed
To this then desert shore;
And ROGERS with his little band,
Safely arrived on freedom's land.

Two hundred times our earth,
Has run its annual round,
Since on this pleasant plain,
A safe retreat they found;
And on this spot a church did raise,
And dedicate it to Thy praise.

And ever since that hour,
Here have thy temples stood,
Here have our fathers met,
To praise the living God;
Whose boundless power and matchless grace,
Created and sustains our race.

And now may we, their sons,
While in Thy courts this day,
With grateful hearts adore,
With contrite spirits pray;
That He who was our father's friend,
Their children here would still defend.

Through future ages may
Our sons and daughters join,
With cheerful heart and voice,
In worship so divine;
Here Lord remain and bless our race,
Through every age 'till time shall cease.

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7. ECCLESIASTICAL ADDRESS.

BY REV. JAMES BRADFORD, OF SHEFFIELD.

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8. ANTHEM.

"Glory be to God on high." MOZART.

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9. CIVIL ADDRESS.

BY THOMAS E. PAYSON, ESQ., OF ANDOVER.

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10. ORIGINAL ODE.

BY HON. GEORGE LUNT, OF NEWBURYPORT.

Come, pour to lofty numbers,
Your voices in the strain,
Let every heart that slumbers,
Awake to joy again.
The golden dawn returning,
Shall bid our bosoms glow,
For that in heaven burning,
Two hundred years ago.

That day whose wondrous story
Our fathers oft have told;
That day whose deepening glory
Let age on age unfold,—
When hoary sire and childhood,
And youths in virgin glow,
Stood underneath the wildwood,
Two hundred years ago.

The frowning forest o'er them,—
The savage foe around,—

And all the hope before them
Within their strong hearts bound,
Yet pilgrims, worn and weary,
They hailed with grateful glow
A desert home so dreary,
Two hundred years ago.

When danger's need was sorest,
They called on him to save,
By whom they broke the forest,
And bade the harvests wave;
Across the wintry ocean,
Or 'mid the fiercer foe,
He calmed each wild commotion,
Two hundred years ago.

Their graves are all around us
In venerable age;
Their pleasant homes surround us,
A goodly heritage;—
Yet warmer let each bosom
Its manly thanks bestow
For Freedom's flower, in blossom
Two hundred years ago.

11. PRAYER.

BY REV. BENJAMIN GRAFTON.

12. CLOSING ANTHEM.

"Hallelujah to the Father."—BEETHOVEN.

These exercises were of course in the old church built in "1749" of which I have already spoken, a few years previous to its being vacated and demolished as above stated. It was then in a dilapidated state. *It was filled to* overflowing, and stagings were erected

at the large windows, some of which were removed to accommodate those who could not get into the house. The services were very lengthy and somewhat fatiguing.

Mr. Bradford, who delivered the ecclesiastical address, was a native of Rowley, son of a former minister of whom I have already spoken. He gave a very interesting historical sketch of the settlement of the town and founding of the first church by the venerable Rogers and his associates in 1639, and of all his successors up to that time; also of all the other churches in the different parts of the ancient town.

His closing peroration or "farewell" is so very affecting and sublime that I venture to quote it entire from "Gage's History of Rowley," which I am sorry to say is now nearly out of print, hoping that it may stimulate his sons or some other persons to furnish a new edition enlarged and improved. It is a valuable work and certainly ought not to be lost. It ought to be handed down in good shape to future generations.

The following is the closing sentence to which reference is made:—

"Having once more after fourteen years absence visited this my native place, and fulfilled the appointment with which I have been honored, according to the means of information afforded me, my measure of health, opportunity and ability; having again looked around upon the places and objects familiar to my childhood and youth and united with acquaintance and friends in celebrating this interesting day; and being now admonished by the increase of years and the decays of nature,

that I shall never walk these streets; nor gratify my eyes with these scenes again, I am constrained, in anticipation of the close of my present visit, to bid them all a solemn adieu.

This hill of youthful science, the site of the village school where I was taught the rudiments of knowledge, farewell. Hills and dales, and brooks and fields, and groves endeared by a thousand fond recollections, farewell. Mansion of my birth. the once happy home of my father and mother, brothers and sisters, most of whom now have a mansion in the grave, farewell. This sacred desk, where from the lips of an honored father and other servants of God, I have often heard the truth; that family seat, this ancient house, in which I have listened, trembled, and resolved, farewell. Surviving companions of my childhood and youth, and aged fathers and mothers my parents remaining friends and mine, farewell. Yonder grave of parents, honored and beloved, around you I linger, but to you I must say farewell. Respected friends till our arrival through rich grace in Jesus Christ, in that world where years and centuries of years shall cease to roll, and all the myriads of the redeemed of every generation shall meet to trace the history of God's providence, and everlastingly celebrate his wonders of love to the children of men; till then farewell, farewell. There blessed be God, there during the countless ages of eternity, there will be no more occasion to say farewell."

This I consider a truly pathetic and sublime passage, equal, perhaps, to any that can be found in the English language; but to me it contains an ingredient which robs it of much of its value. It is its partialism. It includes only a part of our race—"The redeemed of every generation." By this he undoubtedly meant "the elect," "the chosen of God," for such were his sentiments. Could he have adopted the language of the Revelator, and included "Every creature which is in heaven and on earth, and under the earth, and *such as are in* the sea, and all that in them is," to

whom "there would be no occasion to say farewell," it would have been complete and satisfactory. But instead of this, according to his belief and Orthodox creeds, there will be a large portion of the human family, whom we are commanded to love as well as ourselves, and among them, probably, some of his own kindred and friends, to whom he if one of the "redeemed" will finally have occasion to bid an eternal "FAREWELL." This dashes the poison into the cup! This I hesitate not to say, if fully known, believed and realized, would destroy the happiness of the universe.

MR. PAYSON'S CIVIL ADDRESS.

Thomas E. Payson, Esq., who gave the civil address, was also a native of Rowley. It was a well written, able and eloquent oration, and was listened to with pleasure and satisfaction by the great assembly. A copy was requested by our historian to be incorporated into the history of the town, but for reasons therein stated it was withheld.

All the exercises were good, and passed off pleasantly and satisfactorily. The music by the band, and the choir under the lead of Mr. Paul Johnson of Newburyport, was of the highest order. The reading from the ancient Bible was by the good and venerable Rev. Isaac Braman of Georgetown, whose pleasant voice we shall hear *no more;* he has long since gone to his re-

ward. The reading of the old Psalm, as turned into metre and read line by line as by deacons in days of yore, was done by Deacon Joshua Jewett. He well knew how to do it, for it was common in his youthful days. He gave it the genuine antiquarian twang. The original poem, "Supreme, eternal God," &c., was designed to be sung in the anthem "In sweet, exalted strains," which was sung at the dedication of the Baptist Church a few years before, but the choir could not conveniently obtain a sufficient number of copies of it, and they took another tune. "The order of exercises" was printed in handbills and plentifully distributed in the pews, several of which I have retained till this time, one of which is in my manuscript, to save copying.

The Centennial Dinner.

A tent, or pavillion, one hundred and sixty feet long and twenty-five feet wide, was erected on the Common for the occasion, and a dinner was provided by Mr. Edward Smith, of Rowley and Col. John Savary, of Georgetown. At the close of the services in the church, the ticket holders for the dinner and the invitted guests formed in procession under the same escort, and proceeded to the pavillion and partook of the good things in readiness for them, where their physical and mental appetites were abundantly supplied. Nearly *four hundred* ladies and gentlemen were present and

sat around the "Table spread only once in a hundred years." Thomas Gage, Esq., author of the history of Rowley, was president of the day, assisted by General Lowe, Joshua Jewett, and Thomas Payson, vice presidents. After the cloth was removed the regular toasts were given out by Amory Holbrook, toast-master, and a few volunteer sentiments by a number of individuals. Speeches were made by Caleb Cushing, Stephen Phillips, John P. Hale and others. Letters were read from several invited guests not present. One from his Excellency, Edward Everett, Governor of the Commonwealth; one from Hon. Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard College; one from Leverett Saltonstall, of Salem, member of Congress, and several others. It was a good time, if anything earthly can be called good. The writer was there and took an active part in the celebration. I then had one by my side who in a very few years was taken suddenly from me; and a large portion of those who then sat at that table have also "passed over the river," and gone with her to the spirit land! where I venture to hope they have all met in a brighter realm, to sit around a more permanent table and enjoy a more substantial and ever-enduring feast. My prayer is—and who will not unite with me—that we all who still remain this side the river may at last unite with them in that bright world of joy, never more to part. On *the evening of the* next day, Sept. 6th, about one

hundred and sixty young ladies and gentlemen partook of a supper in the pavilion, provided by the same caterers, and finished up the business of the celebration, not to be renewed until another century shall have rolled away! Who will then be there? Certainly not one of us who took an active part in this celebration. We shall all have passed away long before that time. Probably not one of our children, and but few of our grandchildren. Most of our descendants who may take part in the celebration of the third centennial anniversary of the settlement of Rowley, will probably be of a still later generation. Will they not think of us? Most certainly they will! Did we not think of our ancestors a hundred years ago, at our celebration? Surely we did. What would we have given, or rather, what would we not have given for an authentic account of a "*First* Centennial Celebration?" It would have been prized above all price. *But that could not be,* for no such record exists. We have no evidence that the occasion was noticed at all. But I am glad to know that the second anniversary was noticed and celebrated in so happy a manner, and that I was permitted to take an active part in its performance. And I venture to hope and believe that our doings at that time will be handed down to the generations who shall meet at each succeeding century to celebrate this event. The records of the town will *tell the story* to those who come after us. Gage's his-

tory of Rowley, in a new edition, enlarged and improved, will bear it along through the coming ages. And if these scribblings of mine should ever be published to the world, they, too, may carry the intelligence down the stream of time. In view of the possibility of such an event, I venture to present my compliments and good wishes to our descendents who may then "sit around the table spread only once in a hundred years," most sincerely wishing that they may then have as good a time as we, their ancestors, had a hundred years before. May they, too, pass down their doings, together with ours, to the then future generations,—tell it to their children, and they to theirs to the latest period of time.

> Tell how that Rogers with his little band,
> Crossed the wide ocean to this dessert land,
> And on this spot where late the savage trod,
> They reared a temple to the living God.
> Record their deeds on the historic page,—
> Proclaim their virtues to the latest age,—
> Rehearse the story both in prose and rhyme,
> Through future ages to the end of time.

Reflections.

Here, kind reader, permit me to pause and reflect a moment. I have been speaking of the celebration of the second centennial anniversary of the settlement of the town of Rowley. I have wrote, and in a measure felt, as though *it was* a recent event, and that a very

long period of time must intervene, and other generations take possession of our beautiful town before another similar celebration will take place. Some of my calculations above may not be correct, but I shall not alter them; they are but conjectures, and may or may not be right. But I will now add, old time is steadily but surely on the move. Every tick! tick! tick! of its huge, never-ceasing, never-tiring pendulum, leaves the number less to that time. I seem to hear the "still small voice" of our descendants who will sit around "that table" in 1939—saying to us, "We are coming! We are coming! Clear the way! We shall soon want that beautiful Common. Those young elms with which you have surrounded it will be more majestic when we shall sit under their shadows. *We shall soon be there!*" *So they surely will!* More than one-third of that century is already gone! Gone with the years before the flood. It hardly seems possible, but it is really so. Never did I more fully realize the shortness of time and the rapidity of its movements, than when thinking of these things. Our celebration, which seems to me of "but yesterday," has already become a subject of history,—as much so to many of our present population as the flood. It is now but about sixty-six (66) years before the time for the next. Some of our youth now on the stage may—and I venture to hope will—take part in it. All my *great* grandchildren and some of my grandchildren,

should they live to be as old as I now am—*may be there.* And my children, too—should they live to the ages we sometimes read of in the papers—may all be there! And I have not yet done. I have not "capped the climax" of "vain imaginations." *I will now do it.* The writer, too—the father, the grandfather, and the great-grandfather—should he happen to hold on as long as old Dr. Parr, and retain his strength and faculties, and providence should otherwise permit—*will surely be there.* I will then present my compliments personally instead of by the book, as above proposed. And I shall have a few years to spare after the celebration, which I may improve in publishing a new—perhaps the fortieth—edition of the "Autobiography of an Octogenarian." The title will then be almost doubly appropriate. I will then add a particular description of *that* celebration, and see to it that the whole be transmitted to the then future generations. Readers, I trust you will all forgive me for this ebullition of chimeras. For however improbable they may be, not one of you certainly know they may not be realized. But if they are not, literally, while we are in the flesh, I cannot give up the hope that we shall, somehow, in some way,—"either in the body or out of the body,"—be cognizant of, and take a lively interest in, the next centennial celebration of our native and much loved town—"Old Rowley."

CHAPTER XII.

Railroads, locomotives, &c.

Among the numerous inventions and discoveries that have burst upon the world since I have been in it, for utility and real benefit to man, the railroad and locomotive have clearly taken the lead. The magnetic telegraph is perhaps the greatest curiosity and the most unaccountable and inconceivable in its operations; but for real service and usefulness to man, the railroad, locomotive and the cars will bear off the palm.

I remember well when first hearing of railroads and locomotives in England, and of their immense speed and power, I was, as it were, overwhelmed with astonishment, and most earnestly wished that I might live to see them here; and while many of my wishes and desires through life have been disappointed and frustrated, this has been abundantly gratified. I have lived to see the iron horse with its mighty train of liv-

ing and mercantile freight, arrive and depart from our depot, or pass by with lightning speed, for about thirty years. I have lived to ride in those splendid cars, equal to the chariots or palaces of monarchs; and to pass to and from Boston perhaps as many or more times than any other person in Rowley. I have been connected with the road most of the time since its commencement. I was nominally depot master from the first, but that I took for my son Thomas, then just arrived to his majority, who is still at his post. I had the care of the freight business for many years, and until the building of Newburyport and Georgetown railroad, I run a baggage wagon between our depot and Georgetown. It was then quite a heavy business and required some half dozen horses and several men to perform it. But the moment the iron horse with its shrill whistle or merry bell made his debut into their village, all was over. "Our occupation was gone." Chopped off as square as a brick. And now our recently amputated limb, which seemed "left out in the cold," through the unbounded energy and perseverance of some of its citizens, is fully redeemed from its isolation and abundantly supplied with railroads in almost every direction, and those individuals who exerted themselves so nobly in bringing it about, are richly rewarded for their labors. I am glad that it is so, but I regret that there is not still another road between them and us, which I *tried hard for* several years ago. That would

have made their accommodations more complete, and have bound with iron bands the several parts of the ancient town of Rowley, viz:—Bradford, Boxford, Groveland, Georgetown, and old Rowley, more closely together, and brought us all into one neighborhood. It may be so yet. The world still moves, and will continue to move long after the present generation shall have followed their predecessors to the shore of immortality. But it hardly seems possible that the world can continue to improve and go ahead for the next eighty years as it has in the period just passed in which I have lived. But we cannot tell what is to be. That remains to be known to our successors, the coming generation, who will soon occupy our places. We shall shall soon be missing, and

> "Shall have no share in all that's done
> Beneath the circuit of the sun."

But may we not venture to hope that we shall then see from the immortal world what is going on here below? Surely if we know ourselves and remember the place of our nativity, and of our relations and friends still on earth, we shall feel a deep interest in its affairs and shall want to know what is going on there. Who can say, with certainty, that this wish will not be granted?

CHAPTER XIII.

MY MARRIAGE.—SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MY WIFE.—A POEM, "CONVERSE WITH THE DEAD."—A POEM READ AT A GOLDEN WEDDING.

But the greatest event of my life, which in its results far exceeded all others, I shall now attempt to relate. While I was living with my mother, when about twenty-three years of age,—my brother David, who then lived in Salem, and Joseph Smith, another Rowley boy who also lived in Salem, both carpenters, took a ride to Rowley, each having with him a young lady who subsequently became his wife. They staid in Rowley two nights, and went to Plum Island the intermediate day. They invited me to go with them, to which I cheerfully assented. Of course I, too, must have a partner. What could I do? I will tell you. I took a walk down our street as far as Capt. John Scott's, about one-third of a mile. I was about entering the gate, when happening to look up, I saw a young lady looking out of the chamber window. Oh,

that window. There it remains now, just about the same, with its 6 by 8 panes. I seldom pass by without seeing it, and rarely, if ever, see it without thinking of that time. But the face is not there. Oh, no! There she stood leaning on the window-stool, cheerful and smiling as a "bird of Paradise." Oh! How vividly that scene comes up to my mind after a lapse of about sixty years. After a few minutes chat, I asked her if she would go with me to Plum Island on the morrow. She readily assented, *and we went.* That was a bright day to me,—a day that will never be forgotten while memory lasts. Few, if any, events of my early life remain more prominent in my memory than that "ride to Plum Island." I then formed an attachment that was never relinquished. That was the commencement of our courtship, which resulted in our union for life, in the silken cords of love and the holy bands of matrimony. That was an event that *never* caused regret; a contract that nothing but death could annul. And death could not wholly do it. *She is still mine!* We *must* meet again! Amidst the many mistakes and failures of my past life which memory often brings back to my mind, there is occasionally a bright spot which, like an oasis in the desert, cheers and brightens the darksome way. Prominent among these, soaring above all others, is the event I am now narrating. That was pre-eminently *a success.*

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MY WIFE.

Mehitable was the only daughter of Capt. John Scott of Rowley. But she was not, on that account, "the spoiled child." Far from that. Her parents were both workers, and their children were learned to work from their infancy. Their eldest son, John Scott, was to some extent an exception. He was educated at Dartmouth College, was a lawyer, and practiced law in Newburyport. The other two sons, Samuel and James, were educated farmers and worked with their father on the farm, and Mehitable in the house with her mother. She was literally "a farmer's daughter;—well instructed in all the "mysteries of the kitchen" as well as of the sitting-room and parlor. She was not a literary woman in the usual acceptation of that term. But she had a good common school education, was a very pretty writer, and well qualified to perform all the business that naturally devolved upon her. She was not an advocate of "woman's rights" in the modern sense. She never aspired to the ballot box, the pulpit or the forum. Her forte was rather—what appears to me far more useful, appropriate, and *ornamental even*, to her sex—domestication. She loved domestic duties and was always ready, heart and hand to perform them. She was to me, I can truly say without reservation, a faithful helpmeet and bosom friend,—a kind and devoted mother to my seven children. "*Her price* to me was far above rubies."

I hardly realized how much I loved and depended on her until she was taken from me. Oh what a treasure! What bitter pangs when called to part! We lived together about thirty years in friendship and love. It was the busiest, but by far the happiest and most important portion of my life. But, like all other earthly good, it came to an end. It *has long since passed away.* On the fourth day of June, 1845, that dearest friend, after a distressing sickness of about seven weeks, passed "over the river" to that better country, where I humbly hope to meet her again, clothed in robes of immortality! During her sickness, though a great sufferer, she was calm and resigned. But it may be asked,—Did she die a Universalist? I do not know that she did. Neither do I know or *believe* that she died a believer in endless misery for any of her fellow creatures, especially for her friends who stood weeping around her. My opinion is that her mind was otherwise occupied, and she did not think of that subject at all at that hour. Had she thought of it, and believed it *barely possible,* she could not have been so perfectly calm and composed when talking with me a short time before her departure. She could not have said to me, as she did. when she saw me overwhelmed with grief: "You must be calm,—I hope we shall meet again in heaven!" Rev. Mr. Pasco, the Baptist minister at that time whose meeting we attended—and his wife, were both

very friendly, and were with her often during her sickness. I recollect saying to him, at one of his visits, "If you should be with *me*, when on my dying bed, don't say anything about that *place of torment!* Say what you please now,—I am well and able to bear it and reply to you; then I shall probably be weak and feeble, and unable to do either." He at once promptly replied, "*I never do.*" I have often thought and spoke of that reply, and have asked, Why not? If true, why not speak of it? Ah! the reason is obvious. *It is too horrible!* The dying man could not endure it. Tell it to the unconverted and it would fill them with terror and alarm, rather than with confidence and hope. Tell it to those who have a good hope for themselves, and they will think of friends who they loved as well as themselves, who died without *that change*, and of course will be missing when they arrive in heaven. If this is realized it will fill them with horror! No! no! this doctrine *will not do "to die by!"* Ye do well, oh ye preachers of this hideous dogma, to keep it from the dying. It is often said that "Universalism would do to live by but not to die by." I believe it will do for both! If it is good for one, it *must be* for the other. My prayer is that I may die a Universalist. Let me at that solemn hour have an unwavering belief, that "Death is the gate to endless joy,"—not merely for myself—which would be but pure selfishness—but for all my relatives and

friends, and the whole family of man. We *are all brethren*—children of the same Almighty Creator and Father. Nothing short of this can fully satisfy the desires and aspirations of truly benevolent minds, or fill them with joy in the dying hour.

All that was mortal of that *dearest friend*, now quietly rests in our beautiful cemetery, in the family enclosure, surrounded by evergreens; her name is engraven on the monument, and on the stone at her head is the following

EPITAPH.

"She was peaceful and virtuous in life, and calm and serene in death."

"She's gone, we trust, to worlds above,
Where all is harmony and love;
May we, her friends, when life is o'er,
Arrive on that immortal shore,
And meet her there to part no more."

The following little poem was composed when in a sort of reverie thinking of the dear one of whom I am now writing, and are supposed to be addressed to her, although I do not pretend to be a spiritualist, yet I could not help feeling, in some degree, as though the response came from the spirit land. Who can say with certainty that it did not? Who can tell how spirits converse? What more probable than that they know each other's thoughts? If so, why may they

not know our thoughts, understand our queries, and so impress our minds as to direct them to correct answers?

POEM.

CONVERSE WITH THE DEAD.

Come, my beloved, come,
  Come from the spirit land;
Come to your native earth again;
  Give me once more your hand.

My willing heart and hand
  To you in youth were given,
They both were yours while here on earth,
  Will they be yours in heaven?

I'll ask you not to stay
  Long in this world of sin;
Just come and tell me where thou art,
  And what thy lot has been

Since thou wast called away
  From this our mortal shore,
To enter the immortal state,
  Where death is known no more.

Thou art a spirit now,
  From mortal coil set free;
"A spirit hath not flesh and bones"·
  What can a spirit be?

Oh! tell me what thou art,
  And what I soon must be;
I long to look within the vale,
  And know my destiny.

But hark! methinks I hear
  A well-known voice reply,
"Wait patiently, you soon will come
  And know as well as I.

"You soon must cross the river,—
The boat will soon be there;
Oh! tremble not to step on board,
'Twill bring you safely here.

"Here many friends are waiting
To greet you when you come;
Dispel at once those gloomy fears,
You soon will reach your home.

"Why should you fear to pass
That oft-frequented way,
Through the dark valley? 'tis the road
To everlasting day.

"Come, my beloved, come,
Come from that barren land
To ever-blooming fields above,
Give me once more your hand.

"My willing heart and hand
To you in youth were given;
They both were yours while *there* on earth,
They *will* be yours in heaven."

Rowley, Jan. 20, 1860.

Poem read at a Golden Wedding.

The following poem was read at the "Golden Wedding" of our aged and respected neighbors and friends, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hale. It was written by me for the occasion. I think it will not be inappropriate in this place:—

POEM.

The greatest blessing God to man has given,
While here on earth, this side of yonder heaven,—

To soothe our grief and smooth the path of life,
And sweeten all our pleasures, is—a wife!
A wife! a virtuous wife! Oh! who can tell
What charms unmeasured in that name doth dwell?
No richer earthly blessing has been found,
Or ever can be,—search the world around.
Oh! foolish bachelor, you do not know
What joy, what happiness you still forego.
Remain no longer in your lonely state,
Ere leap year closes choose yourself a mate.
"It is not good that man should be alone,"—
Then take some smiling cherub for your own,
And then, by sweet experience, you will know
What priceless joy from mutual love doth flow.
'Tis the perfecting link of earthly bliss,—
The topmost stone of human happiness.
The venerated pair whose youthful plight
And marriage vow we celebrate to-night,—
Just fifty years ago—oh, happy day!
Each to the other gave themselves away.
Their willing hearts and hands they gladly joined
And hymen's silken chains around them twined.
And still they live! But who can ever know
The grand results which from their union flow?
Children and children's stand around
"To call them blest"! how joyful is the sound.
Oh, happy pair! how highly blest of heaven;
To very few of us such bliss is given—
To live together half a century,
And then to celebrate their bridal day;
Then to renew their mutual pledge of love,
And raise their grateful hearts to God above.
The larger part whose hands in wedlock join,
Are torn asunder long before that time.
They lose their partners all along the way,
While they on earth a little longer stay.
Some, it is true, a second marriage prove,
But seldom does it equal the first *love!*
While some remain in solitude to moan,

And *finish out their journey all alone!*
Father in heaven, why, why is it so?
Thou, and thou only, can the reason know.
We trust thy mercy and thy goodness still,
And bow submissive to our Father's will.
For "thou did'st give and thou did'st take away,
And blessed be thy name," we still will say.
Respected friends, whose blessings are so great,
Whose second nuptials we now celebrate,
We gladly join in acts of prayer and praise
To him who kindly lengthens out our days,
That he may still continue to bestow
All needed good while lingering here below.
And when on earth you can no longer stay,
Calmly and gently may you pass away,
"Over the river"—to that happy shore
Where pain and sorrow will be known no more;
Where "none are married or in marriage given,
But angel-like, children of God in heaven."

But they are now separated. Since that interesting celebration Mr. Hale has been taken away. The summons has come, and he has obeyed. He passed "over the river" March 8th, 1869, aged 81 years. And his beloved partner, the wife of his youth and the companion of his old age, is left *"to finish out her journey all alone."*

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LONELINESS AND SORROWS OF WIDOWHOOD.—MY CHILDREN WHO "STILL LIVE."—SKETCHES OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SON.—DEATH OF AN INFANT SON.

Since the death of my wife the world has seemed comparatively a blank. I have felt as if alone, although surrounded by kind and sympathizing children and friends. There is still a vacuum which nothing earthly can fill. A faithful, loving and devoted wife! The sharer of our joys and sorrows,

"Through all the changing scenes of life, in sorrow and in joy,"

is certainly one of the greatest of earthly blessings. And the loss of such an one after a happy union of about thirty years, is certainly one of its greatest afflictions. No one can describe the gloom and loneliness, the sorrow and anguish of such an event. None but those who have felt the same can know its intensity. Why is it so? Why must we thus suffer? Ah! these are questions we cannot answer until we know why sin and sorrow of various kinds were permitted to enter a universe created, governed and controlled

by a being of infinite wisdom, goodness and power. This is a problem yet unsolved. But if we can have perfect confidence in that Almighty Creator, believing that He is "*our Father*" and unfailing friend—we can trust all in his hands, and say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." This is *our* stand-point! From this we can look with comparative calmness upon the sin and sufferings of humanity, believing that it is temporary and finite, and will in due time give place to perfect holiness and happiness throughout the universe of God.

Not so with the late Rev. Albert Barnes, an orthodox clergyman of Philadelphia. He looked from a different stand-point. He believed in the terrible doctrine of eternal torments, and it filled him—as well it might—with horror and consternation. He saw, in his imagination, not only "a world of sinners and sufferers, death-beds and grave-yards in this life," but "the world of woe, filled with hosts to suffer forever," "lingering on in helpless despair, and rolling amidst infinite torments, without the possibility of alleviation and without end." No wonder he cried out in "anguish of spirit," "It is all dark, dark, dark to my soul, and I cannot disguise it." Such, respected readers, is the difference betwixt our faith and that of the partialist! And now, permit me to ask, which of the two appears to be most in accordance with the announcement of *the angel to* the shepherd on the plains of Bethlehem,

"Behold I bring you *good tidings of great joy*, which shall be *to all people!*"

My Children who "still live."

I have five children now living, viz: Daniel Boardman, John Scott, Thomas, Mary Nelson Todd, and Samuel Scott. They all have families of their own, and are pleasantly and comfortably settled around me, which is a great comfort to me. It is indeed a blessing that cannot be fully estimated while all are in health. But when sickness, pain and anguish come upon us, we then may learn something of its value. Of this I have recently had ample evidence. During a severe fit of sickness, of which I shall speak more hereafter. My children—some of them—were with me most of the time day and night. They did about all the watching and much of the nursing, and it was truly a great satisfaction and alleviation.

I also have eleven grandchildren and four great-grandchildren now living. But it is not my intention to write the history of those who "still live." They are now weaving the web of life; they can tell their own stories, and, if they please, write their own histories. But of my two sons who have already passed "over the river," I shall have a few words to say.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SON.

Nathaniel, our fourth son, lived until he was forty-two years old. He was married to Mary Pettingell, of Newburyport. They had one daughter, Mary Lizzie, who still lives. Nathaniel was a good son,—one of the best. It was hard to let him go. In the early part of his life he was strong and healthy, and enjoyed life as well as any of us. But he was subsequently very unfortunate. For about ten years previous to his death he was subject to falling fits,—the effect, as we supposed, of being sun-struck on the Eastern Railroad, while employed as a trackman on that road. Everything that could be thought of by kind and sympathizing friends and skillful physicians, was done for him, but all in vain. Those dreadful spasms baffled all human exertions and skill, and were too much for human endurance. They gradually undermined his health, racked and shattered both body and mind. As his physical powers gave way, his mind became weak and feeble, but his affection, kindness, and love of friends did not leave him till the last. He was fully aware of his situation, and knew full well that he must die! But he was calm and composed, trusting confidently in his Heavenly Father, who he fully believed to be "the Savior of all men." Of this he never expressed a doubt. He did not appear to fear death, but rather to hope for it as a relief from his dreadful

sufferings on earth. He seemed to look beyond the river to the shores of immortality, where only he could hope to be "delivered from this bondage into the glorious liberty of the sons of God." He was very fond of the hymn commencing—

"I would not live alway, I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way."

It was sung at his funeral. I think these lines are an exact expression of his feelings a long time before his death. Those repeated frightful convulsions may well be compared to "storm after storm!" Indeed that language seems quite too faint. Tornado and tempest would better represent their severity and terrific appearance. The very thought of them now while I write makes me shudder! No language can adequately describe them! None but those who have seen them can fully realize their dreadful nature. But they were temporary. We knew when witnessing them they would soon be over, either by a return to consciousness, or relief by death. But oh! what would have been our feelings had we thought that they would *never* end! But I forbear—the thought is too awful to contemplate. Nor will I make the comparison I intended. I leave it to the intelligent reader's own reflections. For some time previous to his dissolution his sight gradually failed, until at last he was nearly blind. A few days before his death, I was riding with him past a piece of land which belonged to him,

on which he had set some trees, and taken considerable interest. He turned his head towards it and said, with emphasis, "*I wish I could see it.*" Oh! how hard it was. How I pitied him. I would have given worlds to have helped him, if I had possessed them. But all in vain! I could not help him. Alas! how impotent we are! How dependent! If there is no power above us on which we can depend when all other resources fail,—as some profess to believe,—what a wretched situation we are in! How dark and dismal the prospect! Nothing but dreary, dark oblivion before us. But even this,—*dreadful as it is to me,*—is not so bad as the hideous dogma of eternal torments for a large portion of our race. But I believe they are both false! I believe that we have an Almighty Father, who careth for us under all circumstances,—to whom we may look and on whom we may confidently depend in prosperity or adversity, in joy or sorrow, in life, or in the dying hour.

Our hope is in God—our Father and friend;
His care and protection will last to the end.
We trust in His goodness, His love and His power,—
He will not forsake us in that solemn hour.
"He knoweth our frame, he made it at first,
And he still remembers that we are but dust."
And will he forsake us? No never! no never!
"For His goodness and mercy endureth forever."

His remains were deposited in the family enclosure, and his name is engraven on the monument. We bid

him "Farewell" till we meet again in that "better and."

The following notice of his death appeared in the Newburyport Herald, of Aug. 24, 1864.

Died in Rowley, Aug. 13th, Nathaniel Prime, son of Daniel T. Prime, aged 42 years.

How welcome must thy summons be, Oh Death!
To him who racked with dire disease and pain,
And torn by dread convulsions, longs for ease,
Whose trembling limbs and enervated mind,
And darkened vision—clothes the world in gloom.
Whose hope—so long indulged—of sweet relief
Of health and strength restored—ends in despair.
Physicians all have failed—their efforts vain—
In vain kind friends have labored for his good:
For fell disease with unrelenting hand—
And cruel grasp—holds him in close embrace.
But while this world, so full of pain and woe
Recedes, he looks beyond its narrow bounds
And sees a brighter realm that knows no pain,
Where health and happiness forever dwell—
And wishes he was there. Then thou, Oh Death!—
Not as a tyrant—not the "king of terrors,"
But as a friend—"A messenger of love,—
Severs the brittle thread of mortal life,
And lands him safely on that happy shore,
Where sickness, pain and death are known no more."

Death of an Infant Son.

Our fifth son, David Henry Prime, made but a short visit to this "vale of tears." His story is soon told. He was born July 3rd, 1826, and died July 18th, 1827. He was bright, active, and promising as any of his predecessors. He lived just long enough to endear himself to his parents and his older brothers and sister,

and to entwine around their affections with the silken cords of love, and then soar away to that "better land" where—as all Protestants now agree—all who die in infancy will surely go. If this is so, then whatever becomes of the rest of us, one of our family is safe in heaven. What a glorious thought; but alas, how inconsistent! How foolish! How consummately absurd! It is but a miserable subterfuge to get rid of the terrible idea of the *damnation of Infants!* which, though formerly believed by Protestant divines as well as Catholic—who I believe still hold on to it—can no longer be sustained amidst the surrounding light that is bursting upon the world. But the whole system of eternal pain must stand or fall together. The attempt to separate it—to send all infants to heaven and most of their parents to hell—is all futile and vain. To me it is "supremely ridiculous." If we have an Almighty Ruler at the helm of the universe, who could voluntarily give existence to millions of intelligent and rational beings, *knowing* that it would be an eternal curse to them, He would as soon take infants as adults; for really there is no difference, we are all comparatively infants. *But it is not so!* Our Heavenly Father will do no such dreadful thing. My hope for little Henry rests on no such sandy foundation; but it does *firmly rest* on the promises of God, that "He is our Father," that He is "good to *all*, and His tender mercies are *over all* His works;" believing that "God is love," and

t "As in Adam *all die, even so* in *Christ shall all made alive.*"

His "Spirit has returned to God who gave it, and little earthly form is committed to the dust from ence it came." And on the little marble slab which nds at his head, is the following inscription:

DAVID HENRY,
Son of
DANIEL N. AND MEHITABLE S. PRIME,
Died July 18th, 1827, aged 1 year and 15 days.

Short thy visit here below,
Jesus calls, and you must go;
Go to yonder worlds above,
There to sing redeeming love.

"*Suffer little children to come unto me.*"

CHAPTER XV

Various Events.—Highway Robbery in Boston.

I will commence this chapter with an account of an event which occurred while I was freight agent on the Eastern Railroad, and it has lately been brought to my mind by a friend who thinks it is worthy of notice. In relating it I shall have to depend almost entirely upon my memory. But as it was somewhat exciting at the time and made a deep impression on my mind, I believe I can recite it pretty correctly, with the exception of the date—that I cannot recollect. I was in Boston and in passing from State street, through Kilby, on the right hand side walk, I saw just ahead near Milk street a great collection of people, and soon heard the enchanting sound of a hand organ, and saw the grinder of the sweet music, with a monkey cutting up his pranks. As I entered the edge of the crowd, I stopped a moment to see and hear that gratuitous exhibition. I was close to the buildings, my mind

wholly absorbed with the sight and sound of "the monkey and the music." I had a large pocket book in my breast pocket, the top of which was probably visible, which the robber no doubt saw, and as I passed close to him, perhaps pressing against him in the crowd, he reached over my shoulder and adroitly seized the prize. I do not think I felt his hand or the pocket-book when it went out, but I felt a peculiar sensation—something had gone. In an instant I turned round and saw my pocket book in the hand of a man right behind me, who I think was standing on a door step which opened into an entry which led up stairs into the second story. I took hold of him and told him to give up my pocket book, which by this time he had got out of sight. He backed into the entry and up two or three steps of the stairs, I all the time holding on to him and screaming for help, but all in vain. "The monkey and the music" filled every mind, and drowned all my cries for help. At length one lone man entered the door, and my hope revived. "Help me! Help me!" I cried. This fellow has got my pocket book! But alas! Instead of an helper for me, he was an accomplice of the villian on the stairs, who reached over my head and handed him the pocket-book, and in an instant he was off. I let go of one to look for the other, and they both glided out of my sight. All this time I was crying for help, but nobody could or would hear. It really

seemed to me that they were all in the conspiracy. And I have no doubt that many of those nearest the door—perbaps all who heard and understood my cries —were accomplices in the robbery! There was a large gang of them said to be in Boston at that time. Soon a young man came down stairs and listened to my case. I proposed looking for them, but he said it would be of no use, we could not find them. I asked him how it was possible that the people up chamber did not hear my cries on the stairs, he replied that they probably did hear them, but did not understand supposing it all came from the crowd in the street. "The music and the monkey" accounted for it all. He advised me to go up to the police office and report the case there, and offered to go with me, and we went, and they entered the case on their books. How much that amounted to I knew not, but it did not fetch back the big pocket-book. That with its contents never returned. It contained thirty-two dollars in cash, two certificates of shares in the Eastern Railroad, belonging to Mr. George J. Hale, which I took to collect the dividend, and some other valuable papers. For the railroad shares I eventually got duplicate certificates, and the value of the other papers, I think, was all secured. The cash was all the pecuniary loss. In the course of an hour or two after the robbery I called at the freight office where I did my business, in-

tending to tell them all about it. But the first salutation when entering the door was, "Ha! Been to see the monkey dance! and lost your pocket-book, have you?" That's so! but how in the world did you know it? "Saw it in the papers!" And sure enough, it was in the paper, and I had the pleasure of reading it, in a very short time after it took place. It was about like this; "Mr. D. N. Prime, of Rowley, while listening to the music of an organ grinder, and seeing the monkey dance, in Kilby street, this forenoon, was relieved of his pocket-book containing thirty-two dollars in cash, and valuable papers." This was scarcely less aggrevating than the robbery itself, and made far more sport than grief among the employees on the road, and others of my acquaintance. And the "organ grinder and the monkey"—either by words or significant gestures—were their frequent greetings and salutations, for months, and perhaps years afterwards. It is rather mortifying to publish all this to the world; but it seems too good to be lost. So here you have it! How true it is—as saith the poet—that,

"Music to rapture swells the listening mind."

And the truly beautiful and and enchanting sounds of a good hand organ, especially when accompanied with the freaks of a monkey—will do it most effectually. I seldom—if ever—since that occurance hear the sound of one in the street, but my hand involuntarily rises

to my breast pocket to see that all is safe. Permit me here to advice all young men, when they hear the sound of an organ in the street, or see the freaks of a monkey, to see to it that all is safe. Stop and hear the music if you wish, and are not too much in a hurry, for it often times is very beautiful; and see the capers of the quadruped, for it is funny and perfectly innocent. But be sure and look out for your pocket-book, for if the villians get that you will not only lose your money, but you will surely incur the burlesque of your associates for a long time to come.

Evening Meeting in Boston.

I will now relate another event which also occurred in Boston, away back in my youthful days. I happened to be there with Mr. Solomon Nelson—I think it was while I worked for him, as above related. We staid over night, and in the evening Mr. Nelson proposed that, instead of going to places of amusement, we try to find a religious meeting and spend our time there. To which I gladly assented. And I followed him; he soon discovered a light in the vestry of Doctor Beecher's church, we went in and found quite a collection of people there. After waiting a short time, a rather commonplace looking man arose and read a hymn—which was sung—then the same *deacon,* or lay brother—as we supposed him to be—

made a prayer, then they sung again. Mr. Nelson whispered, "I fear the Doctor will not be here to-night." He was rather disappointed and so was I, we both wanted to see him. Soon the same person opened a Bible and read a passage of scripture, as deacons often do. And I well remember what it was. I have heard a great many texts since and forgotten them, but this still remains in my memory, "I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentence." And he not only read it, but began to talk about it; moderately at first but he soon "warmed up," and went into the subject with power. "Is *not this the Doctor after all?*" I said to Mr. Nelson. "Well I declare it may be," was about his reply. And sure enough it was the veritable Doctor Lyman Beecher, a very talented and eloquent preacher himself, and the father of—perhaps—one of the most wonderful families for intellectual endowments that the world has ever produced, as most of our readers probably know. He went on in a strain of easy and natural eloquence that soon dispelled all doubt as to his identity. I recollect that he said "there might be myriads of angels passing from earth to heaven, bearing the joyful tidings of the conversion of sinners here on earth." Some of his ideas were new and very interesting to me, and made a deep

impression on my mind which more than a half a century of the varied and tumultuous scenes of life have not wholly eradicated.

Visit to the Great West.

After my brothers emigrated to the Great West, which I have related above, all through the early part of my life I hoped and intended to go and see them "sometime." I do not recollect ever having any serious thoughts of settling there, but I meant, certainly, to make them a visit; but at that time and for many years after it was a tremendous undertaking and required an urgent call, good courage, a plenty of leisure and of cash. If things had remained as they then were, I do not believe I should ever have done it. But in process of time we began to hear of railroads, locomotives and the cars. First in England and then in this country. Wonderful inventions! Mysterious! Unaccountable! Almost too much to believe, but it was all true, and we soon had the pleasure of seeing it all verified, as it were, at our own doors. Then I began to hope that that "sometime" might be near. And it was. Railroads were open from Rowley to the Mississippi river. All that had to be done was to step into the cars at our depot, go to Boston and purchase a *through* ticket to Rock Island, which was as far as

the road was then built. This I did about the first of September, 1855. I now regret that I had not kept a journal of that trip, but I did not, and I have to depend on my memory for about all that I shall relate. My son Daniel went with me to Boston and assisted me about getting a ticket, and saw me comfortably seated in the car at the Worcester depot, and left me, —as I supposed, to go on,—but he soon returned and handed me a "Railroad Guide," and we were soon on our way by the Western and Worcester Railroads to Albany, where we arrived early in the evening. On landing we were met by a hackman with the usual salutation, "Carriage, sir," "Carriage, sir." I told him I wanted to go to another depot which was near by. "O jump in, sir, jump in, they are all going to ride," and not knowing what else to do, I did jump, or climb in. He started Jehu-like, as though going "somewhere," and drove furiously perhaps twenty rods and suddenly stopped, and was at once at the carriage door. "Depot, gents, depot, gents, jump out here." "Fare, sir, fare sir." How much? "Quarter dollar, sir, quarter dollar." I was about to demur, but the little Dutchman was so pleasant and the whole thing so funny that I felt more like laughing than complaining, and paid the quarter without debate. From thence we went on the New York Central and Rochester, Lockport and Niagara Falls Railroad to the Sus-

pension Bridge. We made a short stop there. I stood a few moments on the bridge reflecting on the wonderful works of man, and the still more wonderful works of the great Architect and original inventor and Creator of all things! I saw the little steamer "Maid of the Mist" lying in the stream away down almost out of sight. Had a glimpse of the Falls, away in the distance up stream. I then had a struggle in my own mind, whether to stop a spell and have a satisfactory view of this mighty work of nature, or go on with that train. I wanted very much to stop, but, I was as it were, "all alone" and was anxious to proceed on my journey without delay. I finally settled the question, by promising myself that I would *certainly* come up here again. And I really meant to do it; but that resolve, like numerous others during life, though made in good faith, was never realized. As myself and I were the only parties interested, it was easily absolved by mutual consent. I then took my seat in the car and proceeded over the Great Western Railroad in Canada, riding more than two hundred miles in Queen Victoria's dominions to Detroit, where I stopped over night. The next morning I started on the "Michigan Central," and went by the "cut off," then a new thing, directly to Joliet, leaving Chicago about forty miles on the right. There I waited several hours for the Chi*cago and* Rock Island train, which I took and pro-

ceeded to Rock Island. This was the end of our ride by rail,—the road went no further. Here I will stop to relate one of the meanest and most provoking impositions that I ever met with. Just before we arrived at Rock Island a man came into the cars and distributed a lot of handbills. He was an agent for the "Davenport and Iowa City Stage Company." I told him I wanted to go to Sigourney, Keokuk County, and asked him if he could help me. He pretended not to know exactly where Sigourney was, but he thought it was not far from Iowa City, to which place he could carry me the next day. I should then have no difficulty in finding Sigourney. Not knowing any better, I engaged to go with him. The distance to Iowa City was sixty three miles, over a rough and tiresome road, and it was by far the most fatiguing days work of the journey. We arrived there late in the evening and I had to go and call up the agent of another Company, who told me he should start early next morning, and could only carry me to within twenty miles of Sigourney, the next day. Of course I had to go with him. He carried me to Washington—not the Capital —where I had to stay till the next morning, when another conveyance came along which carried me to Sigourney, where I arrived on Saturday about noon.

Now what I ought to have done—and undoubtedly should have done—had I not seen that "agent," who

probably knew all about it—when I got to Rock Island I should have stepped on board the steamer and glided beautifully down the Mississippi to Muscatine, and thence by a regular stage line to Sigourney. I should have saved a large portion of the time and of the expense, and escaped that cruel day's work in the stage.

At Sigourney I found my brother Nathaniel. He was the youngest of the family, just two years younger than myself; we were the most intimate in our childhood and youth, and we had not met for about forty years. You can judge of our feelings. I shall not attempt to describe them; *I could not do it.* His wife and daughter too, were overwhelmed and over. joyed at my unexpected arrival, and their feelings were fully reciprocated by their visitor.

But I have been so long getting here — I mean with my story—that I shall have but little to say respecting my stay in this place. I still had another brother in another part of the state about one hundred and fifty miles from Sigourney, and after our first salutations, rejoicings and sobbings were over, the next thing was to make arrangements to go together and see brother John. I stayed with Nathaniel over the Sabbath and went to meeting with him. On Tuesday morning, I think it was, we started with a team on *our journey.* On the third day, in the afternoon I

called at a store and enquired of the attendant, if he knew a Mr. Prime who lived somewhere in that region. He said that their were two of that name not many miles away, George and Daniel. These of course were not brother John, but they were his two oldest sons, who were married and lived about twenty miles this side of their father's house. Before night we found them both, and we stayed that night with George Smith, and the next day proceeded on to their father's, Daniel Noyes going with us; when near the place, they both got out of the carriage and I went on alone and came opposite the house. I saw an old gentleman in the yard and should probably not have known him if I had met him unexpectedly, but as as it was I at once recognized him, though he had not the least idea who it was that stopped and enquired, "How far is it to Homer?" I conversed with him a few minutes without the slightest suspicion on his part that we were brothers, but my companions soon came up and the mystery was solved. They were all surprised and overjoyed at our unexpected arrival. We stayed there several days and enjoyed the company of our brother and his large family, and circle of friends, and saw as much of the country as we conveniently could in so short a time, and then returned to Sigourney with my brother Nathaniel, where I remained a few days and then took my departure from the Great West. I had

learned one thing if no more, that was, the way from Rock Island to Sigourney. There was a regular and direct stage route or conveyance from Sigourney to Muscatine. I took a seat in their carriage—not very stylish, but decent and comfortable—near my brother's house. The driver was an active young man, and some of the way I was the only passenger, and we had a pleasant and social time. At Muscatine I took the steamboat up the river to Rock Island, than which nothing could be more beautiful. Now readers do you wonder at my remarks about that "*Stage Agent*" who played that cruel trick upon an unsuspecting traveller? For my part I never can think of him without a ruffle.

At Rock Island I purchased a ticket for Boston, via Cleaveland, Ohio, and New York City. On my return I came over the Chicago & Rock Island Railroad, directly to Chicago. I made a very short stop there and saw but little of the city. From thence over the Michigan Southern, Northern Indiana, and Cleaveland & Toledo Railroads, to Cleaveland, Ohio. I stopped in Cleaveland two nights and part of three days, with a niece, Mrs. Hannah Sanborn, daughter of my brother Thomas, of Salem, from whence she, with her husband, removed in their youthful days. My visit was entirely unexpected, but evidently very pleasant, to them, and it certainly was so to me. They treated me with the *greatest* possible respect. They took a carriage and

span of horses, and drove all about that beautiful city. This was a very pleasant and agreeable part of my journey. I got fully recruited, and able to continue my course towards home, which I did, by the Lake Shore Road to Dunkirk, and from thence on the great New York & Erie Railroad to New York. We started from Dunkirk in the evening and travelled straight along in the same car, though with several different conductors, four hundred and sixty miles, and arrived in New York in the forenoon of the next day. I was still "all alone," without any one that I knew, or that knew or cared, particularly, about me. There were people in New York who probably would have been glad to see me and I should have been glad to see them, but I had not strength or energy enough to hunt them up. I spent the few hours I had to spare in looking around the city without any guide. I went to see the Crystal Palace, which was then somewhat of a new thing and a truly wonderful building. This was my first, and probably my last, visit to New York. I then saw all that I ever have and probably all I ever shall see of that great metropolis. Towards night I started by the usual conveyances, steamboats and railroads, through Providence to Boston, where I arrived early the next morning, in season to take the first train on the old familiar Eastern Railroad, for old Rowley, arriving there in season for a late breakfast at home. I was glad to

get back again to "My own, my native place." Oh! Glorious New England. I would not exchange thee, after all, as a place of residence, for all the prairies of the West or golden mountains of California.

Last Visit of my aged brother from the West.

On Saturday evening, September 21, 1867, we were greatly and agreeably surprised at the unexpected arrival of my then only remaining brother, John Prime, with his two oldest sons, George Smith, and Daniel Noyes, from Iowa. My brother was then over eighty-two years old, quite feeble and almost blind, and hardly able to perform so great a journey. But he was very desirous to visit his native place, and his only brother—the writer—before he took his last and inevitable journey to that unknown country to which we are all bound, and to which he has since gone. His two sons, with true filial affection, accompanied him to guard and protect him. Words are inadequate to express my own feelings on seeing him; I was overcome with joy and gladness and at the same time filled with sorrow! This may seem a paradox, but *it is true.* I was extremely glad to see him once more in his native place, but sad and sorrowful to see the change that had come over him since he left it. Then he was young strong and healthy, full of life and vigor; now old and

decriped! Then he stood erect and firm; now stooping, feeble and tottering! Then his face was ruddy and fair; now deeply furrowed and wrinkled with age! Then his vision was clear and perfect; now dark and obscure! Oh! cruel time, what hast thou done to him—and *to me too*—during these years? Alas, how *very hard* it seems! But such is our destiny! And it is undoubtedly all right, and all, on the whole, for the best. On their journey here—in consequence of an obstruction on the New York Central Railroad—they were detained several hours in the night time at a small station this side of Buffalo. The two sons, and most of the passengers fell asleep. But my brother—as is often the case with old people—was wide awake and restless, and he stepped out of the car and the train unexpectedly, *to him*, started on and left him. The young men awoke, and, to their surprise and great alarm, found that the train was going on—and their father was not there! That was a trying moment. They rushed to the conductor and implored him to return to the place where they had been stopping, for their father—an old man nearly blind they feared had been thrown off when the train started. This he could not do; but he stopped at the first telegraph office and sent a message back, if the old gentleman was there to have him sent to Syracuse the first chance, and he advised the young men to go on there.

They could then go to their father or he to them sooner than from any other point. They did so. When they arrived at Syracuse they found a telegram there from him saying, "all right." They then sent to him to come on the next train, and they waited till he arrived. And soon they were all together again safe and sound, and no doubt greatly relieved, and truly thankful for that wonderful discovery and invention the magnetic telegraph. For myself I have ever considered that occurrance one of the best and most useful feats of that mysterious and incomprehensible agent that I have ever heard of. They staid with us but about a week, during which time we did all in our power for their pleasure and comfort. I went round with my brother in our own village and in Georgetown, where he lived the most of the time in his youth, and called upon the friends and acquaintance who were then living, very many of them were of course gone. It was a satisfaction to him to see—though dimly—and take by the hand and converse with them once more, though fully conscious that it must be the last time. It was necessarilly a melancholy pleasure, but still it was a satisfaction.

The young men evidently enjoyed the visit well. They had never before seen New England, or old Rowley, the birth-place of their ancestors for more than two *centuries*. My sons attended mostly to them and es-

corted them all around in the vicinity among their relatives and friends. They went to the cattle show in Haverhill, with which they were much interested and pleased. They also went to Plum Island, which was entirely new and extremely interesting; there they for the first time

> Saw the broad Atlantic all in commotion,—
> Stood on its brink and heard its solemn roar,—
> Saw the rolling billows of that mighty ocean
> Arise and "dash and die upon the shore."

But the finale is yet to come. Soon their time is out, and they must return to their homes. And I had to take the wrinkled and trembling hands of my only remaining brother and say *Farewell*, fully believing it was for the last time on earth. Oh! how hard it was. Readers, some of you may feel it, but I cannot describe it. But such is our destiny here. I doubt not it is all right, and on the whole all for the best! but surely *this is not, cannot be* the end; *we must meet again!* There must be something better to come, else our existence is a failure. I trust implicitly in the promises of Revelation, that we are to be delivered from this state of bondage, imperfection and evil, "into the glorious liberty of the sons of God;" that, "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive;" that, "As *we have borne the* image of the earthy, we shall also *bear the image* of the heavenly;" and that eventually *the whole intelligent* creation will see, admire, and b

the Creator, as clearly displayed in his wonderful works of creation and providence, when fully unfolded, and will all unite in "ascribing blessing, and honor, and glory, and power unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever."

Burning of our Shoe Manufactory.

On the morning of the 24th of January, 1869, I was up early and went to the barn with a lantern. As I passed through the yard I saw a light in the basement of the shoe factory, and I supposed some of the workmen were there, and went into the barn and fed the creatures. I had been there but a short time, when I heard the cry of "Fire! fire! fire!" In an instant I thought of the light in the shop, and was there as quick as possible. The inside of the lower part of the building was all in a blaze.

My son Daniel, whose house is close by, also saw the light in the cellar, and at first supposed it was his brother Samuel after coal, but he soon thought otherwise and hastened to the shop, and opened the door; the fire was then bursting through the floor; he screamed "Fire!" and ran back towards his house. His wife heard him, and met him with two pails of water, which he dashed on the fire, which appeared for

the neighbors from all quarters were promptly there. Had there been no other buildings exposed, efforts would probably have been made to save some of the goods in the second story; but there was a large barn with a solid mow of ten or twelve tons of English hay in the east end, less than fourteen feet from the burning building, and the dwelling house and store were in close proximity, had the barn took fire—and for some time we thought it must—all would have gone; no power at our command could have prevented it. That was a trying moment. We had no Fire Department or apparatus, but we had men of pluck there. Mr. John T. Buttman, then our nearest neighbor, was one of the first that arrived. He at once comprehended the situation, and sung out, like one who knew, and meant to do, "The shop is gone, we cannot save it. Let us now direct all our efforts to save the other buildings." All entered at once into the work. Ladders, that were providentially at hand, were raised from the ground to the ridge-pole of the barn; the end of the barn next to the fire was covered with carpets and quilts, and kept well saturated with water—of which we had a good supply—which was passed up the ladders from one hand to another, in quick succession; also by two small force-pumps, which our kind neighbors, Messrs. Nathan Todd, and Albert Titcomb had the forethought to take with them. Good and effectual service was also rendered by shovelling snow, and throwing snowballs on the end of the barn. It would stick

on the carpets, melt and run down, and was actually better than water. That was snowballing to some purpose, and "the boys" for once played a good and effectual game at it. The wind, providentially, was westerly, and blew the fire from the barn; had it been to the eastward, it would have been impossible to have saved it. Nothing was done for the burning factory with all its contents, but to hasten its demolition, and thereby save the other buildings. That was an hour of intense anxiety. A sudden change of wind, or a whirling spark from that *waving, roaring, frightful* pyramid of flames might have blasted all our hopes and laid all our buildings in ruins. But by the almost superhuman exertions of our neighbors and friends and the smile of a kind providence, the shoe manufactory alone fell and all the other buildings were saved. That was a great relief—for the moment we almost forgot what we had lost, thinking only of what we had saved. Loss estimated about $4,000; insurance about $1,900. Early the next spring we erected another building on the same spot, and the business still continues.

BURNING OF MY SON SAMUEL'S DWELLING HOUSE.

About 10 o'clock A. M., August 26, 1869, the dwelling house of my son Samuel, a short distance from my *own, was discovered* to be on fire, on the roof near the *chimney, a* defect in which, was probably the cause of

the fire. Samuel was not at home, but his wife was there engaged in her ordinary affairs, all unconscious of what was going on over her head, until one of her neighbors, who was passing by, saw the fire, rushed into the door and sung out, "Your house is on fire." She started and run through the lower rooms and up into the front chambers and found all right, and began to hope it was a mistake. She then opened a door that entered an unfinished room, open to the attic, which was full of smoke and flame, and the fire just bursting through the roof. The wind was blowing fresh, and the fire gained very fast, and before sufficient help arrived it got such headway that it was impossible to check its progress, and it burnt to the ground. The furniture and most of the valuables in the lower part of the house were saved, and some from the chambers, but most of their beds and bedding and some valuable furniture in the chambers, with considerable of their wearing apparel, was lost. Loss estimated at $1,500; amount insured $600. His neighbors and friends kindly added to this about three hundred dollars by subscription, which enabled him to put up another house in a short time.

Severe Fit of Sickness.

In the autumn of 1869 I had a severe attack of epidemic dysentery, accompanied with fever, and for some time I was considered dangerously ill, and it was hard-

ly expected by my physician, attendants and friends that I should recover. Indeed, considering my advanced age and the nature and severity of my complaint, it seems a wonder that I did. I hardly expected it myself, although I never gave up all hope of recovery. My feelings during this sickness I think were rather peculiar, though others may have felt the same. I had never been so sick before, and was conscious that I might be very near my end. I dreaded the thoughts of dissolution. I did not feel ready or willing to give up the world with all its attractions *then.* I was extremely anxious to live still a *little longer,* until I could feel more willing to go. My work did seem to be finished! But I had no fear—that I am conscious of—of anything beyond the river of death. I felt that I *must be* perfectly safe in the hands of my Creator and Father, who of His own will sent me into this world of temptation, sin and sorrow, and to whom I was about to return. In the language of our own poet Whittier I could say—

"And so beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar,
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore;
I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know *I cannot drift*
Beyond his love and care."

I need not tell the reader that I did recover. Another short lease of life is granted me. My health has *really* been better since, than it was before I was sick.

For which, I trust, I am truly thankful, and hope I shall not have lived in vain during these *added years*, and that when the final summons does come—which must be very soon—I shall be better reconciled to our inevitable fate than I then was.

"Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there."

So sang that beautiful poet, that eloquent preacher and profound writer, Rev. Dr. Watts. And if all his poetry, his sermons and writings had been in harmony with the third line of that stanza, he might with more propriety and confidence have asked the question in the first line. But alas! his writings and sermons, though learned and eloquent;—his psalms and hymns, though beautiful in other respects, abound with passages which, to my mind answer his question with a terrible emphasis,—and if true, furnish ample reason why we *should* "start and fear to die." Take, as an illustration, the following stanzas from one of his hymns:—

"Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
That land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.
Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dyed in the blood of damned souls."

Now if such terrible scenes as these await a

large portion of our race on the other side of the "River," and if some of the best of men—belivers of this doctrine admit that "their hope is a very humble one which they fear may be disappointed." Who would not dread to cross its rolling billows? It would be stupidity or madness not to shrink from such an awful prospect. If such had been my belief during my sickness I should have been filled with horror. It seems to me that I could not have endured it. Tell me not that I could have secured my own salvation by complying with the "conditions," and been satisfied, and happy, and *willing to die*, without regard to the fate of others. I have no sympathy with such feelings; I believe they are wrong! It wholly ignores our Savior's golden rule, and the second great command: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." I could not, it seems to me, be satisfied with it, unless changed to a demon. I could have no confidence in a being who would, under any conceivable circumstances, consign any of my relatives and friends, or any of the human family—*His own offspring*—to those "Eternal plagues and heavy chains." I could not confide in Him, I could not trust Him, and surely *I could not love Him!* That there are some "happy deaths," as they are called, of the believers in endless misery, I do not doubt; but it is not the belief of that doctrine that makes them so. That is usually kept out of sight in that solemn hour. Relatives and friends, physicians, and clergymen, par*tialist though* they be, all unite to keep still upon that

awful subject. The goodness and the love of God—the essence of Universalism though not the name—is then the absorbing topic. This is right; so far they do well. Should they tell that pious mother while in the struggles of death, that she would soon find relief in the bosom of Abraham, it would inspire her with confidence and joy; but should they go on, and tell her that she would then see a beloved son, who had lately passed away unprepared, in yonder world of despair, writhing and groaning amidst those "Tormenting racks and fiery coals," "calling upon Father Abraham for one drop of water to cool his parched tongue," but denied, it would surely fill her with horror. She could not be happy if she believed and realized it; she would have good reason to "start and fear to die." But do you tell me she would be "changed" so as to be perfectly happy, and rejoice in beholding his misery? What an *awful change* that must be! Mothers, what do you think of it? Does it look desirable? Do you wish and pray for such a change? My mind involuntarily goes back to my own dear mother, who was so anxious that her children might all be saved from that "awful doom," of which she was a full believer. Has she, now in that blest abode, met with that dreadful change? Could she rejoice and sing over the anguish and torture, the lamentations and wailings of her own offspring? Spirit of departed parents, *forgive*: Heavenly Father, pardon the dread-

ful allusion! Nothing that I can conceive of seems more awful, more diabolical to me, than such a change. I ask for no such comfort on a sick and dying bed! I would rather die an *atheist* than *such* a Christian.

CHAPTER XVI.

THEOLOGICAL CORRESPONDENCE. — PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

But the great subject which has been uppermost in my mind a great portion of my life, and which I now consider the most important that ever agitated the human mind, is our *future immortal destiny.* I was brought up and educated in the belief of the *then* popular doctrine of *endless misery* for a large portion of our race. For many years in the early part of my life I supposed that dreadful doctrine *was the truth.* But I cannot remember the time when I could heartily acquiesce in it, or see the wisdom or justice of it. I am now fully convinced that my belief of it was merely the effect of my education. It was instilled into my mind in infancy and youth by my good mother and others, who also, in their turn, previously in their childhood had been taught the same by their parents *and predecessors,* and so on clear back to the dark

ages, until it had got to be, as it were, *second nature.* It seems to "run in the blood." Children inherit it as they do the property of their parents. This is evident from the almost universal ignorance there seems to be in regard to the evidence,—or rather want of evidence—from reason or scripture to sustain it. There is scarcely one in a hundred of its believers that have become so by careful study and investigation, or that are prepared by fair and honorable argument to defend and maintain it. Even the learned clergy, many of them are but poorly posted up, upon this subject. They, too, have evidently inherited it from their predecessors, and it has been firmly riveted in their minds by their theological training and education. The convictions of my own *free* and *unfettered* mind has always been opposed to the cruel doctrine of *endless misery.* This I fully believe would be universally the case were it not for education. Reason tells me it cannot be true. It is *impossible.* If God is possessed of the attributes which the Bible ascribes to Him, and to which all Christians of every sect agree,—that doctrine *cannot be true!* The old Calvinistic plan,—that God has "foreordained it all for His own glory,"—strips him at once of all his moral attributes, His wisdom, His justice, His goodness and His love, and leave Him simply an "Almighty Tyrant." And the Arminian plan—that God did not ordain this dreadful result! "Oh no," they *say, "He is* altogether too good for that. He meant

that all should be happy. He longs for the salvation of all men, but *cannot* save us unless we do our part," &c.,—is weak and effeminate, and makes Him an imbecile wholly unfit to govern the universe. Of the two systems Calvinism is far the most consistent. If I was a partialist I should surely be a Calvinist. I believe, with them, that "God has foreordained whatever comes to pass."

The course I have taken in support of what I verily believe to be the *truth*, has caused me some trouble, but it has been in a good degree counterbalanced by the satisfaction I have taken in defending it. I have felt, and still feel, the *fullest assurance* that I was contending for the right, and that my position was invulnerable. My orthodox friends, of whom I have had many, have been grieved at my dissention from "the good old paths of our fathers." Some of them have been very anxious about me. I do not at all wonder at it, believing as they evidently do—that I have embraced a *fatal error*, which, if not given up, will surely end in perdition! I should think they would feel worse than they appear to. I should feel dreadfully about them if I really believed they were exposed to those eternal torments to which they profess to believe that I am. But I feel the fullest assurance that they are *themselves mistaken*. God our Father will do no such dreadful thing to them or me, or any of his dependent offspring, *whom He, of* His own free will, without our

knowledge or volition, has brought into existence! And His word assures us, that "He is good to *all*, and His tender mercies are over all His works." *We*, certainly, are a part of His works. He will be good to *us*; His tender mercies are and always will be over *us*. "He made *us*, and not *we* ourselves." "He knoweth *our* frame and remembers *we* are but dust." He remembers, too, that He made us "subject to vanity," or liable to sin,—otherwise *we never should have sinned!* That is a truism that cannot be controverted. If sin had been an infinite evil, and its penalty ETERNAL TORMENTS, surely a being of infinite wisdom, goodness and power *never would have permitted it.* And St. Paul assures us that the same "creature which was made subject to vanity *not willingly*, shall eventually be delivered from this bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God! I have had frequent discussions with the believers of that cruel doctrine, both clergymen and laymen. I have had no fear to engage with the ablest divines. The more they knew about the Scriptures the better I have liked to discuss with them, for the reason that my object was not merely to gain the victory, but to elicit truth. If I was wrong I wished to know it. My mind has been open to conviction. My most earnest desire has been, and still is, *to know the truth.* If *they* could convince me I was wrong, I would at once *renounce* the error and make a public recantation.

This I have often told my antagonists in the utmost sincerity, and without reservation. But I can truly say I have never found the man—clergyman or layman—that could begin to do it. So far from this is the fact, that my controversies with the most talented defenders of that doctrine have always had a contrary effect. Their reluctance to engage in controversy,—their utter inability to sustain their position either by reason or Scripture,—their apparent unflinching determination to stick to their texts and hold on to the old creeds, regardless of all arguments that can be brought against them—have all tended to confirm me in my belief. I have been filled with astonishment at these things. Men of learning, of strong minds, who are ready, able and willing to discuss other questions in a reasonable and logical manner,—when upon this subject do, to a great extent, lay aside their reasoning powers and give themselves up to their feelings, prejudices and preconceived opinions. They seem to feel that it *must be so.* Those old time-honored doctrines that have been believed by the great and the good for so many centuries, must be true. They cannot give them up! The rising light that shines upon them and shows their hideousness, must, *at all events,* be stifled and put out. Upon this subject they seem to "Choose darkness rather than light because their—prejudices—are evil." I have heard an anecdote of Daniel Webster: some one asked him his opinion

about the Trinity,—about three in one and one in three. He replied "I do not understand the arithmetic of heaven." If he ever said this, it must have been either evasive or ironical. To suppose the arithmetic of heaven was different from our own—that in it three made one or one three—or that the power of numbers in heaven was in any respect different from what it is in our arithmetic, is a manifest absurdity! It is in fact an impossibility! Any doctrine founded on such an hypothesis is an imposition. This is a pretty fair specimen of partialism—or the way in which it is sustained. Any arithmetical question given us from heaven must be answered by our knowledge of figures, if at all. Just so in regard to the Bible. The reason God has given us *must be our guide.* By it we must decide whether it is inspired or not, and what are its teachings. There can be no responsibility beyond that.

Those who tell us that our reason is depraved and liable to lead us astray are either humbugged themselves or are attempting to humbug others. That God is a reasonable being none will venture to dispute. That he will deal with us as reasonable creatures, all who are not blinded by prejudice or falsehood, will admit. I do not believe he will punish us for not believing what, after an honest and faithful investigation appears unreasonable and unjust. Some may think *this is going* too far. I do not. I will venture still

further. If an honest student of the bible meets with a passage that appears to teach a doctrine contrary to the convictions of his own mind, and he cannot find some other solution more consistent with reason, he is under no obligation to believe it. But of this last alternative there is no danger in regard to the doctrine of eternal torments, for I feel the fullest assurance that every honest student of the bible, who has a mind adequate to the undertaking, and no others can be responsible, if he will lay aside all prejudice and preconceived opinions and examine the whole subject anew, will have the happiness—which it must afford to every benevolent mind—to find that it does not teach that dreadful doctrine, but that it does teach the glorious doctrine of the ultimate holiness and happiness of all our race. They will then be able to say with St. Paul, that "God had made known to them the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself, that in the dispensation of the fullness of time he might gather together in one all things in Christ."

Discussion with a Baptist Clergyman.

My "Letters to a Baptist Clergyman" which have been published and which I wish might be read by all who feel an interest in this great subject are a sample of my mode of argumeut with others. I should have been glad to have published his letters in reply, but

did not feel authorized to do it. But my letters contain about all of his arguments in his own language. That is enough, I think, to show pretty clearly to all candid minds, what I hesitate not to say was the fact, viz:—That he utterly failed to sustain his ground, or prove the truth of the cruel dogma of endless pain.

His closing act in the drama—sending back one of my letters unopened—is pretty good evidence that he was disappointed, fretted and vexed at his failure. He certainly must have felt it.

> "Men reason with temper, the party that winces
> Confesses how sorely the argument pinches."

Could the reverend gentleman, as he probably expected when he commenced, have found the bible clear plain and unanswerable, in support of his doctrine, which could not by fair criticism be explained otherwise, he would gladly have continued the discussion and he would have done it pleasantly too, I doubt not. It was not the want of talents, or of natural good feelings, but the weakness of his cause and the impossibility of sustaining his position that disturbed his equanimity and caused his failure.

If he "still lives," and I hope he does, and if what I am now writing should meet his eye, I wish to say to him and his friends who sustained him at that time as I then said "To the reader," that "those letters were written in the utmost sincerity, kindness, and *friendship,* to elicit truth." They were a true express-

ion of my feelings and belief. They were in as respectful language as I was capable of. They were aimed against the doctrine and not the man. It is now more than eighteen years since the first was written, and I have seen no cause to alter my mind or to regret the course I then took. I still believe more confidently if possible, than then, that the cruel doctrine of eternal torments which he then preached with such ardor and earnestness, is all a great mistake. And I cannot but hope that by this time, if he has not wholly renounced it, his ardor in support of it is in some degree abated, if it is not he is clear behind the times. There is certainly a great change in the style of preaching in many partialist pulpits since that time. May that change continue and increase until that cruel heathen doctrine sinks to utter oblivion.

Discussion with an Orthodox Clergyman.

I also had a long correspondence with an orthodox clergyman upon the same great subject, which never was published. I wish it could have been. It commenced in this way. One pleasant evening in the year 1849, I happened to meet him in the street. After the usual salutations he spoke of the sudden death of one of my neighbors, an intimate friend of mine, who died a short time before, who was a man of good moral character but not a professor of religion. I do

not remember his exact language, but it seemed to imply that he might have died unprepared, and if so, he *must have gone to the world of misery.* He then spoke of the importance of being at all times prepared for death. After a short conversation, he looked me full in the face and said, "I want you to tell me at some future time what language you should have expected to have found in the Bible if the doctrine of endless misery is true?" I told him at once that I would do it. I was pleased with the question. It opened a wide field for thought and mental labor upon a subject always interesting to me, which I was more than willing to undertake. I have thought a great deal upon that question and the discussion that grew out of it. I think the reverend gentleman was very unfortunate in proposing it, if his object was to carry his point and gain the victory. It was, in my opinion, fatal to his cause. It is so manifest beyond all question, that the Bible *does not teach it so clearly as we should expect, if true,* that no man of common sense would venture to say otherwise—unless his mental faculties were totally blinded by prejudice or bigotry. Who, I ask, would have expected that the Old Testament, which was all the written revelation given to man for four thousand years, would have been silent upon this *tremendous* subject—if it was true? Yet this is a fact freely admitted by some of the most tal*ented* orthodox divines. As this discussion was very

interesting to me at the time, and I still look back to it as a somewhat prominent event in my life, I shall venture to give a somewhat extended synopsis of it.

My first letter was dated Sept. 26, 1849. It was a direct reply to his question as stated above. I then stated that if the doctrine of endless misery is true,—if this life is our "only state of probation," and our eternal interests depend on something that must be done in it. I should have expected that it would have been clearly and incontrovertibly revealed in every part of the Bible, and every individual of the human family would have been placed in a situation so as to perfectly understand it. Certainly a being possessed of infinite wisdom, goodness and Almighty power, if he had placed our eternal interests dependent upon such a contingency, could have done nothing less than this." In conclusion I respectfully requested a reply.

This letter remained unanswered nearly eighteen months, until I wrote a second dated Feb. 1, 1851. I then reminded him of my previous letter, and that I had not had the pleasure of receiving a reply. I then restated the question, and appealed to him as follows: I ask you as an honest man, I ask you as a Christian, to exercise the reason God has given you, and tell me, should *you* not have expected that the awful destiny to which we are all exposed—if that doctrine is true—and the only way of escape would have been clearly revealed, *and that* every individual would have had a

fair opportunity to escape from that awful doom? In conclusion I again earnestly requested a reply. In a few days I received a somewhat lengthy, friendly, and polite letter. He apologized for his delay, eulogized my letter and said, "It was one of the most courteous he ever received upon any subject." He "had no doubt of my sincerity, but sincerity cannot shield us from the perils of mistake. Saul of Tarsus was sincere, but mistaken. His guilt or yours may not be so great as though you were not sincere." But he feared my sincerity would not lead me to the truth." In reply to the great question as above stated, he said, "I should not expect the doctrine to be so clearly revealed in the Bible that none could mistake." And again he said, "I expect it very slightly in the Old Testament." In my next letter I asked him what possible reason he could have for expecting it slightly in the Old Testament? Was not the immortal interests of the antidiluvians and the generations that preceded the Gospel day, as valuable as those of the present day? Was it not as necessary for them to have knowledge of their awful destiny and their only way of escape, as for us? Surely I can see no possible difference! Their life was their only state of probation in which to "escape from hell and fly to heaven," as much then as now, and the propagation of the Gospel in after ages could be of no possible use to them. *Why, then,* I pray you, tell me, why it was not as

necessary for them to have a clear revelation as it is for us? I request your particular attention to this point. This request,—so reasonable, so important, as it seems to me, was entirely unheeded for more than three years. During this time he had wrote to me without referring to that question at all. Again, July 26, 1854, I wrote as follows: In your letter of Feb. 1, 1851, you said, "I should have expected very slight intimations of that doctrine in the Old Testament." I was very much surprised at this remark at the time, and am still. I then earnestly requested you to give your reasons for such an expectation. But you have entirely neglected to do so. I now respectfully renew that request. I press this subject upon you. Remember, my dear sir, this is a question of your own proposing, and I think you are bound in honor to reply. This brought out the following reply, In a letter dated July 27, 1854, he says: "You are suprised at my speaking of slight intimations of this great truth. Did not the antediluvians need it? Why do you not ask me whether they did not need all truth? Why do you not ask me why there is so little of the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the dead, the Deity of Christ, the Holy Ghost, and other things of like kinds? Analogy leads me to expect it. The Old Testament is but a shadow of the truth, and I expect the umbrageous term death for future punishment, rather than the fire that is never quenched and

the worm that never dies, and such like. This is my answer to the question which you press with so much ardor: What I find in the *Old Testament* in regard to other truths I *expect in regard to future punishment.* It should be dimly revealed."

In my next letter of Sept. 20, 1854, I said in reply, "You have at length condescended to give your reason for expecting "slight intimations of future punishment in the Old Testament." And really if I was surprised at the remark in the first place, I am much more so at your explanation. You say, "Analogy leads you to expect it. What you find in the Old Testament in regard to other truths, you expect in regard to future punishment." And I suppose you would say, too, that what you find respectiug future punishment, you would expect in regard to those other truths! That would be reasoning in a circle, and shows conclusively that your verdict was made up by what you find to be the case. This really seems to be *trifling with the subject!*

The question was proposed in good faith, on the supposition that we were destitute of any revelation; otherwise it would be all a farce. If you had known that there was to be a revelation without any clear evidence of a future state, you might well have expected but slight intimations of future punishment, and the question would have been destitute of any meaning, and *altogether* unworthy of a moment's consideration.

In my letter of July, 1851, you will find that I supposed man to be destitute of any revelation, and put the question to you in these words: "If the doctrine of endless misery is true, and if this life is a state of probation, and our eternal interests depend on something we must do in this life, and our Creator is about to make known to us our origin, condition, and future immortal destiny, what would you expect?"

This, sir, is the question to which you was replying when you said you "should have expected it very slightly in the Old Testament." And now, sir, after my having several times requested you to give your reasons for such an expectation, you have given one which amounts to nothing more than that "you should have expected it because you find it to be so!" This, sir, is all your reason would amount to, if the cases were parallel; if it was just as important to know those "other truths," as it is for us to know about that *awful destiny* to which we are exposed in the immortal state, and the only way of escape; to know that this life is our "only state of probation"—the only time to "escape from hell and fly to heaven"—to know that "infinite joy or endless woe, attends on every breath!"

But, sir, *the cases are not parallel.* God with safety might, for aught we can see, have kept us in ignorance of those "other truths." But to keep from us the knowledge of that upon which our eternal interests for weal *or woe, for* heaven or hell, depends, is truly

awful! And what you, sir, or any other being possessed of reason, would never have expected. But you say "The Old Testament is a shadow of the truth, and you expect the umbrageous term death for future punishment, rather than the fire that is never quenched and the worm that never dies."

But do you suppose you would have expected *this* if you had been ignorant of any Revelation? That is the true and only meaning of the original question. I now again ask you in all sincerity, should you have expected that a revelation from our Heavenly Father to his own offspring, who are entirely dependent on him for life and every other good, upon such a momentous subject as their eternal welfare, would have been in *umbrageous, shadowy, dark* and *uncertain* language? Oh, sir, I entreat you, give this question its due weight. Be honest with yourself, be honest with your God, whatever you may say to me. Should you have expected any such thing? But the latter term, "The fire that is never quenched and the worm that never dies," you would not expect. Oh, no! That is too clear and plain for that dark dispensation. That must remain unrevealed till the light of the gospel day beams upon the world. That must make a part of the "Glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." That peculiarly expressive term which you call "Jesus Christ's worm that never dies," you do not expect in "That dark, umbrageous shadow of the truth,"

the Old Testament. What then must be your surprise when you come to turn over its pages, to find there this very language, to find that "unquenchable fire," or "fire that shall not be quenched," was a common phrase with the prophets to represent not that "world of misery in the future state, but temporal judgments in this world." What must be your astonishment when you learn that some of your own commentators say that this language was not original with Christ, but that he actually borrowed it from that same "*dark, umbrageous* shadow of the truth," the Old Testament.

Doctor Whitby, in his commentary on Mark 9: 43 and 44, says, "These words seem plainly taken from Isaiah 66: 24, where they exactly may be found, and it seems reasonable to interpret them according to the received opinions of the Jews, since otherwise our Lord by using this expression frequently in speaking to them, who would be sureto understand it in the usual sense, without saying anything to show that he did not understand it as they did, must have strengthened them in their error." If Doctor Whitby was right, and there is *not a doubt in my mind but that he was*, your whole argument founded on those *frightful words*—as they have been understood—"Where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched," *falls to the ground!* That the Prophet, in the passage *referred to by Whitby*, had reference to temporal judg-

ment, is certain; and it is just as certain to me that Christ in making use of the same words had special reference to the temporal judgments that were then soon to come upon that generation.

I take the liberty to refer you to the following passages in the Old Testament, where similar language is used in reference to judgments in this life: Isaiah 1: 31 and 34; 10 and 66: 24. Jeremiah 4: 4 and 7: 20 and 17: 4 and 57. I think, sir, by this time, you cannot fail to see the entire fallacy of your reasons for expecting "slight intimations" of that *tremendous doctrine*, if it is true.

This appeal had the desired effect. In his next letter the Rev. Gentleman meekly and truly said: "Why God has revealed future punishment less clearly in the Old Testament than He has in the New, I, of course, am unable to speak confidently. It is less, certainly."

My reply in my next letter was: "Aye, sir, I knew that before. How, then, came you to say you should have expected it? But as you have virtually acknowledged that you had no reason for such an expectation, I will press this point no further."

My friend closes his first letter with the following friendly and pathetic, though somewhat sensational peroration:

"I shall fondly hope and pray that this may do you good. I have a deep regard for you and your family, *and it is often* a sad thought to me that the seeds you

are sowing will grow on them when you are gone to your final account."

My reply to this, in my next letter, was as follows: "Your concluding remark is not unheeded. I feel a deep interest for the welfare of my family, and I have the pleasure of thinking that their moral character will not compare unfavorably with the rest of our youth. I do not think that the fear of the penitentiary or the gallows has had much to do with forming their characters. Neither do I believe that the terrors of the Inquisition, or its more dreadful prototype, HELL, will ever draw them to the love of God, or prepare them for the enjoyment of His favors in this or the future world.

I hope my errors, however great they may be, will not operate to their injury either while I am with them, or when I shall have passed to the spirit world, where I humbly hope to meet all my friends who have gone before me, and, in due time, all I leave behind. But if I now believed that there was then to be an *eternal separation*—some to go to the "world of happiness," as it is called, and some to the regions of "eternal despair," there to spend an eternity in full view of each other, and, as in the parable, be within speaking distance, it seems to me I should care but little to which place I went, for, unless I was changed from a man to a demon, either would be a place of indescribable torment! I envy not the feelings of those

who can calmly, and with apparent satisfaction, anticipate such scenes as these. I believe they are all wrong—*entirely wrong!* I believe they all spring from the same morbid state of mind that prompts the deluded heathen to suffer extreme tortures, and throw themselves under the Car of Juggernaut, in order to appease the wrath of their imaginary angry deity! I hope, my dear sir, the time is not far distant when the belief of this doctrine which has so long oppressed the minds and marred the happiness of man, will be banished from the earth, and "all, from the least to the greatest, shall know the Lord" *in his true character;* not as inexorable and dreadful being, who can take pleasure in the eternal wretchedness of his own offspring, but as a kind and merciful father who gave us our existence. "Who knoweth our frame, and remembers that we are but dust." "Who is good to all, and whose tender mercies are over all His works."

One of his letters was closed in the following truly laconic style: "With much regard for you as a man, but an utter hatred of your unbelief, I remain, &c." To which I replied as follows:

I still remain in full possession of that "unbelief" of which you have such an "utter hatred," and will just remark that if your hatred of my unbelief of the doctrine of endless misery equals my abhorrence of the doctrine itself, it must be strong indeed. And if your *love of that awful doctrine*, equals mine for the glori-

ous doctrine of universal holiness and happiness throughout the universe of God, it only proves the old adage true, that "What is meat to one is poison to another." But is it so? Do you love that doctrine? Is it a comfort and solace to you at all times? In the wakeful hours of night, when sleep departs from you, do you not sometimes think of friends who were near and dear to you, who, while living, you loved like your own life, who have gone to that spirit world without leaving good evidence of that "change of heart," without which—if your doctrine is true—they must now be *writhing* and *groaning* under the weight of the wrath of God, without the least hope of release through *eternal ages?* Are such thoughts comforting and consoling? Do you love to dwell upon them? Do you not sometimes dream of seeing them swimming in that lake of liquid fire, *beckoning, calling* and *screaming* to you for help? It seems to me that all this, and ten thousand times more, would be but the legitimate effect of an unwavering belief of that doctrine. Oh, sir, I pray you think of it in all its horrors! If you can endure the *dreadful thought,* it cannot be that you have ever begun to realize it. Indeed, no tongue can tell, no pen can describe, no imagination can conceive, its truly awful nature!

In my letter of September 20, 1854, in reply to a remark of his in a previous letter, I wrote as follows: You again refer to the opinion of the "great and good,"

or what you now call a "general faith," and say, "I think a great deal of it, and place great confidence in it." This I believe. I think you make quite too much of it. It is at most but second-hand evidence, which is not usually admitted in a court of justice. You seem to forget that the host of believers of your doctrine was made up of individuals; and probably few if any of them were more capable of judging, or had a better opportunity for knowing the meaning of the Scriptures, than yourself. You seem to forget that for far the largest part of these eighteen centuries, almost the entire Christian world has been sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance, bigotry and wickedness. That your doctrine has been fondled and nurtured in the bosom of the Holy Mother—the Church of Rome. That it has been the great prototype of the Inquisition; the mainspring and motive power to most of the cruelties, persecutions and martyrdoms of the dark ages. You seem to forget that a great portion of its abettors and propogators have been actuated by the basest of motives. Cupidity, selfishness, worldly honors and self-aggrandizement, have been their supreme object.

These facts, could they find a place in your mind, could not fail to weaken your faith in this—apparently—main pillar in your belief, and principal argument in its support.

You have said that "the Catholics have no Bibles."

This is true to some extent. But how happens it that they believe in endless misery? Where did they get that doctrine? You will say that "the priests allow them this part." Oh, yes! I warrant you that. The priests would not keep *that* from them, whether they found it in the Bible, or in their traditions, or in heathen mythology. They would not keep it from the ignorant classes. This is their *main pillar!* Without it they could not exist a day. The whole fabric would crumble to atoms, and totter and fall, like Babylon of old, to rise no more. The most ignorant Catholics that you can find, are as firm believers of this doctrine as you are. And this is not all; they believe, too, that this hell is for you, sir, as well as me. They class us both together as "heretics," and consign us both to that same dreadful hell! This they as firmly believe as you do that all who come not up to your standard will be lost.

Again I wrote: You commence your last letter by saying that you "do not reply because you consider yourself responsible for my Universalism." I am not particular about that, since you have replied. You say that you "have argued with me by day and by night, and entreated me to guard against the hazard which a mistake on this point might expose myself and others." That you have done your duty by way of exhortation and entreaty, I will not dispute. I exonerate you from all blame on that score, but you have certainly in

many instances neglected to reply to my arguments against your doctrine, and you have signally failed to convince me of its truth. You say that "I am responsible," "I am the man," &c. I *admit all this*, my dear sir, and I feel, too, *to whom* I am responsible. He only who knows every emotion of the mind, knows what my feelings have been, and still are, upon this *great subject*. You, sir, have frequently said that *you believe me sincere*. I thank you for the admission, but you cannot certainly know, but it is a consolation to me, amidst all the opposition, the frowns and disapprobation I meet with in consequence of my belief—to feel that there is one that *knows that I am sincere*, and I confidently trust, too, that he knows that I am *right* on this point. You say you "are no more responsible for my dangerous error than St. Paul was for that of the Jews, when he turned from them to the Gentiles." I think your allusion to St. Paul is rather unfortunate for you. Your complaint against me—and the only one that I know of—is my unbelief of the doctrine of endless misery. But this certainly was not the reason why Paul rejected the Jews. *Far from this!* They were believers of your dreadful doctrine. On this point we are agreed; we have both of us so decided in this discussion, and it is highly probable that the Jews, at that time, believed that Paul was a candidate for that dreadful doom, for forsaking the religion of his fathers, the "great and the good" of past

ages, and joining the poor, despised sect of Nazarines. That the Jews—especially the Scribes and Pharisees—were not Universalists, is abundantly evident. They were unmitigated Partialists! Now how was it with Paul? Was he a Universalist? This you will not so readily admit; if you should, it would at once put an end to the controversy. But to my mind there is *good evidence* that he was. Let us look at this subject—first, negatively: If he had been a believer of that doctrine, if he had believed in that awful pit of horror, in the immortal state as described by Watts, Baxter and Alleine, contained in some of my letters; and if he believed with you that without the preaching of that doctrine it is almost impossible to induce people to attend to the affairs of their souls, it is one of the most astonishing and unaccountable mysteries that he, with all his learning, zeal and ardor in his great work, should write so large a portion of the New Testament, *and not say one word about it!* Not even make use of the original word, *Gehenna*, which is now about the only word in the original depended on to prove that there is such a *dreadful hell!* Why, sir, we should have expected if he had been a believer in that *awful place*, his lively imagination would have painted it out in the most vivid and frightful colors, far exceeding those good all divines, and that all the powers of his great mind would have been employed in *expostulations* and entreaty with his countrymen, the

Jews, before he rejected them, and the Gentiles, to whom he was an especial Apostle, to escape from that *awful doom! But not one word of the kind can be found in all his writings!* This is enough, I should think, to convince every candid mind that he *was not* a believer in that *dreadful hell!* But this is not all. We have the affirmative evidence, as well as the negative, *all on our side.*

The writings of Paul abound with passages which, by their most natural and obvious meaning, *prove conclusively* to my mind the ultimate salvation of all our race. And it has required all the ingenuity and acumen of the Partialist divines to explain away what certainly *appears to be their true meaning.*

In my letter of March 15th, 1855, I wrote as follows: Your have all along professed a strong desire to do me good; you have said that "my spiritual interests are near your heart," &c., but you have neglected to reply to many of my arguments against the doctrine of endless misery, and to answer numerous questions I have proposed to you. On the other hand, I am not aware of a single argument of yours in its support, or against the glorious doctrine of the ultimate holiness and happiness of all our race, but what I have endeavored to meet and reply to in all honesty and sincerity, and, as it seems to me, in some instances to almost *annihilate* them; but you have almost entirely *neglected to* reply to any of these answers. This cer-

tainly seems rather disingenuous and unkind from one who professes so high a regard for me. Can you wonder, sir, that I should be somewhat surprised, or, to borrow some of your own words, should "find a confirmation of my views in this discussion." But "Charity suffereth long and is kind." I am still disposed to believe that you mean right and *wish me well*, and to attribute your failure, as it seems to me, not to a want of talent or intention to be unfair or unkind, but to the weakness of your cause! I think you must be sensible that you have signally failed to sustain it; but still you think *it must be true!* That old, long-established, time-honored system, which has been believed by the "great and good for so many hundred years." That "fair and well-proportioned body of truth," *must be true and must be supported!* I would not impugn your motives; they *may be good*, if you are mistaken. You, perhaps, fear that men will be led from what you believe *is the truth*, and embrace what you consider a *dangerous error.* Just so, my dear sir, permit me to tell you, it has been with the Catholics. This has been their plea for withholding not only Protestant writings, but the Bible itself, from the common people, for fear that they would understand it wrong. And I doubt not most of them are as sincere as yourself. But is this manly? Is it consistent with free inquiry and independent thinking? Is it consistent *with Protestantism? Is the evidence* of your doctrine so slight, so

obscure or so uncertain, that you fear to have it examined lest it should be disbelieved? Oh, sir! think of this I pray you! Is this the case? If so, I should suppose this also would convince any candid mind that there was good reason to doubt its truth. For surely we might well expect such a tremendous doctrine, if true, would be revealed in clear, simple and unmistakable language.

In one of my correspondent's letters he made the following gloomy remark: "My hope is an humble one, and one that *I fear may be disappointed!*" My reply to this was: Then it seems that you have fears that, after all, you may *yourself* suffer all these things! Is this possible? Can it be? Can you fear that the ever-blessed God, whom you worship and adore, and whose special servant you profess to be, will finally banish you from his presence and pour out the vials of His wrath upon your naked soul *forever?*

Is this "that perfect love that casteth out fear?" Is this "an anchor to the soul sure and steadfast?" Is this "the glorious gospel of the blessed God?" Is this childlike confidence? Can you love such a Father? Could you love an earthly father under such circumstances? One who you believed had determined to punish a large portion of his children with some *dreadful suffering,* and had prepared a place of *indescribable torment* for that purpose long before they were born, and although you had a "humble hope"

that you was one of his favorites whom he had elected for happiness, still you feared that "hope might be disappointed!" Could you love and confide implicitly in him as a father and best friend? Certainly you could not! No, sir! You could not confide in him! You could not trust him! You could not love him! I confess, my dear sir, I am wholly unable to conceive how you can believe such a result barely possible and not be filled with horror and consternation. But I certainly know of but few men that appear to enjoy life better than you. How can these things be?

In one of my letters, in reply to a remark of my correspondent, I wrote as follows: I cannot refrain from saying a few words about your apparent happiness amidst the dreadful things that surround you in prospect. Not that I envy your feelings or have the slightest wish to deprive you of all the happiness the earth affords, but it seems to me strangely inconsistent! You say, "If you are happy in the highest degree it is in the will of the Most High Being done." Now, sir, according to your belief, it is the will of the Most High that a large portion of our race, and among them, perhaps, some of your near and dear friends, and possibly your own dear self—according to your own admission—shall suffer an eternity of torment! Is it this that makes you "happy in the highest degree?" If this is so—and it seems to me your remark must come to this or lose its pertinence and force—you have got far

ahead of Saurin and many other good men, believers of that doctrine, who have freely confessed that the "thought of it was a mortal poison, diffusing itself through every period of life, rendering society tiresome, nourishment insipid, pleasure disgustful, and life itself a cruel bitter, and they cease to wonder that the fear of hell has made some mad and others melancholy." You will hardly need that great change spoken of in one of my letters. You seem already about prepared to rejoice and sing in view of that "lake of fire," and within hearing of those "shrieks and lamentations!" Really, sir, to speak of joy under such circumstances, seems to me very much like the joy of savage warriors returned from victory, shouting and dancing around their burning and tortured victims. They believe that the "Great Spirit" has prospered them in their just war against their wicked enemies, and approves of the cruelties they are inflicting on them, and I fully believe they are no more mistaken than you are in supposing that God designs such awful scenes for any of his children in the immortal state, and requires you to acquiesce, or, more awful still, to rejoice in them!

Again I wrote as follows: You say that "the sufferings of the dying infant will still be a mystery, &c." The sufferings of the innocent is, perhaps, one of the greatest mysteries in the ways of Providence; but we *know* that such things take place in the world under

the government of God, and, of course, must be right. We cannot, to be sure, see why it is so, but we can conceive and feel that it may be all for the best, even to those "who are exercised thereby." It may work out something better "*afterwards.*" This we know cannot be the result of endless misery—there is no afterwards to that. Indeed there is nothing in this wide universe that can be compared with endless misery. It stands alone, without a parallel! Nothing analagous! Nothing a millionth part so horrible! But in regard to the "dying infant." It seems to me if I believed as you profess to, that all who die in infancy are sure of immortal happiness, whilst a large portion of those who live to the age of accountability will go to that world of misery. I should be at no loss for a reason, that it was *all for the best.* For surely if this is the case, parents have reason to thank God when He sees fit to take their beloved offspring from them before they pass that fatal crisis, when they cease to be heirs of heaven and become children of the devil! For, according to that system, there is such an *awful moment* in every child's life who lives to become a moral agent! This is one of the numerous—almost numberless—absurdities of your awful doctrine. But even this, dreadful as it is, is far more tolerable than the belief of those "good old divines" of the past ages, that all unbaptized infants were lost! These same old divines on whom you place so much dependence in re-

lation to the question we are discussing, and on whose opinions you rely with such implicit confidence. I really do not see how those who still adhere to the old catechism can feel so sure of this small comfort. If "by the fall they were made liable to the pains of hell forever," what warrant have you that they are saved? Is not such a belief mere presumption? But I say not these things to rob you of the comfort you derive from the belief of the salvation of infants, but to show the absurdity of your system, and to induce you to extend your sympathies to the whole of our impotent race. Surely we are all but infants when compared with our Almighty Parent. Indeed there is infinitely more difference between Him and us than there is between the wisest and best of parents and the puny infants of a day old.

Again I wrote: You have several times spoke of the influence I may have over others—"my own family, the youth of our village," and the great responsibility that rests on me on that account. It is an old saying that I have somewhere heard, that "there is no danger of error if the truth was left free to combat it." Was I propogating my sentiments by human power, by "the sword or the fagot," you might well complain. But I should think you need not fear what I can do in support of what you call a dangerous error, so long as the field is open and the coast clear, and yourself and the mighty host of believers of your doctrine are free to

battle with me and crush me down. Besides, you have immense advantage in one respect—public feeling and prejudice is mostly on your side. Nearly all our population were seemingly born in the belief of endless misery. It has been rocked into them in their cradles, and instilled into their minds in infancy and youth; and it is almost impossible to eradicate those early impressions from their minds, even after they are rationally convinced that they *cannot be true.* All that I have done is to honestly, plainly and above board express my entire disbelief of that doctrine, and freely give my reason therefor. I do it because after a somewhat thorough investigation of the subject I most sincerely believe *it is not true!* That it is not the doctrine of the Bible! That it is against reason! That it is dishonorable to God and a source of misery to man! I hold myself ready at all times to give my reasons for the hope that is in me of the final holiness and happiness of all our race. I do not shrink from investigation. I am willing and anxious to hear all that can be said on both sides of this great subject. The TRUTH is the pearl for which I seek. To know the true answer to Pilate's great question is my most earnest desire.

Near the close of one of my letters, after an examination of various passages of scripture in relation to the term death, I wrote as follows—Do these passages or any others in the Bible prove that eternal death or

rather an eternal existence of torture and despair in the immortal state was threatened to Adam and all his posterity for his disobedience? Can you say that the evidence is sufficient to establish that dreadful doctrine? A doctrine fraught with such tremendous consequences, and so utterly repugnant to all our ideas of right and justice? For my part, after a careful and somewhat extended examination of these passages and all others I can find in the Bible, I am fully prepared to say that I cannot find a particle of evidence to suppost it. I know of no methods of judging in this case but the same we adopt in common affairs, that is by the evidence for or against it.

It has been my lot to serve as juror considerable in my life and my rule has been to decide according to weight of evidence. When that was contradictory and obscure it was hard to find a verdict, but when the case was plain and clear the work was easy. And I think I never had a case that was clearer and "beyond all reasonable doubt," than the one now under consideration. If this case could be submitted to a jury and you sir was one of the number, and you were sworn to draw all your evidence from the original Bible without regard to creeds or commentaries, or the opinion of the great and good of past ages: and if a verdict in the affirmative would strip me of all my property and my life even, I verily believe I should be *safe.* But if the popular creeds were to be the stan-

dard I should tremble for the result. My dear sir, it is astonishishing what power these creeds and dogmas have over the minds of a large portion of the world. That this is the case with the Catholics you will readily admit, and I believe it is scarcely less so with many of the Protestants. That a large portion of the laity are sadly deficient in their knowledge of the Bible and depend almost entirely on their early impressions, their creeds and catechisms, and the instructions of their religious teacher, is a fact which I think you will not dispute. And the clergy, too—(I trust, you. will pardon me this once) in my humble opinion, lean altogether too much upon their creeds and catechisms and the "opinions of the great and good of past ages." That these ancient worthies were great and good men I have no desire to dispute, but they were fallible and lived in darker days than the present, and were quite as likely to mistake the true meaning of the Scripture as we now are. If our divines of the present day were all at once stript of all those "helps,"—if these props were all suddenly knocked from under them, and they obliged to draw all their truths and doctrines from the fountain-head—the Bible,what a staggering, methinks, there would be. Many of the popular doctrines of the day would be among the things that once were, but have now passed away never to return.

"You say that, "I shall doubtless try to find a confirmation of my views in what you have humbly and

prayerfully expressed." I wonder not at this remark. There will, however, be no necessity for me to "try;" this will be the unavoidable result. Had you replied to all my arguments and answered them fairly, the result might have been different; but I need not tell you, this *you have not done.* I think you must be sensible of it. To all my Scriptural arguments you maintain a dignified silence. I am not aware that you have made a direct reply to any of them. Nothing like a rejoinder has come from you. When I have appealed to reason and endeavored to show you how entirely inconsistent with all the attributes of God;—how directly opposed to all our ideas of honor and right. Your dreadful doctrine is, you reply, "We are incompetent to decide how great sin is, or what its punishment ought to be or how long it may of right be continued."

Again you say, "What would be wrong in us would be right with God. We must not make our childhood the measure of His Deity." When I have appealed to your sensibilities, and endeavored to show you how utterly repugnant to all the best feelings of humanity, —how totally unlike the tender charities of father, son and brother,—how opposite to everything we call lovely and good, your doctrine is—you reply in some such strains as these: "All your sayings about your *tender* nature, about your ideas of a kind parent and *the like,* are to no purpose. You are not the measurer

of God. His judgments are unsearchable and His ways past finding out." Thus every avenue to your heart seems to be closed, and I am constrained to cry out, in the language of another, "There is no feeling in man's obdurate heart!" How can it be otherwise than that I should find a confirmation of my views in this discussion? But you say, that "My mind is made up to continue my work," &c. It is, sir, until I am convinced that I am wrong, and *no longer*. Just so, my dear sir, I think *you ought to feel*. This question is one upon which the religious world is, and has been for a long time, divided. And although I admit that you have the majority at present, this by no means proves that you are right. It is but a short time since almost the whole of Christendom were *Catholics*. But this, you will admit, does not prove that they were right. Then the hideous monster *endless misery*, reigned triumphant and supreme! It was almost universally believed. It was, as it were, the watchword and exemplar for most of the persecutions and martyrdoms of the dark ages. And the darker the moral horizon, and the thicker and more dense the clouds of ignorance and superstition, the fiercer were the flames around the martyr's stake, and the brighter and more vivid were the flashes from the infernal pit to their dark and bewildered imagination! But light has broke in upon the world. The day-star of the reformation *has* arisen, and this cruel darkness has be-

gun to flee away. Men begin to think for themselves; and as light increases, I believe that bohan upas—that moral pestilence—that "mortal poison," as Saurin calls it—will recede and dwindle away till it is wholly banished from the minds of men. Then we may expect the commencement of that glorious era when "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea;" and "all flesh shall see the salvation of God."

In one of my letters I wrote as follows: Your views with regard to the heathen, I must say, are widely different from mine. You say, "God has given a revelation to men, and bid them spread it to the ends of the earth; if they fail to do it, it is not the fault of God," &c. Is it possible, my dear sir, that you can be satisfied with such reasoning as this? If it were possible for me to doubt your sincerity, I should begin here, but I reassure you, I *do not*. But I believe it to be the legitimate effect of a creed which, if once imbibed and riveted in the mind, binds it in adamantine chains, and reason and common sense must bow in humble submission to its claims. To me, I must say, your position appears extremely *absurd*. It seems to me, if this was the case, those who have the Gospel and neglect to spread it, and not the poor heathen, would deserve the greater punishment! Certainly they are not responsible for our neglect! How is it *possible* that those who possess an abundance of this

world's goods,—who have thousands of dollars at interest which they have no present use for, and probably never will have,—to remain easy, when as they believe, that same money might be the means of saving some of those heathen, who without it must go down to the regions of horror and despair?

It seems to me if I believed that doctrine I should feel bound to devote every dollar I could possibly live without to that object. But you say that "The heathen never fall under punishment for what they do not know." That I believe is true, and this to my mind is indubitable evidence that they will not suffer eternal punishment. But, again, can you believe, my dear sir, that God would have committed the eternal destiny of untold millions of immortal beings into the hands of men, knowing as he certainly must, that they would for so many centuries, almost entirely neglect it? But you say it is not the fault of God. Far be it from me to find fault with God. It is you, my dear sir, or rather the doctrine you defend with which I find fault. I verily believe that God has done no such thing. It is inconsistent with all his moral attributes. It is inconsistent with reason and repugnant to all the better feelings of our nature, and I feel confident that the Bible teaches no such doctrine. I admit, as you say, that "The providence of God permits amazing, and in a limited sense, irretrievable evil to come upon some in consequence of the sins of others." But I

believe it will be temporary and not eternal: finite and not infinite. It is surprising to me to hear it argued as I often do, that because God permits evil to exist as a means, &c., He will permit it as a final result. To my mind there is no weight at all in that argument. We cannot, to be sure, see why he permits it temporarily, but we can conceive and implicitly believe that it may be, and undoubtedly is for the sake of a greater good. Light or temporary evil and afflictions may work out something better, may be on the whole for the best, but never ending torments can not result in good. To say that it would be right because God has determined it shall be so is one thing, but to say that you should have expected it, or that you can see the reason for or justice of such a proceedure is another vastly different. The high Calvinist who believes in fore-ordination, election and eternal reprobation, merely because God is a sovereign and has the power and consequently the right to choose some for life and some for eternal death, without pretending to see the reason, is consistent, but to reconcile it with the principles of "honor and right," is utterly impossible. Various attempts have been made by divines of past ages to reconcile these discordant strings, and last, though not least, that wonderful book—the "Conflict of the ages," has made its appearance, and its author, Rev. Edward Beecher, has hit upon a plan *which* he thinks removes all difficulty and fully "vin-

dicates the ways of God to man." He has given a history of this great conflict that has been going on since the early ages of Christianity, and then with a masterly hand he has swept away the whole system of Orthodoxy as "at present adjusted." He demonstrates by arguments which to my mind are completely irresistable and unanswerable, that for God to place "newly created beings" in the situation man is represented to be by the Orthodox creeds, totally depraved and under sentence of eternal death, is wholly inconsistent with the principles of "honor and right." And he summons witnesses from most of the prominent sects in Christendom to sustain him in his position. I hardly need tell you that his arguments upon this point were in exact accordance with my feelings and belief. It really seemed to me that every candid and unprejudiced mind who reads them must be convinced of their truth. I thought of you, my dear sir, and I could not but hope that however you may disregard all that can be said by a "confirmed Universalist," "You could not get away from or evade the powerful reasoning of this truly great mind, one of your own sect and profession. These were my feelings respecting the first part of that book. But oh! The disappointment! the vexation! I experienced when I come to find the result of all his labors, his theory of preexistence. It was a total failure—a miserable subterfuge. It was like the labors of Leviathan to bring

forth a tad-pole! It would make the case no better if true, and there is not the slightest evidence of its truth. It neither sustains the character of God, or satisfies the longing desires of man. How could such a powerful mind light on such an unsubstantial, unsatisfying chimera as this?

The true answer probably is this. It was a desperate case. He had torn up the old system root and branch. He had found that all attempts to reconcile the doctrines of total depravity and the eternal consequences of sin with "the principles of honor and right in God," had thus far failed. To give up the old heathen doctrine of endless misery he was not yet prepared. That was, as it were, "bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh." Something must be done; and as "a drowning man will catch at a straw," so he grasped at this ignis fatuus to relieve, for the moment, his troubled mind. But this cannot sustain him long; he must either sink back again into the gulf of unmitigated Calvinism, or move forward until he gets on solid ground,—till he shall find that all attempts to reconcile the character of God with infinite evil and unending suffering, is vain, and will certainly fail, for they are directly opposite and irreconcilable. Till he shall see that "partial evil" may be "universal good." That it may be, and probably is, consistent with all the attributes of our Heavenly Father, and in reality *is not* real evil but on the whole for the best.

This, then, is the solution of the great problem. Sin and all its consequences are temporary and finite, the means to bring about the purposes of infinite wisdom, and not the final result. This is the teaching of both wisdom and scripture.

> This was the grand design—the glorious plan,
> This honors God and saves the race of man.

You attach great importance to the fact that your doctrine has been believed by "a large majority of pious men for more than eighteen centuries." But is there not a reverse to this picture? Has it not also been believed by quite as large a majority of the base, the wicked, the cruel and the vile? It seems to me the account should be balanced before you depend too much on it. Have not the heathen nations for a much longer time been believers of this dreadful doctrine? Is it not in fact of heathen origin and does it not still reign in heathen lands? Has it not been during the dark ages and is it not still a cardinal doctrine of the church of Rome, the great prototype of the accursed inquisition? I think a true answer to these questions cannot fail to weaken your dependence upon the opinions of the past in favor of the cruel dogma. You express a hope that I shall come to a better mind and suffer you the quiet possession of truths which if you practice them, &c.

Permit me, to ask you, my dear sir, what do you mean by practising "endless misery," for this is

the only doctrine I wish you to give up? Practice endless misery! It seems to me if you will give this idea its full weight it will have some effect on your mind. Surely none can practice it in full, I was about say, but God, but I forbear. I believe it is utterly impossible for him. For his word assures us that "it is impossible for God to lie," and also that "He will not always chide neither will he keep his anger forever."

Man—cruel, wicked, depraved man—may try to imitate it, as they have already done, by the inquisition, the rack and various other instruments of torture. But to practice it in full is out of their power. I say not these things by way of cavil, far from this. I feel the weight of the subject. But I do it simply to show how utterly repugnant to all the best feelings of our nature—how directly opposite to all our intuitive ideas of right and justice, as well as the reason God has given us, this awful doctrine is. I pray you once more to think of it. It seems to me impossible that you have ever realized its tremendous import. I again most sincerely and earnestly request you to investigate it yet once more. Throw aside all restraint, except your responsibility to God. Give up all former opinions of your own and of the great and good of the present and past time. If you will do this I believe you will soon have the happiness which *I know* it will afford to every benevolent mind to find

that this doctrine is a great mistake; that God is really "good and kind to all and his tender mercies are over all his works," which certainly cannot be true if your dismal hell is a part of "his works," which I presume you will dispute, and if the following extract from "Allen's Alarm," a book which is held in high estimation by the partialist sects and has been circulated in immense quantities by the "American Tract Society," is a fair representation of God's dealings with the wretched inmates of that doleful prison. "What thinkest thou man of being a faggot in hell to all eternity? Canst thou dwell with the consuming fire when thou shall be as glowing iron in hell, and thy whole body as perfectly possessed by God's burning vengeance, as the sparkling iron with fire when heated in the hottest furnace? How will thou then endure when God shall pour out all his vials, and set himself against thee to torment thee? When he shall make thy conscience the tunnel through which he will be pouring his burning wrath into thy soul forever, and when he shall fill all thy pores as full of torment as they are now full of sin?" Surely "the tender mercies of such a God are cruelties." Satan himself, had he almighty power, could do no more.

In reply to a remark of my friend, I wrote as follows:—It was your doctrine alone that I was describing. I do not doubt but that you worship the true God sincerely and acceptably. But I think you are

mistaken on some points, especially the one now under consideration. And will you venture to say that you are sure this may not be the case? I think you will not. You do not claim infallibility. None but the Pope and the Roman church, I believe, pretend to this. When an individual or a sect undertake to denounce all who disagree with them in sentiment as false worshippers, they imitate that "man of sin." If there are no true worshippers except those who are free from error, I fear the number would be small indeed. I believe that God is the father of all the race. I believe that he may be and is in "every age and clime," truly, sincerely and acceptably worshipped and adored. I believe that the "poor Indian whose untutored mind, sees God in clouds or hears him in the wind," often worships the "Great Spirit," more acceptably than many pharisaical hypocritical Christians in gospel lands. It is not so much in my estimation what a man believes, as how he feels and what he does—that makes him acceptable to God.

"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him." I believe that true religion consists, not in denouncing all who differ from us in sentiment, but in works of charity and mercy,—in "visiting the widow and the fatherless in afflictions," &c. I believe that all religion *that* springs from, and all converts that are made, by

the fear of hell—are spurious and good for nothing. I believe it is "the goodness of God that leads men to repentance." Whatever may be the consequence, if my friends all forsake me and my name be cast out as evil, I shall continue to protest against this dreadful doctrine, fully believing it is as far from true religion as the east is from the west, or as "Heaven is from hell." That God, for wise purposes, no doubt, permits this dreadful doctrine, as he permits all other evil—to be believed, not only by the worst of men, but also by some of the best—is not certain evidence of its truth. The history of the world abundantly proves that great and good men have been liable to great mistakes. Even the disciples of Christ appear to have been entirely mistaken as to the object of his mission until after the resurrection. But this only proves the truth of Scripture, that here "We see through a glass darkly;" that "The world by wisdom know not God;" that "The creature was made subject to vanity;" that "the Creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together," &c. The belief of this frightful doctrine has been the cause of most of the persecutions, the cruelties, the martyrdoms, the self-sacrifices and tortures the world has ever known. The history of Pagan nations and of Christendom during the dark ages abundantly prove this assertion. It has nerved the arm of the executioner to "torture the body to save the soul!" It is right! It is right!" they said, "thus to burn the

heretics, for God *will burn them in a worse fire in hell!*" And why should they not feel so? What higher object could they aim at than to imitate their God?

> "As eastern Priests in giddy circles run,
> And turn their heads to imitate the sun."

If their God was cruel, vindictive and malignant, why should not his followers be the same? And since the Reformation that same doctrine continues to oppress and torture the human mind. No pen can describe the pain and anguish it is still inflicting on our race. Many of its believers, through fear of this second death, are "all their life time subject to bondage." It has bereft many of reason and led to numerous suicides and murders! We have had one melancholy instance of its effects in our own neighborhood. A member of an Orthodox church, an aged and respectable female, who has been for years writhing and groaning in the belief that she had committed the "unpardonable sin," and that that dreadful hell must be her portion forever! Many have said to me, "Oh, if I only could believe your doctrine I should be happy!" Some have gone so far as to say. "if they could only believe in annihilation they could be comparatively happy." What a dreadful doctrine that must be to bring people to such a state of mind. Surely, life is to them—while in the exercise of such feelings—a curse rather *than* a blessing. It is not the abandoned, the wicked

and the vile, that suffer most upon this subject, but the humane, the benevolent and tender-hearted—the truly good, who feel not for themselves merely, but for others' woes, in the future as well as in the present life, and honestly believe this awful doctrine. It is to them a constant source of sorrow and anguish. And strong must be the nerve and hard as adamant the heart, that can really believe it and not at times feel bitter pangs and shed tears of agony. The exclamation of Saurin, a French divine, to which I have alluded in a previous letter, is but a sample of what every good man must feel in view of this awful doctrine, if he fully believes and realizes it. A few weeks since I happened to be in the grave-yard, that home of the dead, where sleep many of our near and dear friends, and where I love occasionally to roam,—in company with that truly good man, Deacon Joshua Jewett. With eyes suffused with tears and heart overflowing with the best feelings of humanity, he said to me "What a happy thing it would be if your doctrine should prove true, if we could only be sure of meeting all our friends in heaven!" That was a holy aspiration of a truly benevolent heart, and must be the spontaneous desire of every good man. And will it never be realized? Oh, no! If your doctrine is true, *it cannot be!* For "husbands and wives then must part," "parent and children then must part," "brothers and sisters then must part! Must *part to meet no more!*"

Dreadful thought! Cruel, heart-rending doctrine! If true, it would be enough to make angels weep tears of blood, and fill the universe with misery. Must the bright hope of immortal blessedness—not only for ourselves, but for our near and dear friends, who we love, if possible, better than ourselves,—give place to that chilling, frightful idea, that we shall "be changed" so as to be perfectly satisfied,—aye, more awful still, so as to rejoice in their eternal misery! "Be changed" so as to spend a long and perfectly happy eternity in full view of that "lake of fire," where perhaps, those parents from we derived our existence! the beloved partner of our bosom! Those dear brothers and sisters or that sweet little child who had just arrived to the age of accountability and committed but the first actual sin, and died without that "change of heart,"—shall be writhing and groaning amidst the rolling billows of liquid flames! And their shrieks and lamentations shall but augment our own happiness!! In the language of the celebrated Baxter, in his "Saint's Rest," "As the damned from hell shall see the saints" happiness to increase their own misery, so shall the blessed from heaven behold the wicked's misery to the increase of their own joy; "and as the wicked here behold the calamities of God's people with gladness, so shall the saints look down upon them in the burning lake, and in the sense of their own happiness and the *approbation* of God's just proceedings rejoice and

sing!!" Was there ever anything more horrible? more diabolical? My heart sickens,—language fails! I leave the rest to your own reflections!!!

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I had written thus far and then involuntarily threw down my pen, and the concluding exclamation marks are a true index of my feelings at the time. I felt as though I could write no more. But I have rested awhile,—my mind is calm again, and I will proceed. If your doctrine is so truly awful as thus to excite one who totally disbelieves it, what must it be to those who believe and fully realize it? How can they be calm and composed? How can they enjoy life? How can they "bear to live or dare to die?" But you will say, perhaps, "Those old divines went too far, their language was too strong. We do not preach so now! We say nothing about fire and brimstone,—that is all done with," &c. This will not do, my dear sir. If your doctrine is anything it is everything, so to speak. If there is to be an eternal separation from God and all good,—an eternity of ever-increasing sin and misery! And if it is true, as I understood you to say a few Sabbaths since, that without a belief of this doctrine it was about impossible to induce people to attend to the affairs of the soul. Then surely no language can be too strong, no figures too bold and dreadful to portray its terriffic horrors! Those good old divines went *none too far*. They felt the tremendous

weight of the subject. They did not prophecy "smooth things," or "daub with untempered mortar." They were at least, consistent. That Orthodox man was not so far out of the way, after all, who said to me, not long since, "Our ministers are getting to be about as bad as you Universalists; they say that hell is nothing but a guilty conscience,—it is not fire and brimstone. But the Bible says it is, and they have no business to contradict the Bible. If it is not fire and brimstone it is not anything," &c., &c. But you will say, probably, that "the truly good man is happy notwithstanding he believes that doctrine." This is no doubt true in a qualified sense. But his happiness arises from the salvation part of his creed, if I may be allowed such an expression, and not from its dreadful opposite. For a man to be happy in the contemplation of the eternal misery of his fellow creatures is horrible, is diabolical! I believe no one pretends to this in this life; or until they experience that 'change' spoken of above. *What a dreadful change that must be!* The good man in this life who believes this dreadful doctrine, may be and probably is reconciled to it. But it is a dreadful necessity that brings him to this point. It is not because he loves it, or because he can see the justice of it; but because he believes it is the will or plan of God, and he must acquiesce. His error lies in my apprehension, in a mistaken view of the character and requirements of God. I believe

he requires no such thing, any more than he requires of the pagan worshippers, the self-tortures and bloody rites which they perform in order to appease his wrath. And really, while we retain our feelings of humanity before we experience that "change" which is to deprive us of all our feelings for others' woes, it must be a greater sacrifice and self-denial and must cause more intense agony, thus to surrender up our near and dear friends to an eternity of inconceivable woe, than for the devotees of Juggernaut to throw themselves under its ponderous wheels, or for the pagan mother to cast the infant of her bosom into the Ganges, or into the flaming arms of the idol Moloch, or the Hindoo widow to immolate herself upon the funeral pile with her deceased husband.

In my last letter of this correspondence is the following passage with which I shall close these extracts. You again introduce your favorite theme and ask, "How can it be that I can treat so lightly the idea that ninety-nine hundredths of those who hoped that they were Christians and to whom God had promised to lead into all truth, have felt that he taught them that future punishment was true? I answer, in the first place a very large portion of those who have thought they were Christians, or pretended to think so, have been the basest of characters and have used this doctrine for the vilest of purposes. A large portion of them have been extremely ignorant and depended en-

tirely on their teacher, whose interest it has been to keep them in ignorance, and last though not least, I have the Bible in my own hands and think it my duty to judge for myself. These sir are some of the reasons why I choose to take the Bible for my guide, rather than to trust to the opinions of others, however great and good they may have been. If you call this an evidence of "insanity," I shall be tempted to retaliate and say that your dreadful doctrine is so riveted in your mind that it has become a species of insanity, and nothing but some tangible demonstration can extricate you from its grasp. But you ask "What is the Bible worth if all this united testimony is worth nothing?" I answer it is worth everything, if it has "brought life and immortality to light," as we believe, and although good men may differ in opinion as to its meaning, in some particulars, still it is a "Pearl above all price." I object to this throwing away the Bible upon every trifling occasion. If the Bible don't say so and so, it is false." If it does not say as some good men believe, it is "good for nothing." This is what the Millerites said in reference to their predictions, and their failure, no doubt, was the cause of much infidelity. Why might not a believer in infant damnation, if such an one can be found, or one who believes in literal fire and brimstone, of whom a few remain, with equal propriety ask—What is the Bible worth *if so* large a portion of the great and good in past time

were mistaken on those points? The argument would be just as good in one case as in the other, and neither entitled to much weight when they come in contact with our own judgment. I must believe what appears to me to be true. I feel no responsibility beyond that. The mighty host of believers of that doctrine have all been fallible men, and very many of them bad men. I cannot, I dare not place implicit confidence in their opinions. I think you attach too much importance to their opinions, or even our own about the meaning of the scriptures. We should endeavor with all our powers of mind to understand them right, more than that we cannot do. And I do not believe that eternal consequences hang upon our opinions. God is too good and too wise thus to jeopardize them. "He knoweth our frame and remembers we are dust." He knows, too, our imperfections and liability to mistakes, for which we are not responsible. "The bible is a rising light," you say. And as the awful doctrine of infant damnation which was once believed by those who thought they were Christians and that God had led them to the truth, has now passed away, and divines at the present time are unwilling to admit that it was ever believed by Protestants. So that you sir, both in your belief and in your prayers, can waft them with full assurance to the abodes of bliss, just as though it had never been doubted. So, sir, I trust the day is not far distant when the whole system of endless sub-

fering for any of our race will be banished from the minds of men. "The Bible is a rising light." I like that remark. I thank you for it. And I humbly hope and fervently pray that it will continue to shine brighter and brighter on our darksome minds till the TRUTH shall triumph and prevail, and all error and falsehood shall be banished from the world.

I might still go on with extracts from this correspondence, the whole of which would make quite a volume; but this must suffice. I trust the intelligent reader will see by this, what I certainly felt to be the truth at that time, viz: that the reverend gentleman was entirely unable to sustain his ground, and show that the Bible does teach the doctrine of endless misery so clearly as we might reasonably expect, if true. To my mind his attempt was a total failure. I still feel as I then wrote in one of my letters to him: "I must say that no view of this great subject that I have ever taken has had a more powerful tendency to confirm me in my opinions than in the examination of the question you proposed." Such were my feelings then, and such are my feelings now. If I had had any doubts when I commenced they would all have been gone when I closed.

DISCUSSION WITH A "CHRISTIAN BAPTIST" CLERGYMAN.

I also had quite a lengthy correspondence with a

somewhat celebrated clergyman, or "Elder" in Newburyport, which was published in the "Herald of Gospel Liberty," a paper devoted to the interests of the Christian denomination, with which the Elder was connected both as editor and proprietor. It commenced in this way. At the suggestion of one of Elder's friends, I sent him a copy of my "Letters to a Baptist Clergyman," which was then recently published. Shortly after I received a friendly epistle from him acknowledging the receipt of the book as a "token of my regard," &c. He commented upon, and criticised it pretty severely. But not so much against its sentiments as against its style and phraseology. Some of his remarks and objections were peculiar. He was not exactly such an opponent as I should have chosen. Upon the great and all-important point of Endless Misery he was to all intents non-committal, and continued so through the whole discussion. My repeated attempts to draw it out of him were unavailing. The convictions of my mind were then, and still are, that he did not believe that hideous doctrine any more than I did. He remarked that "Opinions are comparatively of but little consequence; a holy, prayerful and Godly life is all-important. We must not be deceived. What we sow we must also reap. The sowing is in this life, and the reaping in the future life. Sowing to the flesh comes first,—reaping corruption after-

wards. We sow here,—we reap there. There is future to here."

To this I replied: You say "That as we sow we shall reap. The sowing is in the present, and the reaping in the future time. Sowing to the flesh comes first, the reaping corruption afterwards." So far you are correct. Everybody knows that sowing comes before reaping. If we sow in the spring we shall reap in the summer or autumn following. And we shall reap the same kind of grain in the same field. The figure is very expressive, and aptly represents the different courses which are pursued in this life, and the different results to which they lead. If the young sow the seeds of temperance, sobriety and virtue in early life, they will reap the happy effect in riper years. But if they sow the seeds of folly, intemperance and vice, they will reap the bitter consequences in after life. But you go on to say, "We sow here, we reap there—there is future to here." This I do not so well understand. "Here," and "there," I think refer to place and not time. And it would be an anomaly in agriculture to sow "here" in one place and reap "there" in another place. If I should sow a field of grain "here" in Rowley and expect to reap "there" in Newburyport, you would think me a fit subject for the insane asylum. Again the Elder said, "In the book presented I find unscriptural names and denomina*tional* appellations such as Orthodox, Universalist,

Trinitarian and Unitarian, and such like terms. They were not used by Christ or his apostles. Christ nowhere employs the terms Universalist or Universalism. Hence I most seriously reject your unscriptural name. It is a useless appendage. It is just as unscriptural as the phrase eternal torments. Why employ one and reject the other, if Christ and his apostles used neither? Therefore I object to the unscriptural name you seem willing to adopt. I do not find the phrase universal salvation in my Bible. It is just as far from the Scriptures as the phrase "Endless Misery," which you condemn as "awful and horrid." To which I replied: "And what do you infer from this, that neither are true? I wish you would explain. I do not understand you. I think one may be true and the other false, although neither can be found in the Bible. I believe that Universalism is true, and that endless misery for any of our race is not true. One is in perfect harmony with the character of our Heavenly Father and the teachings of the Bible;—while the other stands out in bold relief the most hideous dogma that ever entered the minds of men,—directly opposed to all the moral attributes of God—to the spirit of the Gospel and to the dictates of reason and our innate convictions of right and justice. And as to those unscriptural words and phrases, of which you have such an abhorrence, I do not feel about them as you do. I believe it is right and

necessary to make use of words and phrases that are not in the Bible, but they should always be in accordance with it. And as to the names of the different sects which you condemn with such ardor,—they are unscriptural, to be sure, but they seem to be necessary for the present. The wrong, I think, is in having these different sects, and not in having names for them while they exist. When the time comes when all shall see alike upon this great subject—when all shall be willing to coalesce under the name "Christian,"—then these names will be "useless appendages," and may be dispensed with.

In his second letter the Elder wrote as follows:—"You take issue upon the sowing and reaping. You make this unconditional, but the Apostle remarks—"In due season we shall reap if we faint not." What does he mean by "due season,"—what by the condition, "if we faint not?" If he sows in well-doing will he not reap, according to your theory, at any rate? What has the fainting to do with it? Why name a condition if all are certain of eternal life? How and where does the reaper reap his corruption? You think "here and there" refer to place rather than time and denominate it an anomoly in agriculture to sow in Rowley, and reap in Newburyport.—But apply your explanation and how true persons have sown the seeds of intemperance in Newburyport *and* reaped them in Rowley. If this is anomaly in

nature it is not in the physical or spiritual vineyard. To deny that the seeds of sin are sown here and reaped there is but an exhibition of idiocy."

In my next letter, April 8, 1859, I replied as follows:—You again refer to the figures of sowing and reaping and say that I omit the Apostolic condition. "In due season we shall reap if we faint not," and ask "What does he mean by the condition if we faint not?" It is enough for me to say that the language of the Apostle will apply with the greatest propriety to sowing and reaping in this life, whether in reference to literal sowing of seeds in the earth, or to the intellectual and moral culture of the mind, and the answers to your questions are so obvious, that it hardly seems necessary to refer to them. If the husbandman, through negligence, neglects to sow his seed in "due season" he will certainly fail to reap in harvest. Or if he sows tares he will reap the same. Just so in the moral and intellectual field. If the seed-time is neglected the harvest will be a failure; or if the seeds of vice and dissipation are sown they will reap their legitimate effects. "If they sow to the flesh they will reap corruption." "If they plough iniquity they will reap the same." "If they sow the wind they reap the whirlwind. This is all perfectly applicable to this life. But you ask—"Why name a condition if all are sure of eternal life? I think I have clearly shown that the condition is indispensable

in the affairs of this life. I will say further that the phrase "eternal life" does not always refer to the immortal state, but a state of spiritual life and happiness in this world. Christ says, John 5 : 24—"He that heareth my words and believeth on him that sent me *hath* everlasting life." The believer is in present possession of eternal life and the unbeliever in a state of physical death.

For my views more fully on this point I refer you to my "Letters," pages 91, 92, 93 and 94. It seems strange, my dear sir, that one so opposed to all unscriptural phrases, as yourself, should make use of such language as this: "We sow here we reap there." "There is future from here." This is not Bible language, but your readers, unless pretty well posted, will be likely to receive it as such. And this is not all. It is calculated to sustain a doctrine not taught in the Bible in any words, viz:—That this life is the only state of probation. I call upon you sir and all the readers of the Herald of Gospel Liberty to point me to a passage that clearly proves any such doctrine.—Your retort about sowing the seeds of intemperance in Newburyport and reaping the consequences in Rowley, although it points significantly to a lamentable truth,* fails to meet the case.

My argument, as you well know, was that the Bible phraseology about sowing and reaping does not

*Rowley people buying intoxicaing liquors in Newburyport.

sustain the popular doctrine that what we sow in this life we shall reap in the immortal state. This life, this world, or this state of existence, no matter whether in Rowley, Newburyport, or California is supposed to be the field in which we sow, and the future immortal state the reaping ground. My inference was that we expect to reap in the same field in which we sow, that is in this life. The Bible sustains no other views of the case. Nothing about sowing here and reaping there. Nothing about sowing in this life, or this world, and reaping in the next. Nothing, I again challenge you to point me to such a passage, one that says in plain language that the sins of this life will receive their punishment in the immortal state. So that I cannot but view your remark, although good in a proper place, as a trifling witticism rather than sound argument, and I cheerfully submit it to our readers to say where is the greatest exhibition of idiocy."

The reverend gentleman's third letter was very lengthy and came along in several papers during the summer of 1859. It commenced April 9th, and ended August 11th. As my reply contains sufficient quotations from it, to show the reader the meaning and intent of the writer, I shall make no further extracts from it, but shall copy pretty largely from my reply. I will here remark that during the publication of this discussion, by agreement with my correspondent, I

took quite a large package of his papers and distributed them to subscribers in our village. For some reason, wholly unexplained, the last package containing the conclusion of the Elder's letter was not received for several weeks after its publication.

LETTER No. 3.

ROWLEY, Sept. 22, 1859.

Dear Sir:—I have been waiting a long time for the conclusion of your third letter. Very much to my surprise I have this day accidentally heard that it has been published several weeks. Why it is that I have not received my package before I know not. This will explain to our readers why I have not replied at an earlier date. I will now proceed in the track you have laid out through your fourteen divisions, to notice some of its most important items.

In your "note to the reader," you say that my last "letter was wordy and of great length." I admit it was made up of words—that is the only way I have to communicate my thoughts to others. But I do not admit that it was "wordy" in the usually acceptation of the term. As to its great length that phrase is very indefinite except by comparison. Your letter to which mine was a reply, contained about thirty questions, to most of which I felt called upon to reply and my letter viewed in this light instead of being of "*great* length" was quite too short to do justice to

the subject. But, sir, if your remark was in any measure applicable to my letter, what shall I say of yours, the conclusion of which I have just received? Mine occupied two and a half columns of the Herald, while yours like Pope's "Alexandrine song, did like a wounded snake drag its slow length along," and filled nearly ten columns of the Herald. And as to its being "wordy," I think it is worthy of that appellation in its fullest sense.

1st. The most prominent idea in your first division and the only one I shall notice is in these words—"If God has fore-ordained all things, and they are as he decreed, then the children of Satan and the world, are not Christ's by decree." I confess myself unable to see any force in this argument. All agree that the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of our Lord." The only question at issue is—Is it to include the whole or only a part of our race? God decrees his eternal purpose covers the whole ground. I fully believe, as stated in my book, page 17, that God in infinite wisdom and for a wise purpose, designed the fall, as well as the restoration of our race, and that the last will eventually be as universal as the first.

The second Adam will restore
The ruins of the first.

The New Testament fully establishes this great truth. "For as in Adam all die even so in Christ shall *all* be made alive."

2d. In your second division you say that "I make persons and things synonymous in John 3: 35." But will you, sir, venture to say that it does not include persons? Do you believe that Christ meant merely to say—"The Father loveth the Son and hath given all *material things* into his hands? Surely you will not. The word things is often used for persons in the New Testament. See Acts 3: 21 and 1 Cor. 15: 27, 28, etc. That such is its meaning here is beyond all reasonable doubt. You say "There is not an intimation in the New Testament that Christ will give eternal life to unbelievers or those who do the works of the flesh," and I, sir, believe he never will do it while they remain such. When they become believers and cease to do the work of the flesh, then they will receive the gift of eternal life. And my faith is founded on the promise of God that this will eventually be the case with ALL our race, That "In the fullness of time he will gather together in one all things, persons beyond a doubt, in Christ." "He has concluded all in unbelief that he might have mercy upon ALL."

3d. Your third division contains several quotations from the Old Testament expressive of God's severe judgments on the heathen, and your argument is that they are inconsistent with the idea that they in any sense belong to Christ. You say, "This dashing and breaking to pieces cannot be your comprehensive and

unqualified sense in which all are Christ's." No sir, it is not, but it is not inconsistent with it. Those dreadful judgments are all confined to this life. There is not the least intimation that they extend into the immortal state. They by no means militate against the fact that — "The heathen are given to him for an inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession," and that he will eventually draw them ALL to him, as he has engaged to do.

4th. You say that "The lifting up of Christ and drawing all men to his cross is no proof that all are his in any sense." Christ said nothing about drawing all men to his cross, but to himself. I believe that he referred to the final result of his mission on earth and implies that ALL will finally be drawn to him. This is confirmed by numerous passages of Scripture, such as—"In Christ shall ALL be made alive." "He gave himself a ransom for ALL." "He will have ALL men to be saved." "He is a propitiation for the sins of the whole world." "He tasted death for every man." For my views more fully on this point permit me to refer you and all your readers to my "Letters," pages 88 and 89.

5th. You say that "John 6: 37 affords no proof that unbelievers are Christ's in any sense." Perhaps this passage alone does not, but taken in connection with John 3, 35 and 1 Timothy 2: 6, and many other

passages, it clearly proves that ALL were given to him. Not that he was to come into immediate possession, but "in the fullness of time,"—at the final restitution of all things, when he "shall have subdued all things to himself," "When every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that he is Lord." Then will be the fulfillment of his prediction, "I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." This is that comprehensive and unqualified sense in which ALL are are given to Christ. You say that "Judas was given to Christ, and Christ lost him." He lost him as an apostle,—nothing more. It had no reference to his immortal destiny; if it had it would directly contradict John 6: 37. The word "lost," when applied to the sinner in the Bible is always in the past or present tense—never in the future. It never refers to the immortal state. The phrase "finally lost," so often used by partialist preachers and writers *is not in the Bible.* But you say, "All true Christians are given to Christ because they voluntarily come to him." This I suppose you mean must be in this life or never! If this is so, it at once and forever cuts off all hope for perhaps ninety-nine hundredths of our race. All the heathen who have never heard of Christ,—all infants who die before being capable of coming to Christ,—all idiots,—and a very large portion of all Christian nations who refuse or neglect to come to him in the way you think *indispensable*! What an awful picture! How full

of horror! But I believe it is all a huge mistake! A God of infinite goodness, wisdom and power will never bring about such an awful catastrophe! It is contrary to all his moral attributes, and directly opposed to the teachings of Scripture.

6th. This section relates chiefly to "sowing and reaping here and there." I thought enough had already been said upon this, but you have got it up again. You now say, "The Bible does not say that we shall not reap the consequences of sin committed and unrepented of here—in the future life." Ihave never said that it does. I shall not attempt to prove the negative. You have certainly failed to prove the affirmative,—that is enough! You ought to give it up, as a Scripture doctrine. Reason may lead you and others to suppose there may be an intermediate state of punishment or discipline in the future life to rectify the apparent inequalities of rewards and punishments in this life, as is believed by a large portion of the Universalists. This is a question upon which they are divided in opinion, about which they have agreed to disagree until they get more light. My views upon this subject may be found upon page 50 of my letters. You say "The doing is first, the consequences afterwards." Wonderful truth! Who will venture to dispute it? You quote Rom. 2: 5, "Treasure up wrath against the day of wrath," and say, "treasured up is something done prior to the event," &c. All this kind

of reasoning amounts to nothing in supportof your theory. This language is all applicable to this life. The Jews had long been treauring up wrath against the day of wrath before the coming of Christ. Read in the 23d chapter of Mathew the terrible judgments Christ denounced upon the Jews. "Woe unto you scribes and pharisees, hypocrites, &c. Verily I say unto you all that these things shall come upon this generation." And they did come upon that generation with a vengeance! "The doing was first and the consequences afterwards," and all in this world. Until you can produce one passage from the Scripture which says in plain language that the sins of this life are to receive their punishment in the immortal state, you fail to prove your doctrine. This you certainly have not done! This you *cannot do*, for the sacred volume contains no such passage!

7th. You remark that "those who die in the very midst of the works of the flesh will never enter the kingdom of God," is simply your assertion without one particle of proof. When you have pointed to that "one passage" which clearly proves that this life is the only state of probation, your argument may have some weight. You object to my view of wages and gift, and insist that eternal life is as much the wages of righteousness as that death is the wages of sin; and you refer me to Rom. 2 : 7, where eternal life is represented as the reward of well-doing. My reply is this:

The terms life and death are used in the Scriptures in a variety of senses; this you will not dispute. There is a life frequently spoken of as the reward of righteousness, which refers wholly to this life. See Deut. 30: 15, 16; Ezekiel 18; John 3: 36 and 5: 2, 4, 25, and 6: 47. The sacred writers have in several instances connected with this life the Greek adjective *aionios*, rendered by our translators everlasting and eternal. See John 3: 36; 6: 27; 5: 24; Rom. 2: 7, &c. But this is no proof that it refers to the immortal state, any more than the same words, being connected with the Jewish priesthood, the hills and the mountains, or the life of a slave, proves that they are to be eternal. But the life to which I referred as not being the reward of righteousness but the "gift of God," is that life and immortality brought to light through the gospel; that "Good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people," of which the ancient Israelites had no clear knowledge. That state of immortal happiness in the spirit land, "When the children of the resurrection shall be as the angels of God in heaven." "When the creature—every human creature—shall be delivered from this bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God." "When this mortal shall have put on immortality and death be swallowed up in victory." This, my dear sir, I believe to be in the fullest sense, unqualified and unconditional, the "Gift of God." Just as much so as

our present existence is his gift. We are just as impotent in one case as the other. It depends on no such contingency as our works of righteousness, but is as fixed and certain as the throne of God. As we cannot purchase it by good works, so I believe we cannot forfeit or lose it by our wicked works. "Our unbelief, or wickedness, cannot make the faith, or promises of God without effect." "His council will stand and he will do all his pleasure." To suppose that this mortal life, so short at the longest, so unequal in its advantages, so varied in circumstances, is the only state of probation. That the eternal interest of all our race are suspended on the improvement of this moment of time, while probably nine-tenths of them live and die in entire ignorance of their awful situation, really seems to me to be one of the most inconsistent, unreasonable, cruel, and absurd ideas that ever entered the minds of intelligent and rational beings.

8th. You say "The Bible asserts that Noah, a preacher of righteousness, being moved by fear built the ark. Therefore, all obedience springing from fear is not spurious or an abomination in the sight of God." Had it said "fear of hell," your arguments would have been good, but as it is, it amounts to nothing in your favor. I believe fear is a necessary element in our nature. We are surrounded by dangers, which it is right we should fear and guard against. Above *all* we should fear God. That is truly "The begin-

ning of wisdom." But we ought not to fear Him as we should fear a Nero. But as we should fear a father in whom we had the most implicit confidence as our best friend. The true fear of God and the love of God are inseperable. If we fear him in a right manner we shall love him and confide in him as our almighty helper and friend. But to fear him merely to escape his vengeance is pure selfishness. It cannot soften the heart or fill it with love to God. It may make hypocrites but never true and genuine Christians. It cannot be acceptable to him who looks only at the heart.

"For God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found."

We now come to the great—perhaps the greatest question upon which the Christian world are divided—the decrees of God or fore-ordination. I perceive that upon this subject we are antipodes to each other. My views are stated in my last letter, as you say, plain enough. To my mind "If there is a God, and that there is all nature cries aloud through all her works," "He must be the first cause and the last end of all things." He created, governs and controls all events. The great plan "contrived and executed is all his own!" Anything short of this is no God to me! I could as well believe that there is no God, as to believe that any events, throughout his vast universe, is out of his control, or contrary to his

Great design. For "He doeth his will in heaven and earth, and none can stay his hand or say unto him. What doest thou or why doest thou thus and so." But, you say, "If God has fore-ordained all things then he has fore-ordained, that the doctrine of Endless Misery, shall be the popular doctrine and I do wrong to call it a hideous doctrine." I do not view it thus. I believe that God orders many events which are "awful and dreadful" in themselves so far as the actors are concerned, and it is right to call them so, which so far as God is concerned is all right and for the best. God has a design unknown to the actors which fully justifies him in doing thus, but this is no excuse for them. They act freely and are just as responsible as though God had nothing to do about it. There is abundant Scriptural authority to sustain this ground. That God has fore-ordained events that were wrong in the actors for which they deserved punishment is beyond all question. Take the case of Joseph and his brethren when they sold him to the Ishmaelites—that this was done in accordance with the plan of God, and for a great and good purpose you will not dispute. But they acted from different motives, they meant it for evil but God meant it for good. They acted wickedly although exactly fulfilling the plan of God. Again take the case of the Saviour's crucifixion—that that was done "By the *determinate* council and foreknowledge of God," is cer-

tain, yet the Jews did it by wicked and murderous hands. It is clearly the plan of an all-wise providence that evil of various kinds shall exist in this our infantile state; and conspicuous amongst this evil is the belief of the awful doctrine of eternal torments. But this is no evidence of its truth, no reason why it is not right to condemn it, and do all in our power to convince the world that it is false. And as light increases and the true knowledge of our Father in heaven shines with increasing brightness on our minds I believe this cruel heathen doctrine will recede, till it shall be wholly banished from the minds of men and the "true knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth as the waters cover the sea."

9th. You say "The text in Psalms remains as you presented it. That is correct. But why did you not inform your readers that the Hebrew word rendered hell in this passage is the same that the patriarch Jacob used when he said, "I will go down into the grave (sheol) unto my son mourning."—Gen. 37 : 35. And again, "You will bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave" (sheol).—Gen. 42 : 38. The same which the Psalmist spoke of when he said, "Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell (sheol).—Psalm 86 : 13. And in Psalm 116 : 3, "The pains of hell (sheol) got hold of me." The same of which Jonah said "Out of the belly of hell (sheol) cried I, and thou heardest me."—Jonah 2 : 2 The same of which

Job said, "They shall go down to the bars of the pit (sheol) when our rest together is in the dust," &c. Surely such a word, which is used in such a variety of senses, can be no proof of a local place of torments in the immortal state! But you proceed to say, "And still the record solemnly declares, "The wicked shall be turned into hell." I will let this text stand with all its solemn frowns against the impenitent sinner and those nations that forget God, threatening them with being, at some future time, cast into hell. Ah, sir, I think I understand you now. You are willing this passage and others you have quoted without comment should go to your readers with all their "solemn frowns," trusting to their prejudices and preconceived opinions to determine their meaning. You are willing that they should see in that awful world *hell*, that "Lake of fire and brimstone,"—the belief of which has been instilled into their minds from the first dawn of intelligence. Perhaps you think with Dr. Thomas Burnett, that it is not safe for the common people to know the whole truth. In his Latin treatise on the state of the dead, after having opposed the doctrine of eternal punishment, and referred to some of the ancient fathers who agreed with him, he says, "Whatever you determine in your own breast concerning these punishments, whether they are eternal or not,—yet you should use the common doctrine and the common language when you preach or speak to the peo-

ple, especially to those of the lower rank," &c. And he adds in the margin, "Whosoever shall translate these sentiments into our mother tongue, I shall think it was done with an evil design and for a bad purpose." (See Watts' "Worlds to Come," Haverhill Edition, page 453.) This is the same mistaken policy that prompted the rulers and priests of the ancient Pagans to invent and propagate this same doctrine of torments in the future state for the punishment of the sins of this life. But sir, I protest against all such unrighteous expedients, I believe the old proverb, "Honesty is the best policy,"—is quite as applicable to theology as any other subject.

10th. You intimate that I make "Our ideas of paternal government the standard to measure the character of God's government." Not exactly so, sir, though I confess myself unable to conceive of God as "Our Father," except by comparison with the endearing relations of a wise and good earthly father to his own children. Such a father will do all in his power for the good of his offspring. He will not inflict willingly, but will punish them only for their good. No vindictive punishment will ever be inflicted by such a father. Just so I believe respecting our Heavenly Father. All His dealings towards us, his feeble, erring children are designed for, and will eventually result in our best good. "He knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust." But you say, "It is

not our idea of parental government to design or ordain our child to do a thing and then punish him for doing it." This is not the ordinary course, I admit, but perhaps it may be justifiable in some cases. You might, for instance, tell your little son not to meddle with those cherries or injure those young trees, and at the same time permit him to run in the garden, —designing that he should disobey you,—he of course not knowing about your plan,—and intending to punish him for so doing, for the purpose of teaching him a lesson he could learn in no other way. The oft-repeated story of the boy Washington comes almost to this. Although his father did not design that George should injure the trees with his new hatchet, yet could he have foreseen all the good that has resulted from that little incident he would have been justified in so doing. But, sir, if it is not safe for short-sighted men ordinarily to take such a course, it certainly is for God. Here lies the difference. We do not always know what is for the best, but God does know. He cannot mistake. And as an earthly parent is justified in doing what he knows will be for the highest good of his children, so our Heavenly Father can and I believe does permit or ordain, I care not which—there is no difference, the existence of temporary evil for the sake of greater good. This is the only satisfactory solution of the problem of the existence of evil in a world

created, governed and controlled by a Being of infinite wisdom, goodness and power.

11th. You say "I know nothing about the affirmative of this question. There is no question." Now, sir, it seems to me there is a question, and an important one too. Well understood if not formally stated. It is this. Is the doctrine of eternal torments for any of our race revealed in the Bible? The book I presented you was intended as an argument in the negative of that question. My principal object in publishing it was to contribute my mite in the work which is going on and which I verily believe is to be accomplished of overthrowing that heathen doctrine. When you commenced your comments upon it I expected you would endeavor to sustain that doctrine. This was the expectation of many of the readers of the Herald. And although you have hitherto carefully avoided committing yourself on this point, still many of your remarks and Scripture quotations appear to be intended for that purpose, and I must so understand them until you inform me otherwise. This places you on the affirmative and the burden of proof rests on you. And your requiring me to prove the negative is altogether inconsistent and unreasonable. Permit me to illustrate my idea. Suppose one of your neighbors should enter your study just after the arrival of the mail with the "Morning Journal" in his hand, and ask you if you had heard that Napoleon had crossed

the straits of Dover with his army and laid the city of London in ashes, and that the Queen and all the royal family were slain. Methinks you would snatch the paper from his hand and eagerly glance over its columns expecting to see it announced in flaming capitals! "Where? Where?" You would exclaim. "I see nothing of the kind, what do you mean? There is no truth in your story." "But sir," he cooly replies, "how do you know that? How do you know it is not true? You have no right to say it is not true, unless you can prove that it is not." Now sir, to my mind there would be just as much sense in this as there is in your requiring me to prove that the Bible does not teach that cruel doctrine. Why sir, do you, can you believe if such a tremendous doctrine was revealed in tho Bible, you would be calling for negative evidence. For proof that it is not taught there? Surely you would not. The affirmative, positive evidence would burst upon your physical and mental vision with such demonstrative power that you could not possibly mistake. But you know sir that it is not so. The imaginary evidence, and there is no other, is so scanty and meagre that its most strenuous advocates find it difficult to sustain their sinking cause. The whole of the Old Testament is given up by some of its most able defenders, as affording any evidence of its truth. The most shrewd and cautious avoid all controversy upon this subject and shrink from the increasing

light that is shining around them into their hiding places of popular prejudice and superstitious fear. This is little short of demonstrative evidence that it is not taught in the Bible.

12th. You say that I "Give no new light upon the Greek word aionious." What new light can you expect me to give? You, sir, if you are familiar with the original know that the term is indefinite and its meaning depends on the connection in which it stands. And I, without any knowledge of the original language, from the teachings of Professor Stuart and others of various sects, am fully satisfied that is the case. The Professor freely admits that "it is used in many instances in the Bible in reference to things of this life which have long since come to an end." But you contend for a "uniform signification." This you cannot have for the contrary is abundantly proved. But you say "It is rendered forty times or more eternal and about twenty-five times everlasting." And you think it impossible to find the word eternal in the Bible used with a limited signification except in a figurative or accommodating sense." And what of all that? You know sir that the word is the same in the original in all cases. The translators took the liberty to render it sometimes one way and sometimes another, to suit their convenience or fancy. But suppose you take the ground that eternal is unlimited, and everlasting is limited. Will you abide by this? What

would then become of your corner-stone.—Matt. 25: 46? That would at once explode your whole system. No sir, that would never do for you. It seems to me, my dear sir, you must feel if you do not acknowledge it, that the use of that word is no certain evidence of endless duration. And upon that indefinite and uncertain word in the very few instances in which it is connected with punishment in the Bible, rests the whole proof of the eternity of hell torments. Surely such a feeble foundation cannot much longer sustain such a tremendous superstructure. Its main props and supporters, ignorance and superstition, are fast sinking away before the clearer light of truth. It already trembles and totters and must ere long fall like Babylon of old to rise no more.

13th. Your quotations from various authors, ancient and modern, Pagan and Christian, so far as they go, are the same that have been frequently referred to by Universalist writers, and partly for the same purpose, viz: To show that the original words *sheol* and *hades*, rendered hell in our translation of the Bible, afford no evidence of an endless hell. So far you agree with them. But why, sir, did you not go on and inform your readers that the whole system of torments in the the immortal state originated with the acient Pagans? That it was a contrivance of their rulers and priests to keep the ignorant masses in subjection; and that the *Jews*, in the absence of any divine revelation upon this

t, evidently obtained their vague and confused
rom them? Had you done this your arguments
have been more complete. But as it is, I trust
not all be lost. It goes to show that that awful
ell, in forty-three instances out of fifty-five times
it occurs in our translation of the Bible, is no
of endless misery; leaving but twelve times
you claim in support of that hideous doctrine.
hat main pillar in the edifice,—that narrative,
call it, or parable, as it is now generally un-
d to be,—of the "Rich man and Lazarus,"
s tormenting flames and great gulf fixed and
able,—is no evidence of eternal torments!
sir, this is getting along pretty well! Now,
)pose this is a narrative, as you say,—that it
description of the place of final or plenary pun-
t, but merely a temporary prison where crimi-
e detained until the day of judgment, when
e brought forth for trial. It is not the real
tself, but merely the ante-room to that more
)it of horrors to which they are destined. Their
l tongues and tormenting flames are but a fore-
, or prelude to, that "everlasting fire prepared
devil and his angels," to which they must fi-
depart!" Then I ask, why all these torments
trial? Surely this is contrary to all our ideas of
nd justice!
is not the course pursued by civilized and

Christianized communities. Far from it. To be sure, suspected criminals are detained by bonds or imprisonment until they can have a fair trial. But they are, or should be, treated humanely, and in the eye of the law, are presumed to be innocent until proved guilty. What inequality! What injustice it would be to keep poor Cain and those millions of antediluvians reprobates in that "Lake of fire" so many thousand years before their trial; while the last of our race who are destined to that dreadful doom, those who are alive when the archangel's trump shall sound, will pass immediately from this world to the judgment seat! I assure you, my dear sir, I make not this supposition for the purpose of cavil, or because I have the most remote idea that it can be true; but simply to show you and all the readers of the Herald the utter absurdity, folly, and cruelty of this dreadful system.

While I cheerfully acquiesce in your relinquishment of the words sheol and hades as a proof of eternal torments, especially of that "narrative" or parable, which has been long considered one of its strongest proofs, I by no means accept of your interpretation as a whole. I believe it is a parable, and I believe that a parable, instead of being "Something that is or can be," as you define it, is oftentimes purely imaginary; and that figures are sometimes employed which *never have been,* and which, in the ordinary course of events. *never can be.* In proof of which I need only refer you to the

parable of the trees choosing a king; Judges 9: 9, 17. I believe that Christ, in this instance, took these figures from the heathen ideas of the spirit world, in which the scribes and pharisees, whom he was addressing, were believers,—not for the purpose of sustaining them, but to represent events in this life, which were then near at hand.

We will now come to the only remaining word in the original Scripture which you now claim as signifying the real HELL, or the place of final or plenary punishment—"Gehenna"—all other words are given up! You say, "I will now show that Gehenna denotes the place of punishment of the wicked after the Resurrection." Well, sir, now let us see you do it. When you have done this, and have shown, too, that the punishment is to be eternal, the argument and the victory is yours; I will contend no further. You go on and say "Gehenna" originally and literally signified the "Valley of Hinnon," east of Jerusalem, where the Jews sacrificed their children to Moloch." That is correct, nothing could be more so. "But," you say, "long before the Savior's time it was used to denote a place of punishment for wicked men in the future world." *That is not correct!* I deny it altogether! But you proceed, "My proof will now give from Josephus, the Jewish Targums and Talmuds.

You commence with an extract from Josephus' writings entitled "Discourse concerning hades." But

what has that to do with the case? You have undertaken to show that Gehenna was used before the time of Christ to denote a place of punishment in the future state. But Josephus says nothihg about Gehenna. Not the first word. So far from this that his whole scene is laid in hades, which you say "never means the place of final or pienary punishment. Instead of sustaining your position, it goes directly and decidedly against it. Josephus lived very near the time of Christ. If Gehenna had been the common name of that pit of horror he would have undoubtedly so used it. But I believe the name does not occur in all his writings. This is strong presumptive and it seems to me almost demonstrative evidence that it was not. And in the absence of the least porticle of affirmative evidence it ought to be conclusive. I think it would be so in a court of justice. So much for your evidence from Josephus. Now for Targurus. I shall məak short work with them. I shall not dispute the correctness of your quotations. The only question is in regard to the dates. You represent them as being all in the first century of the Chrissian era. If this was correct it would by no means establish your position. They might have been in the first century, but not until after the time of Christ. But I am well satisfied it is not corrəct. I will here introduce a paragraph from Mr. Cobbs' reply to Dr. Adams, recently *published,* page 151. After having stated that the

term Gehenna does not occur in the Apocrypha at all, as has been supposed until quite recently, he says—"But more common reference has been made to the Targums which are Jewish commentaries, for proof of the assumption that Gehenna was used in our Saviour's time for a place of future punishment. And here, too, the evidence vanishes on inspection. It is granted that some of the Targums use the term under consideration for a place of punishment, but according to the best authority and according to Orthodox authority, the earliest of them which uses the term thus—Jonathan Ben Uzziel—was not written earlier than the third—more probably the fourth century of the Christian era. Some critics have referred the work to as late a date as the seventh or eighth century."

I am fully satisfied that no evidence of a feather's weight has been or can be obtained from the Targum in support of your theory. We now come to your only remaining witness—the Talmuds, you say nothing about the dates—I will not ask you why. The reason is obvious. The Talmuds are collections of Jewish traditions. It is not contended by any one that any of them were committed to writing until the close of the second century of the Christian era. This collection was called the Mishna. There are two works called Talmuds. One was completed near the close of the third, and the other not until about the commencement if the sixth century of the Christian

era. These "traditions of the Elders," although commenced at an early period of the Jewish history, and handed down from one generation to another, were probably constantly accumulating and increasing in numbers.

Mr. Malcom in his Bible dictionary, from which most of those facts are derived, says—"Their traditions became in time amazingly numerous and had regard to the most trifling affairs of life." It is probable that the very few that speak of Gehenna as a place of punishment in the future life—were added after, instead of "long before our Saviour's time." And they afford not the slightest evidence in support of your position.

So, sir, your three witnesses totally fail you. Josephus virtually testifies against you, and the Targums and Talmuds entirely fail to meet your case. And I hesitate not to say that you have not produced a particle of evidence worthy of the name to sustain your assertion that "Long before our Saviour's time the term Gehenna was used to denote a place of punishment for the wicked in the future world." And I feel confident that no such evidence can be found. But, sir, there is evidence clear and certain that this term, or its equivalent, was used "long before the Saviour's time," not only in its primary or literal sense, in relation to the valley of Hinnon, but figuratively and prophetically in reference to temporal calamities that

were to come upon the Jews in the the then future, especially that last great tragedy of the overthrow of their city and temple. See Jer. 7 : 11—34; and 19 : 12—15. Just so I believe this term is used in the New Testament.

Respecting Matt. 5 : 29, 30, you say "Our Lord cannot refer to literal punishment at all." But you do not tell us what he does refer to. Adam Clark, although a believer in endless punishment, explains this passage—The "judgment," the "council," and the "hell-fire," all as referring to this life. I believe he is correct. With regard to Matt. 5 : 29, 30; 18 : 9; Mark 9 : 43, 48, you remark, "It is impossible to understand the Saviour to mean the valley of Hinnon or anything else except future punishment." I think it would be as easy to understand him as referring to the valley of Hinnon as to the immortal state. But I do not believe he referred to either. The idea of entering into heaven "that holy, happy place," where all must be perfection, "maimed," with one eye or one hand, really seems to me "perfectly ridiculous." I consider the language to be highly figurative. The "right eye," "right hand," &c., probably meaning everything of a temporal nature which they held dear, not excepting their own lives, all of which they were to give up if necessary for his sake. "Entering into life," perhaps implies the same as "passing from death unto life," John 5 : 24, or it might have special refer-

ence to their remarkable deliverance at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. And being cast into the fire of Gehenna, probably referred to that "great tribulation," spoken of Matt. 14: 21, into which so many of his enemies were literally cast at that time. Respecting Matt. 10: 28, and Luke 12: 5, you ask "What can be made of these Scriptures if by Gehenna we mean the valley of Hinnon? What more than the body can be burned in the valley of Hinnon?" I believe God could as well destroy both soul and body in the valley of Hinnom as anywhere else. He certainly has power to annihilate the universe, when and where he pleases. But I do not believe he will do it. I believe that God our creator and father, had a more glorious design in giving existence to intelligent and sensitive beings, than to annihilate or eternally torment them. These passages were addressed to the disciples; you do not believe that they were in danger of being cast into that lake of fire, in the immortal state. I think Christ had reference to the persecution they would encounter in his cause, and intended to admonish them that it was safer at all times to fear God who is possessed of almighty power rather than man who is but a worm of dust and can do no more than what he is permitted by that same omnipotent Being which he forewares them to fear. Your remarks on Matt. 23: 15 seem to me rather trifling. There is certainly as much sense in "being burnt twice in the valley of Hinnon as being

sent twice to an Endless Hell. But I do not believe it means either. It simply implies that the proselytes to their cause were greater sinners and more deserving of punishment than themselves. This is often times literally true of proselytes to any sect or party, whether religious or political. They are more zealous and if in a bad cause more criminal than those who have been always of that sect or party.

On Matthew 23 : 33, you have a long argument to prove that the "Damnation of Gehenna could not refer to the literal burning in the Valley of Hinnon." All of which is unnecessary and gratuitous. Nobody that I know of supposes that it does. That the dreadful denunciations of Christ upon these scribes and pharisees, hypocrites, in this chapter, commencing with the 13th verse, had direct, certain and undivided referenee to the terrible judgments that were then about to come upon that generation, is so clear and so plain that no intelligent, candid and unprejudiced reader can possibly fail to see it. Indeed the 36th verse sets the matter beyond the possibility of doubt.

14th. You commence this section by saying, "Your perversion of Mark 3 : 29, is too apparent," &c. This is wrong, most certainly. It is not my perversion anyhow. I do not pretend to know anything about the original language. I merely stated that some commentators so rendered it. But I certainly have reason to believe that this rendering may be correct.

Surely your criticisms do not lead me to think otherwise. You say, "There could be no danger from the judgment of the age. The judgment of the age could inflict no suffering. There were no penalties for the judgment of the age to inflict upon those who blaspheme against the Holy Ghost," &c. But sir, there was certainly a terrible judgment in store for that age or generation. The scribes and pharisees who said, "he hath Beelzibub."—(See Mark 3: 22) to whom Christ unquestionably alluded—were in danger of, and many of them probably did, suffer that great tribulation which was emphatically the judgment of the age. You refer to Daniel 12: 2, and John 5: 28, just as though they had a literal signification. If the language of the Bible was all literal,—if there were no parables, figures or similitudes in it, you would be right in so doing. But, sir, you know it is not so. Much of it is in parabolic and figurative style. I fully believe both of these passages belong to that class. With regard to the passage in Daniel, it is clear to my mind that it had special reference to the destruction of Jerusalem and other great events that occurred about that time. The phrase "Sleep in the dust of the earth," does not necessarily refer to natural death and burial in the earth, and to "awake" from that state has no reference to the resurrection of the literally dead. To be "in the dust," is a figure frequently made use of in the Bible, to express a low, humble and debased

state of mind; and sleep though sometimes used as an emblem of natural death, is also frequently employed to represent a state of physical, moral or mental indolence and sloth; and the term death is sometimes used in the same way. To be aroused from this stupor, to awake from this sleep, to be raised from this death, is simply to be brought into its opposite, or a state of physical, moral or mental activity and life. The Scriptures abound with passages that establish this view of the subject. Permit me to refer you to the following: Job 42: 6; Psalms 44: 25, 26; 113: 7, 8; 119: 25; Prov. 6: 9, 10; 24: 33, 34; Isaiah 25, 12; 26: 19; 52: 2; Ezekiel 37: 1, 14; John 5: 24, 25; 28: 29; Rom. 13: 11; Eph. 2: 1, 5, &c. The word everlasting is certainly no proof that it refers to the immortal state, as has already been abundantly shown. But this is not all I have to say. The context fully coroborates this position. In the first verse Daniel speaks of a "time of trouble such as never was since there there was a nation." He evidently had reference to the same events spoken of by Christ in almost the same words, Matthew 24: 21, which he applies directly to the destruction of Jerusalem. Again Daniel says, "At that time shall thy people be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book." This was exactly and literally fulfilled at the time of the overthrow of that city. Every one of the Christians escaped to a place of safety. To be "written in

a book" is evidently a figure signifying the believers in Christ. It was applied to Christians in the apostolic age. See Phil. 4: 3; Heb. 12: 23; Rev. 3: 5; 13: 8. I think, sir, it is clear that this first verse did refer to that time; and the connection between that and our text is such that there cannot be a reasonable doubt but that they both refer to the same events. But I have not yet done. I have still stronger and more positive evidence that a part, certainly, of this prophecy and of this very chapter did relate to that time. Christ himself has settled that question beyond all doubt. You will not dispute his testimony. In Matthew 24: 15; Mark 13: 14; he says, "When ye shall see the abomination of desolation spoken of by DANIEL the PROPHET, (see Daniel 9: 27,) standing in the holy place, then let him that is in Judea flee to the mountains." That this "abomination of desolation" was the Roman army besieging the city, none will venture to dispute.—(See Luke 21: 20.) It was undoubtedly this prophecy and the clear direction of Christ that prompted the Christians, when they saw the "abomination," &c., to "flee to the mountains," or to a place of safety before the final catastrophe. In the other passage, (John 5: 28, 29), the language is very similar to that of Daniel which we have been considering; and it is highly probable that Christ had this passage in mind, and referred in bold and strong, *but* significant language to that same great event.

As this letter is already quite too lengthy, I once more refer you and all our readers to my "Letters," pages 39, 40, 41, and 56, 57, 58, where you will find my views on this subject pretty fully expressed.

Correspondence with a Lady.

I shall refer to but one more of my discussions upon this great subject. This was a poetical correspondence with one of my neighbors—a lady—with strong Calvinistic proclivities; a firm believer in total depravity; a partial atonement; the sovereignty of a "Dreadful God;" election and reprobation in their most appalling forms. A consistent, straight, unflinching, unmitigated Partialist. She, after reading my little poem "Converse with the Dead," (see page 26), sent me the following, to which I replied in a similar style. Her poem and my reply have, with her consent, been published in several papers.

POEM.

If ever I arrive in heaven
All praise and glory shall be given
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen! responds the heavenly host.

There every knee to Jesus bends,
From every tongue his praise ascends,
Cherubic legions raise the song
And Seraphim the notes prolong.

The Elders worshiping — fall down,
And at his feet they cast their crowns,
Angels and Saints delight to sing,
And Heaven with hallelujahs ring.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry;
Worthy the Lamb, all Heaven replies;
Then with a shout the angel host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The three in one and one in three,
The great incarnate mystery!
God manifest in flesh below,
Both human and divine,— we know.

The human nature he displayed,
He wept like man at Lazarus' grave.
But wait a while and we shall see
The mighty God! "Come forth," saith he.

But to return — There Gabriel stands,
Waiting his Maker's high commands.
Michael, who made the Devil see
God's power and word supreme must be!

But hark! no voice in heaven above
Calls out for friends on earth they loved.
Death sunders nature's ties below;
God and his will is all they know.

God's justice shines so clear and bright,
All heaven rejoicing say "'Tis right."
Yea though their dearest friends must dwell
Forever! in a burning hell!

The Afric slave, and Indian too,
If found in heaven are dear to you.
The electing love of God is seen,
The blood of Christ has washed them clean.

And now I think 'tis plainly shown
That God makes heaven, and God alone.
Oh! may he by his sovereign grace
Fit us for heaven, His resting place.

M. J. M.

REPLY.

A poetess of some renown,
A daughter of our native town,
With true politeness and good will
Sends me a sample of her skill.
The poetry is good; but oh!
The cruel doctrine *is not so.*
She soars upon Parnassian wings,
And thus triumphantly she sings:
"If ever I arrive in heaven
All praise and glory shall be given."
"No voice" she says "in heaven above
Calls out for friends on earth we loved.
Death sunders nature's ties below;
God and His will is all they know.
God's justice shines so clear and bright,
All heaven, rejoicing, say '*'tis right.*'
Yea, though our dearest friends must dwell
Forever, in a burning hell!"
But stop, fair muse — reverse the case —
Look the dread subject full in face;
What will the song be, can you tell,
If you, *yourself*, should sink to hell?
If your vindictive, dreadful God
Should fix on *you* his fiery rod,
And his electing love employ
To mark out others for his joy,
And you be left for aye to dwell
In that eternal dismal hell?
Then will you "With the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?"
"Oh, no, not so!" do you reply?
Then tell me, friend, the reason why.
Have you forgot the golden rule
Taught by the master in his school?
"With all thy heart love God above,
And as thyself, thy neighbor love."
And' "What you would have done to you,

The same to others you must do."
Then why more willing they should go
Than go yourself — to endless woe?
If God has built that dreadful hell,
Where some of us must surely dwell,
Why may it not be you and I
As well as others? tell me why!
We are no better than the rest;
Shall they be damned and we be blest?
I ask for no such partial heaven
From which my friends may all be driven.
I rather choose with them to go,
And bear a portion of their woe.
With my dear friends I long to dwell,
Without them, heaven would be but hell!
A trait more lovely no one knows,
Than sympathy for others' woes.
But we shall then be changed, you say,
All love for friends be passed away,
No sympathy within our breasts
For friends and kindred sore distressed.
Their shrieks and groans and keen distress
Will but augment our happiness!
Oh, what a change! How full of evil!
Changed from a man to what? a devil!
For what more devilish can you name
Than to rejoice in others' pain?
To shout and hallelujahs sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With notes of joy — while we can see
In yonder world of misery,
Our dearest relatives and friends
In agony that never ends,
Begging for water — but in vain;
No cooling draught can they obtain!
Eternal thirst! Eternal gloom!
Eternal torments! is their doom!
Oh, dreadful doctrine! full of horror!
Long has it filled the world with sorrow;

Prolific source from which has flown
Much of the evil man has known;
The prompting cause, the motive power,
In persecution's darkest hour,
It placed the fagots, lit the fire,
And calmly saw the "saints" expire.
"'Tis right," they said, with savage yell,
"For God will burn them worse in hell."
This was consistent, for they trod
Right in the footsteps of their God.
Long has this cruel creed been hurled
In frightful language round the world,
And, like some mighty incubus,
Has been a withering, blighting curse!
But hope illumes the mental sky,
A brighter day is drawing nigh;
That heathen dogma — old and sere,
Must soon in its true light appear —
A hideous specter of the past —
Sunk to oblivion at last!
Error and bigotry and spite
Will pass away — and "The true light
That lighteth every man," will shine,
And prove the Gospel all divine —
As by the heavenly angels sung
Upon the plains of Bethlehem.
"Glad tidings of great joy to *all*,"
To rich and poor, to great and small,
We all are brethren — bond or free —
All children of one family.
God is our father, our best friend,
On him alone can we depend;
We trust his mercy, love, and power,
In life, and in the dying hour.
His power is great, His promise sure
"His mercy ever will endure."
"He knows our frame, he made it first,
And he remembers 'tis but dust."
Safe in his hands we shall be found

When storms and tempests rage around.
Whate'er my lot, where'er I be,
"No harm from him can come to me."
In earth below, or heaven above,
All will be well, for "God is love."

The following soliloquy was written several years ago and has been published in several papers. I am fully aware that much of it is imaginary. Such must necessarily be all our ideas respecting the details of the employments and enjoyments of the immortal state. Such pre-eminently were the conceptions and representations of Milton in his great work, as it is called of Paradise Lost. And it is certainly great in some respects. It is great in its conceptions, figures, and illustrations, and in my opinion, "Great" in absurdities and mistaken views of the teachings of the Scriptures and contrary to reason and common sense. The Bible assures us that "In the resurrection we shall be as the angels of God in heaven." That is enough. All else is of course but conjecture.

THE OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

Wake, sluggish muse! why sleep ye so?
Why should your harp be laid so low?
What if the days of youth have fled,
And early friends are with the dead?
What if long since, your dearest friend
Has gone where joys shall never end,
And yonder graveyard still retains

The sacred dust, the dear remains?
What if the springs of life run low,
And age with wrinkles clothes thy brow?
What if thy sands have almost run,
And soon life's scenes shall all be done?
Why should the past disturb you so?
And why remaining joys forego?
Why should the future look so drear?
And why indulge in doubt and fear?
Rouse thee once more, take up thy lyre,
And strike each string with youthful fire!
Let every dormant power awake,
Dispel thy fears, fresh courage take.
True, life has had its ups and downs,
Its pleasant smiles, and bitter frowns;
Its varied paths of thorns and flowers,
Its searching suns and shady bowers;
Its days of pleasure, and of grief,
Its nights of sorrow and relief;
Its storms and tempests, wild and drear,
Its calm and sunshine, bright and clear.
But not by chance or accident
Are all these varied changes sent;
All are directed, all controlled —
As future ages will unfold —
By the great Ruler of the skies,
The Just, the Holy, and the Wise.
He by whose power all nature stands,
Who holds all systems in his hands,
Who guides the planets in their spheres,
Has led you through your four-score years.
He is your father and your friend;
He will your future steps attend;
"He knows your frame," He made it first,
"And He remembers 'tis but dust,"
"He will not always chide and frown,
Nor will his anger always burn;
He'll listen to your humble prayer,
And guard you with a shepherd's care;

He will declare your sins forgiven,
And lead you in the path to heaven;
Through the dark valley he will guide,
And land you safe on Canaan's side;
There all those early friends you'll meet,
And in immortal language greet;
And there, amidst the heavenly hills,
Watered by pure celestial rills,
In some sweet bower — perhaps alone,
If solitude in heaven is known —
You'll meet again that 'dearest friend,'
Once more in harmony to blend;
She'll drop her harp and take your hand,
And welcome you to that blest land —
To those bright realms of joy above,
Where all is harmony and love,—
That bright, immortal, happy shore,
Where sin and pain and death are o'er,
And parting scenes are known no more;
Where all is happiness and joy,
Unmingled bliss, without alloy;
"No groans to mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues."
No distant view of flaming fire,
No shrieks of horror and despair,
No friends in torments will be seen
With gulf impassable between —
Begging for help, but all in vain,
No help from heaven to obtain.
Sure heaven would cease a heaven to be
Such dreadful scenes to hear and see.
It would all happiness dispel,
And change a paridise to hell!
Those blest inhabitants above
Are filled with sympathy and love.
From every jar and discord free,
And wrapped in sweetest harmony,
No wave of trouble e'er shall roll
O'er the calm sunshine of the soul.
There you will join the immortal throng,

And sing the universal song,
Ascribing glory and renown
"To him who sitteth on the throne,
And to the lamb," who shed his blood
To bring us wanderers back to God.
Then will the great, the glorious plan
To save and bless the race of man,
Shine out in characters so bright
That all will see and feel 'tis right!
All mysteries will be dispelled,
No needful light will be withheld;
Darkness and clouds will flee away
Before the bright eternal day.
There you will find eternal rest,
Forever safe! Forever blest!
"Oh glorious hour, oh blest abode,
You will be near and like your God,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy."

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